BRITISH

SPORTING ARTISTS

WALTER SHAW SPARROW

BRITISH SPORTING ARTISTS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/britishsportinga0000walt_q7d0

SHOOTING PLOVER. *From an Original Picture* ($24\frac{3}{4} \times 29\frac{1}{8}$ *ins.*) *by* FRANCIS BARLOW. *In the collection of E. T. Tyrwhitt Drake, Esq., of "Shardeloes."*

BRITISH SPORTING ARTISTS

From BARLOW *to* HERRING

By

WALTER SHAW SPARROW

Spring Books · London

First Published in 1922
by John Lane The Bodley Head Limited. *Copyright.*

This Edition Published 1965 *by Spring Books,*
Drury House, Russell Street, London, W.C.2.

Printed in Great Britain
by Richard Clay (The Chaucer Press) Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTORY

PAGE

THE SUBJECT IN BRIEF 3

CHAPTER I

FRANCIS BARLOW AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES 21

CHAPTER II

PETER TILLEMANS: 1680(?)–1734 52

CHAPTER III

SEYMOUR AND SOME OTHER PRIMITIVES 68

CHAPTER IV

JOHN WOOTTON: 1678(?)–1765 89

CHAPTER V

GEORGE STUBBS AND HIS INFLUENCE 114

CHAPTER VI

MORLAND, ROWLANDSON, AND IBBETSON 145

CHAPTER VII

HOWITT, JAMES WARD, AND BEN MARSHALL 164

CHAPTER VIII

DALBY, FERNELEY, AND CHARLES TOWNE 181

CHAPTER IX

SOME ASPECTS OF HENRY ALKEN 195

CHAPTER X

THE LANDSEER–HERRING PERIOD AND ITS INFLUENCE 215

CONTRIBUTORS OF PICTURES, PRINTS, AND INFORMATION

TO WHOM GRATEFUL THANKS ARE RETURNED BY THE AUTHOR

The Duke of Beaufort.
The Duke of Portland.
The Duke of Richmond and Gordon.
The Duke of Westminster.
The Marquess of Crewe.
The Earl of March.
The Earl of Onslow.
The Earl of Rosebery.
The Earl Spencer.
The Lord Leith of Fyvie.
The Lord Hylton.
Sir Guy Graham, Bart.
Sir Theodore A. Cook.
Sir Douglas Dawson.
Sir Robert and Lady Witt.
Fred. Banks, Esq.
Laurence Binyon, Esq.
David C. Bolton, Esq.
Alfred J. Day, Esq.
E. T. Tyrwhitt Drake, Esq.
Algernon Dunn-Gardner, Esq.
Richard W. Goulding, Esq.
Arthur M. Hind, Esq.
Henry M. Hake, Esq.
John Lane, Esq.
Oswald Magniac, Esq.
A. J. Munnings, Esq., A.R.A.
Walter Raphael, Esq.
The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.
The Print Room, The British Museum.
The Victoria and Albert Museum.
Messrs. Arthur Ackermann.
Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons.
Monsieur A. Berthel.
Messrs. Bromhead, Cutts & Co.
Mr. Basil Dighton.
Messrs. Ellis.
Messrs. Fores.
Messrs. Knoedler.
Mr. Frank Partridge.
Messrs. Pawsey & Payne.
Messrs. Rimell.
Messrs. Frank T. Sabin.
Mr. W. T. Spencer.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

SHOOTING PLOVER. From an original painting by Francis Barlow at "Shardeloes," Amersham. Reproduced by permission of E. T. Tyrwhitt Drake, Esq. *Frontispiece*

The following plates appear between pages 34 *and* 35

HAWKING FOR PHEASANTS, 1684. From an original drawing by Francis Barlow in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford

THE DECOY AT PYRFORD. From an original Landscape by Francis Barlow in Lord Onslow's Collection at Clandon Park, Guildford

AT SUNSET AFTER A DAY'S FISHING. From an original picture by Francis Barlow in Lord Onslow's Collection at Clandon Park, Guildford

A DECORATIVE PAINTING, 12 feet long: "The Southern-Mouthed Hounds." From an original picture by Francis Barlow, in Lord Onslow's Collection at Clandon Park, Guildford

EAGLE ATTACKING POULTRY. From an early picture by Francis Barlow belonging to John Lane, Esq.

EVENING: THE WOUNDED HERON. Painted by Abraham Hondius, mezzotinted by J. Watts. Reproduced from a print lent by Messrs. Rimell

SHOOTING ON THE WING: the earliest English Print. Designed by F. Barlow, and etched by S. Gribelin, for Richard Blome's "The Gentleman's Recreation," 1686, from a copy lent by Messrs. Ellis

OTTER HUNTING. Designed by F. Barlow, and etched by N. Yeates, for Richard Blome's "The Gentleman's Recreation," 1686, from a copy lent by Messrs. Ellis

THE FARM YARD. Reproduced by permission of Lord Onslow, from a large painting by Francis Barlow at Clandon Park, Guildford

The following plate appears between pages 58 *and* 59

GEORGE THE FIRST AT NEWMARKET, 1722. By Peter Tillemans. The original picture, formerly in the Earl of Portmore's Collection, now belongs to A. C. Dunn-Gardner, Esq. Reproduced from an old colour-print lent by Messrs. Fores

The following plates appear between pages 66 *and* 67

THE EARLIEST PRINT OF A HORSE RACE. By Francis Barlow. From an etching in the British Museum

HARE-HUNTING. From an original drawing by Francis Barlow in the Ashmolean Museum. Etched by Hollar, 1671

PARTRIDGE STALKING. From an original drawing by Barlow in the British Museum. Engraved by J. King

A NOBLEMAN AND HIS RACEHORSES. The early Wootton and Tillemans Period. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler

HUNTING. Left-hand portion of a long etching by Peter Tillemans. From a proof lent by M. A. Berthel

OUTSIDE A RUBBING HOUSE, probably at Newmarket. The Wootton–Tillemans Period. Reproduced from the original painting by permission of Mr. Frank Partridge

RACING LIFE OUTSIDE A RUBBING HOUSE, probably at Newmarket. Wootton–Tillemans Period. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler

GOING TO COVER. Engraved by T. Burford, 1755, after James Seymour. Reproduced from a print lent by Messrs. Fores

A RACE AT NEWMARKET. Signed J. Wootton, but painted in the style of Tillemans. By permission of Messrs. Knoedler

The following plates appear between pages 82 *and* 83

A RACE AT NEWMARKET IN LORD HYLTON'S COLLECTION. By JAMES SEYMOUR, probably in collaboration with TILLEMANS

THE CHASE. Engraved by T. BURFORD, 1755, after JAMES SEYMOUR. By permission of Messrs. Fores

" TREEING " THE FOX. 34 × 24½ ins. From a picture by the elder WOLSTENHOLME. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler

THE EPPING FOREST STAG HUNT, 1811. 43 × 35 ins. By the elder WOLSTENHOLME. The picture now belongs to S. A. Wentworth, Esq. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ackermann

FULL CRY. Painted by J. N. SARTORIUS. The figures engraved by J. NEAGLE, the landscape by J. PELTRO, from an old print (1759) lent by Messrs. Fores

A HUNTING SCENE. By J. N. SARTORIUS. By permission of Messrs. Ackermann

ENTRANCE HALL AT ALTHORP, NORTHAMPTON, showing how the pictures by WOOTTON are framed structurally in the walls. Two views

LADY HENRIETTA HARLEY. By JOHN WOOTTON in 1716. The Duke of Portland's Collection at Welbeck Abbey

The following plates appear between pages 90 *and* 91

THE HUNTER TAKING A FLYING LEAP OVER A RIVULET. By JAMES SEYMOUR. From a print lent by Mr. W. T. Spencer

THE HUNTER TAKING A FLYING LEAP OVER A FIVE-BAR GATE. By JAMES SEYMOUR. From a print lent by Mr. W. T. Spencer

THE DARLEY ARABIAN. After a picture by JOHN WOOTTON. Reproduced from a colour-print lent by Messrs. Fores

BROOD MARES AND FOALS. Reproduced by permission of Oswald Magniac, Esq., from a water-colour by G. TOWNLEY STUBBS of the famous picture painted by GEORGE STUBBS for the Grosvenor Collection, and now at Eaton Hall, Chester

SHOOTING : 1769. The Third Picture in a Series of Four by GEORGE STUBBS. Reproduced from the original painting, by permission of Messrs. Ackermann

The following plates appear between pages 98 *and* 99

A HUNTING PARTY. Painter unknown. JOHN WYCK, WOOTTON'S first master, has been suggested. By permission of Messrs. Knoedler

SPORTSMAN WITH DOGS. Possibly an early picture by J. HIGHMORE. From a photograph lent by Messrs. Knoedler

BONNY BLACK. By JOHN WOOTTON. From the picture at Welbeck Abbey. By permission of the Duke of Portland

THE BLOODY-SHOULDERED ARABIAN, 1724. By JOHN WOOTTON. From the picture at Welbeck Abbey. By permission of the Duke of Portland

ALTHORP HOUNDS AND THE MAGPIE. By JOHN WOOTTON. By permission of Earl Spencer

ALTHORP HOUNDS AND THE EARTH-STOPPER. By JOHN WOOTTON. By permission of Earl Spencer

PARTRIDGE STALKING. Reproduced from the original painting by JOHN WOOTTON at Badminton, by permission of the Duke of Beaufort

JOHN WOOTTON'S PICTURE, " THE VIEW." In the Great Hall at Althorp, Northampton. Reproduced by permission of Earl Spencer

JOHN WOOTTON'S PICTURE OF " THE DEATH." At the east end of the Hall at Althorp, Northampton. Reproduced by permission of Earl Spencer

LADY HENRIETTA HARLEY HUNTING THE HARE ON ORWELL HILL. By JOHN WOOTTON, 1716. From the original picture at Welbeck Abbey, by permission of the Duke of Portland

The following plates appear between pages 130 *and* 131

WILLIAM POYNTZ, OF MIDGHAM, WITH HIS DOG AMBER. Painted by GAINSBOROUGH. Reproduced from the original picture, by permission of Earl Spencer

THE THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND. Painted in 1767 by GEORGE STUBBS, and now in the Duke of Portland's Collection at Welbeck Abbey

JOHN CREWE (b.1742, d.1835); M.P. for Stafford and for Cheshire; created Lord Crewe in 1806. By GEORGE STUBBS. Reproduced by permission of the Marquess of Crewe

RICHARD SLATER MILNES (b.1759, d. 1804); M.P. for York. By GEORGE STUBBS. Reproduced from the original picture, by permission of the Marquess of Crewe

MR. WILDMAN AND HIS SONS WITH ECLIPSE. From the famous picture by GEORGE STUBBS. Reproduced by permission of Walter Raphael, Esq.

" REAPERS," 1783. By GEORGE STUBBS. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler

THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND AND HIS BROTHER, LORD EDWARD BENTINCK. By GEORGE STUBBS. From the picture at Welbeck Abbey

" HAYMAKERS." By GEORGE STUBBS, 1783. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler

MR. POYNTZ OF BATH LOADING HIS GUN. By GEORGE STUBBS. By permission of Messrs. Agnew

FREEMAN, KEEPER OF THE EARL OF CLARENDON. By GEORGE STUBBS. Engraved as " The Death of the Doe." Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew

The following plates appear between pages 138 *and* 139

THE VILLAGE HUNT. Reproduced from an original sketch by THOMAS ROWLANDSON. Lent by Messrs. Pawsey & Payne

FULL CRY—AND A FALL. Reproduced from the original painting by GEORGE MORLAND in the Victoria and Albert Museum

GOING TO COVER. Painted and engraved by SAMUEL HOWITT from a print lent by Mr. W. T. Spencer

THOMAS OLDAKER ON PICKLE WITH HIS HOUNDS. By BEN MARSHALL, by permission of Messrs. Frank T. Sabin

The following plates appear between pages 162 *and* 163

RACEHORSES TRAINING, WITH PORTRAITS OF THE THIRD DUKE OF RICHMOND, MARY, HIS DUCHESS, AND LADY LOUISA LENNOX ; ALL ON HORSEBACK. By GEORGE STUBBS. 80 × 54 ins. Reproduced from the original picture at Goodwood House, by permission of the Duke of Richmond

THE THIRD DUKE OF RICHMOND WITH HIS BROTHER, LORD GEORGE LENNOX, AND GENERAL JONES, RIDING, WITH HOUNDS. By GEORGE STUBBS. 80 × 54 ins. Reproduced from the original picture at Goodwood House, by permission of the Duke of Richmond

THE SPANISH POINTER. By GEORGE STUBBS. Canvas 24 × 28 ins. Engraved by SCOTT. By permission of Messrs. Agnew

DUNGANNON AND HIS LAMB. Reproduced from an old print after GEORGE STUBBS

PORTRAIT BY GEORGE STUBBS OF A YOUNG ANGLER, EDWARD WILLIAM LEYBORNE (1764–1843), who in 1780 succeeded to the estates of Littlecote and Hunstrete Park. In 1805 he assumed the additional surname of Popham. 49½ × 36 ins. By permission of Messrs. Knoedler

FOX-HUNTING EPISODE. By GEORGE MORLAND. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ackermann

" THE FOX INN." By GEORGE MORLAND, 1790. By permission of Messrs. Ackermann

A COUNTRY RACECOURSE OF MORLAND'S TIME. Drawn by W. MASON, engraved by JENKINS, and aquatinted by JUKES. Two views

SHOOTING. Reproduced from original drawing by J. C. IBBETSON, by permission of Mr. W. T. Spencer

The following plates appear between pages 170 *and* 171

YORKSHIRE HUNTERS AT GRASS. By JOHN E. FERNELEY, by permission of Messrs. Pawsey & Payne

CHASE OF THE ROEBUCK : FULL CRY. Engraved by H. ALKEN and R. G. REEVE after W. P. HODGES. From a colour-print lent by Messrs. Ackermann

THE CLERIC SHOWS THE WAY. Reproduced from a water-colour by HENRY ALKEN, senr., by permission of Messrs. Fores

"TREEING " THE FOX. Reproduced from a sketch by HENRY ALKEN, senr., by permission of Messrs. Ackermann

The following plates appear between pages 178 *and* 179

THE MALCOLM ARABIAN. The property of GEORGE IV. Painted by BEN MARSHALL, 1823. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Bromhead, Cutts & Co.

COURSING IN SUSSEX. Canvas 45 × 62 ins. By JAMES WARD, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler

PORTRAIT OF WIZARD, 1810. By BEN MARSHALL. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ackermann

PORTRAIT OF SAILOR STANDING ON THE DOWNS. The owner, Sir Henry Thornhill, holds the bridle. Signed B. Marshall, 1819. By permission of Messrs. Frank T. Sabin

PORTRAIT OF MAMELUKE, 1827. By Ben Marshall. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ackermann. One of the pictures collected by Christopher Wilson (1763–1842)

PORTRAIT OF SAM WITH CHIFNEY UP, 1818. From a painting by Ben Marshall. By permission of Messrs. Frank T. Sabin

THE SQUIRE AND HIS FAVOURITES. By Ben Marshall. By permission of Messrs. Agnew

INTO THE POUND. By "Phiz." From an original drawing lent by Mr. W. T. Spencer

"'WARE WASHING!" By "Phiz." From an original drawing lent by Mr. W. T. Spencer

The following plates appear between pages 202 *and* 203

THE BIBURY MEETING. By H. B. Chalon. Engraved by C. Turner. Reproduced from a colour-print lent by Messrs. Fores

OVER THE STREAM. Reproduced from a water-colour by Henry Alken, senr., by permission of Messrs. Fores

A GOOD SHOT! Reproduced from the original picture by Abraham Cooper, R.A., by permission of Messrs. Fores

RENARD THE FOX. Reproduced from a painting by Philip Reinagle, R.A., in the Collection of Oswald Magniac, Esq.

The following plates appear between pages 226 *and* 227

THE LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE: Mr. Field Nicholson on Magic, defeats King of the Valley, ridden by Dick Christian. From a print after the elder Henry Alken, lent by Messrs. Fores

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP. Painted by J. F. Herring, John Phillip, R.A., and Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Reproduced from the original painting, by permission of Lord Leith of Fyvie

A SPORTSMAN WITH HIS SON. By Francis Wheatley, R.A. (1747–1801). Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew

COLONEL THORNTON WITH HIS FAMOUS GUN. By Philip Reinagle and Sawrey Gilpin. From the original picture now at the Durdans in the Earl of Rosebery's Collection

DAPPLED GREY HUNTER, WITH A GROOM, IN A LANDSCAPE. By Sawrey Gilpin, R.A. By permission of Messrs. Knoedler

A HUNTING PORTRAIT WITH A LANDSCAPE BACKGROUND. This picture seems to be one of those painted in collaboration by Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., and Philip Reinagle, R.A. $49\frac{1}{2} \times 39\frac{1}{8}$ ins. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler

HUNTSMAN AND HUNTER. From a picture by George Garrard, A.R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler

THE MEET. Painted by W. Barraud, 1840. By permission of Messrs. Ackermann

DEATH OF THE ROEBUCK, with a View of Whatcombe House. Engraved by H. Alken and R. G. Reeve after W. P. Hodges. By permission of Messrs. Ackermann

The following plates appear between pages 234 *and* 235

THE ST. LEGER OF 1828. J. F. Herring, senr. Reproduced from the original picture, by permission of Messrs. Fores

THE DEATH—POSTPONED. Designed by Gill and engraved by Pollard. After an old print (1822) lent by Messrs. Ackermann

THE BROOK. Reproduced from an original picture by Dean Wolstenholme the younger, lent by Messrs. Ackermann

THE ESSEX HUNT. Painted and engraved by D. Wolstenholme the younger, 1831. After a colour-print lent by Messrs. Fores

PUBLISHER'S NOTE TO 1965 EDITION

THIS new edition of Walter Shaw Sparrow's famous book differs from the 1922 edition only in a slight rearrangement of the illustrations. No revisions have been made to the text and it will be obvious to the reader that certain references, whether to artists, collections, periodicals, catalogues, books, etc., or to current events in general, are inapplicable to the present day. These seem of minor importance when considering the book as a whole, for even in its original form it remains a classic critical survey of a specialised aspect of British art.

BRITISH SPORTING ARTISTS

INTRODUCTORY

THE SUBJECT IN BRIEF

I

This book is an essay, and its aim is to review the lives and works of many artists who have studied English country life and sport, mainly associated with hunting and racing. A long span of time is covered, beginning with Francis Barlow in the reign of Charles the First, and ending with J. F. Herring and the younger Wolstenholme. As the subject is Art in its relations with Sport, and Sport in its patronage of Art, this long period is particularly interesting, because its changes and improvements mark a continuous evolution, unbroken by revolutionary fashions and their reactions.

J. F. Herring died in 1865, and the younger Wolstenholme in 1883, aged eighty-five. Between these death-years a revolution was at work in art, circulating from the French Impressionists, and meeting everywhere with violent opposition. In the eighteen-eighties the present writer was in the thick of this wordy strife, as an art-student in Belgium and France. Duels were not fought only because rival partisans let off too much steam by talking vehemently. A whole group of painters was accused of uniting sunstroke to epilepsy, and against this " mongrel disease " alarmed hanging committees noisily slammed the doors of exhibitions. If they had accepted the Impressionists and had hung them upside down, some originality would have been shown by these untiring executioners, who never remembered that a tonic of oppression gave men heart to fight as bravely for new creeds as for old countries.

The much ado was extremely foolish, as the innovations were not more at variance with custom than those which the genius of Turner had placed before old-fashioned art-lovers, such as Thackeray, who was alarmed and offended. In five-and-thirty years hints from Impressionism were chosen variously, here and elsewhere, by so many artists that a pretty general change of style was more or less noticeable in even staid exhibitions, that rejected the newer " isms " and " ists " and " ites." It was a change that affected the

common attitude towards light, air, colour, form, composition, and the handling of paint.

Sportsmen had inherited conservatism with their sporting customs and traditions; but they changed their attitude towards animal painting, little by little, in a succession of phases. The work of S. J. Carter was one phase, Charlton's is another, and G. D. Armour's represents a third; but in order to see completely what has happened since the eighteen-sixties, we must compare the transparent lustre of Herring's paint, or of Edwin Landseer's, with that new air and sunlight, stored up in opaque colour mainly, which Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., studies with original judgment, as Charles Furse studied them. His equestrian portrait of the Prince of Wales in hunting costume differs as much from Herring's outlook and manner as Herring's attitude towards animals and landscapes differed from John Wootton's and Francis Barlow's.

Herring's ways of work, and those of his time, were a continuation—often too " sweet "—of the great emancipating influence of George Stubbs, whose manly life lasted from 1724 to 1806. Wootton, born about 1678, lived to 1765, but he remained outside the hearty modernising outlook that Stubbs circulated by his independent study of nature, and by his complete knowledge of anatomy in its relation to the needs of artists. There are semi-classic qualities in Wootton that repeat landscape lessons learnt from Claude Lorrain and Gaspar Poussin; and often they seem to show, in equestrian figures and in battle scenes, the influence of Adam-Francis Van der Meulen, who died about 1694, and who painted for Louis XIV many important episodes of war, after being present, brush in hand, at the aggressive campaigns that Louis undertook, dating from his invasion of the Spanish Netherlands (1667) to the taking of Charleroi (1693). Wootton chose one big subject which Van der Meulen had painted, " The Siege of Lille," and made it real on a canvas 10 ft. by 16 ft., as though he wished to compete against the Flemish painter whom Louis XIV had employed. And this picture of his, like his " Siege of Tournay," belongs to the Crown, just as Van der Meulen's " Siege of Lille," at Versailles, belongs to the French nation, together with other battlepieces.[1]

As for Wootton's English forerunner, Francis Barlow, he stands alone in the history of our country life and sport; a sower of various good seeds,

[1] The Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood has two little pictures by Van der Meulen, " Troops on the March," and " Troops skirmishing," a pair, 11 in. by 8 in., and both are painted with fire and skill. This artist does not become small when his canvases are little. His " Passage of the Rhine " is only 19½ in. by 43 in., yet it looks spacious.

which sprang into crops, out of which other harvests were grown by his aftercomers. Before his day there was no English sporting artists of any note at all, none to whom he could turn for inspiring help. On the Continent it was different. Snyders and Jan Fyt, for example, who were contemporary with Barlow, had inherited the hunting cartoons of Bernard Van Orley (died 1542); also the prolific illustrations of sporting customs, methods, and ceremonies which were produced in Italy by a Flemish artist, John Van der Straeten (1536–1605), known also as Stradan, or Della Strada, or Stradanus; and it seems probable that even the attractive varied miniatures which were added to Gaston de Foix's *Livre de Chasse*, between 1440–50, were painted by a Flemish artist, for their style has a special realism that suggests this origin. French miniatures of the period are completely different, as in the nobly imaginative art of Jean Foucquet. In any case, that sportsmanship in Flemish painting which culminated in the seventeenth century, had a history of growth, unlike the young pioneering of Francis Barlow, whose predecessors did nothing more than quaint little odds and ends. Joseph Strutt collected many of these trifles from mediæval manuscripts and early printed books,[1] and Thomas Wright gave a good many in *A History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages*. No person would wish to be without these little crude illustrations of early sports and games; but foreign artists at the same dates were far and away better, because their patrons were really fond of good painting.

Some of Barlow's pictures went abroad, and in 1714, about eleven years after his death, more than a hundred of his etchings were republished at Amsterdam, a success worth noting because Holland was particularly proud of her own seventeenth-century etchings and paintings of birds and beasts. There are also two sets of plates after Barlow bearing the imprint of a Paris publisher named De Poilly, who described him as belonging to the German School! Germany knew better, for one of her art historians, Carl H. von Heinecken (4 vols., 1778–90), wrote more about Barlow's prints than Horace Walpole. Altogether, then, Barlow is the right beginning for a book on sporting artists in England; but, before we turn to him, some preliminary matters need consideration. Reducing them to the lowest possible number, they are as follows :—

1. Our indebtedness to foreigners.
2. The never-ending problems that the representation of running movements has pressed upon animal-painters and draughtsmen.

[1] *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England.*

3. How and why sporting artists, since the death of Stubbs, have been cold-shouldered both by art critics and also by public galleries belonging either to townships or to the State.

4. How the value of their productions as varied history could and should have all of its aspects and phases co-ordinated for the nation's benefit.

II

A belief is current somehow that British sport in art is entirely national; that it has grown out of the national character and life without receiving much help from abroad. Illusions are apt to be more enjoyable than facts, but a false pedigree in Art is as remote from sportsmanship as a false one on the Turf.

Foreign influences began with Francis Cleyn (who died in 1658), and with Abraham Hondius (who died in 1695); and from them we follow a continuous line of foreigners in our country, till we reach Emil Adam, who painted Bend Or, Ormonde and Orme for the Duke of Westminster, and Ladas for Lord Rosebery. A Dutchman, John Wyck (1652–1700), gave lessons to a very able boy named John Wootton; a Fleming, Peter Tillemans (1684–1734), was invaluable as a graphic historian of Newmarket; the Sartorius family, with a sporting painter in each of four generations, came from Nuremberg; the Alken family came from Denmark; and the Herrings, with their Dutch origin, came from America.

What would our sporting art be if we deleted foreigners from its history? With the zeal of converts, so to speak, they became ardently British, perhaps more so than our native painters, who accepted their country and her ways of life with the quietness of custom. It is not overmuch to say that British sport in art has owed as much to foreigners as our best racehorses have owed to their descent from the Darley Arabian, the Byerley Turk, and the Godolphin Arabian. What then? Our racehorses are British notwithstanding their Eastern origin, for the art of breeding them—and breeding them in a favourable climate, a very important point—became British; so other nations copied it, and also imported it in sires and dams. The French horse Gladiateur, who in 1865 won the Derby and the St. Leger, was bred and reared from British blood stock by his owner the Comte de la Grange; and the great stallion Shark, after winning 20,000 guineas in stakes, was shipped to America in 1786 at the age of fifteen, and he laid the foundation of the American Turf by introducing the victorious blood of Snap. Similarly, our sporting pictures

and prints, while receiving invaluable help from abroad, became British, and gained influence wherever these phases of pictorial art were liked. French painters have always been proud of their autocratic self-confidence, but a few Frenchmen, like J. L. Agasse and Clermont-Gallerande, have copied the thoroughbred alertness, with the stable-and-kennel-culture, which George Stubbs established as traditional qualities in our sporting pictures.

Through more than two centuries some foreign painters in England have helped our native artists to show in the same paintings and prints that apt cross-breeding, a sort of ideal mongrelism, is useful to æsthetics as well as to eugenics. A wonderful improvement has been brought about in thoroughbred horses, shown in stature and proportion; and this improvement in its gradual history has been recorded by the best painters, not invariably, of course, as a desire to magnify famous racers has belonged to the hero-worship encouraged by sportsmanship. There seems to be only one painter who never adds inches to a great thoroughbred's height. It is George Stubbs, a naturalist as well as a painter.

Through a century he has remained under a cloud, like John Wootton. Both Barlow and Wootton have been excluded from the National Gallery, and by officials who think it right and proper to show in a French painting by Manet how soldiers executed the Emperor of Mexico, Ferdinand Maximilian. In recent years the National Gallery has been among the " movies," but its many shifts and changes have brought its official art-criticism no nearer to sportsmanship. Thanks to a recent gift, Stubbs has been placed on the line in a corner, but the picture, while doing justice to one phase of his art, and bringing the eighteenth century pretty near to us, does not reveal him in his most countrified moods.

After Stubbs died art critics began to cold-shoulder sporting artists, who were bound closely to their patrons, and also to customs and conventions which sport had preserved. This means that sport in art has appealed, from age to age, not to wayward fashions in taste, but to a popular passion, which has changed but little, and always gradually. Its painters, then, working always under a discipline which has remained steady, have been kept apart from those sudden and startling innovations which have come usually from crazes, but now and then from genius. For we cannot include among our early sporting prints the long, quaint, fascinating frieze of the Canterbury Pilgrims that Blake composed and engraved.

Painters in other lines have had no popular discipline at all equal to that which sporting artists have worked under, not even portrait painters, who

have encountered a restraining pride of many other sorts in their sitters. Being freer, then, they have been able to make their choice between liberty and neglect. Richard Wilson made his choice with courage, and his lot was miserable. Like John Sell Cotman, another landscapist of genius, his life in recognition began after he was dead. Even Gainsborough painted occasional landscapes and animals only as a holiday recreation, because buyers preferred portraits and pretty subject pictures. Yet sporting artists were obliged to add landscapes to hunting and racing scenes; and but for them, and other early painters who found their inspiration in animal life out of doors, British landscape art would have had a much longer time to wait for enough encouragement. Barlow in a few paintings, and Marmaduke Cradock in some others, and George Stubbs in harvest scenes and shooting pictures, were the earliest English painters who looked at English landscapes as thorough Englishmen, unbiased by any formalism of colour or of technique borrowed from a foreign master, such as Hobbema, Vandevelde, Poussin, and Claude. Stubbs would have been ashamed to throw a foreign styl over his passion for England's own country life. A few months ago, at Mr. Ackermann's in New Bond Street, there was a series of four shooting pictures by Stubbs, from the late Mr. Locket Agnew's collection; and their original candour, and serene light colour, illustrated how an Englishman of the eighteenth century could see and feel when he refused to put England into deep greens and lustrous browns. Foreign painters admire Stubbs, whenever they can see him in examples unharmed by picture-cleaners, because he stood on his own feet, and refused to lean on crutches made in Holland, or in Italy, or in France.

Let these matters be remembered when hasty writers on art declare that our sporting painters worked so frequently as servants, so rarely as masters with a free hand, that only a small amount of real greatness can be found in their productions.

Well, those who live to please, must please to live; and the changing tides of art's wayward fashions have not carried sportsmen off their feet. No Futurists have been commissioned to work as British sportsmen, because history shows that the only Futurists in art are those who have proved that they are undying Old Masters. No disappearing Cubist has been invited to paint the Derby, or to portray a retiring Master of Foxhounds with his favourite hounds in a given countryside. No pre-Raphaelite was a sportsman in art; and if a hunting subject had been offered to a member of the Brotherhood, it would probably have been declined, as the difficulties of a sporting picture need a courage that is accustomed to their tyranny. Human sitters

are quiet, and sometimes too serene; they fall asleep, while animal sitters, if they are well-bred, are confoundedly restless. Tell a foxhound to stand still, and he'll probably roll over on his back " with his heels in the air up," as a Dutch painter said. As a rule—a rule with few exceptions—it is easier to paint the portrait of a great man than the portrait of a famous horse; and pictures of hunting and racing are more difficult than genre painting and pure landscape. It follows that those artists who have painted equestrian portraits nobly, like Vandyck and Velazquez, should be especially envied and emulated by other portraitists.

Yet our sporting artists are usually snubbed by professional critics, and sometimes by that sort of super dealer who is willing to pay for a Blue Boy almost as much as Gainsborough received for the whole of his portraits. Recently one of these men of business said to me : " Sporting pictures ? No, I never touch them ! " The scorn in his voice implied that he would lose his reputation if he bought a Stubbs, or a Wootton, a Marshall or a Ferneley; and that he would take too perilous a toss if he adventured into a rollicking hunt by Henry Alken. There is comic snobbery everywhere, as confirmed snobs never know that they cut a poor figure. No public gallery in England, please note, does justice to sporting painters; and no thorough attempt has yet been made to show at a public exhibition how sport in art has fared since Barlow's time. The Sports Exhibition in 1891, at the Old Grosvenor Gallery, was good, but not good enough.

We need another historic exhibition to-day, and the Royal Academy is the right place for it, because snobbery towards our sporting artists is uncommon in the R.A.'s history. A line of Associates and Academicians connects Gilpin, Stubbs and Reinagle with Mr. A. J. Munnings; and a good many members who worked in other fields were attracted now and then towards hunting, or shooting, or fishing, like Gainsborough, Northcote, Wheatley, Stothard, Zoffany, Sir Francis Grant, and J. M. W. Turner who is represented in the Wallace Collection by " Grouse Shooting " and " Woodcock Shooting." Volume I of the *Old Sporting Magazine* has a frontispiece after Stothard, in which George the Third is surrounded by his buckhounds; and this magazine published more prints after Abraham Cooper, R.A., than after any other painter. No fewer than 189 engravings were given of his work. Samuel Howitt came next, with 157 engravings; then E. Corbet with 117, and Harry Hall—who painted forty Derby-winners in succession—with 114.[1]

A first-rate Sports Exhibition at the R.A. would show that there has been

[1] See Fred Banks' Index to the *Old Sporting Magazine.*

one good effect in the limited amount of liberty which Art has had in her associations with sportsmen. It shows itself in a gradual development unchecked and unbroken. The line of descent from Barlow, Tillemans, Wootton and Stubbs, on to Furse and Munnings, proves that changes and improvements have come in a continuous growth. Impressionism itself did not produce in them a startling revolution. So we must look at our subject historically, never expecting to get more from an artist than he was able to do within limits firmly set both by his training and by his patrons. Myself, I try to be as interested by a primitive like James Seymour as I am by men who profited by his quaint, pathfinding honesty. It is not always easy, for every generation is biased by its own conceptions of art, which, of course, have no rightful place among earlier methods and ideals.

III

But a Sports Exhibition at the R.A. would be only a passing show, exceedingly useful while it lasted, but leaving behind it no enduring record. Something better is needed, and it should be supplied as early as possible by the sportsmanship of the whole nation. What we all need, in fact, is a National Gallery of British Empire Sports, as represented by pictures, prints, sculpture, large photographs, specimen trophies, and the long evolution of sporting weapons and accoutrements.[1]

That it was not established in pre-war times, when the nation's delight in sports had abundant money, is very deplorable. National enterprise and national sport were disunited. Still, horrible as the aftermath of war is to most of us, such an institution could be founded gradually if the Empire's newspapers collected funds for it, and if sportsmen contributed works of art towards the patient realisation of a well-drawn scheme.

Consider the useful and necessary things that the Sports Museum would do. Sport in art is a great deal more than sport plus art (as in illustrations of sporting methods), or than art plus sport (as in masterpieces). It is also a manifold history, in which all that belongs to sport (like the breeding of pedigree hunters, racehorses, and hounds) is represented side by side with changing customs and costumes, and with a great many landscape interests which belong for ever to the gradual changes made in country life since Barlow flew hawks

[1] Any student who has had the privilege of consulting the private collection of prints, photographs and drawings collected and arranged by Sir Robert and Lady Witt, will see at once that a similar thorough research devoted to British Empire Sport would be invaluable as a graphic history of country life.

at partridges and pheasants, coursed deer with greyhounds, and hunted quaintly with those " southern-mouthed hounds " of which Richard Blome wrote in *The Gentleman's Recreation*, 1686. Similar dogs, big-headed, heavy and slow, fit for woodlands and hilly land, are to be found among the miniatures in Gaston de Foix's *Livre de Chasse*.

A separate room would have to be given to every aspect of this history that has had an evolution of its own. At present no person can see in focus, co-ordinated, any one of these invaluable things, for sporting pictures, with only a few exceptions, are in private collections far apart, and a great many of the earlier ones have still to be identified. You may gather impressions from sporting artists through forty years, taking advantage of all opportunities; only to find that your notes and remembrances are but a crude preparation for the work that you wish to do—namely, the delightful work of seeing in co-ordinating focus great spans of gradual change and improvement.

One thing particularly is a surprise and a worry to students of sporting artists. If they need photographs of hunting methods and episodes by Rubens, Fyt, Snyders, and many other foreign masters, they can get them easily, but if they want photographs of Barlow, Wyck, Hondius, Tillemans, Wootton, Stubbs, Gilpin, Reinagle, James Ward, or any other artist associated with British sport, their lot is unenviable. None can be bought, and to have photographs taken means four things: begging for privileges from private owners, intruding upon the privacy of home life, and, probably, incurring far more expense in time and money than you can reasonably afford.

It is wonderfully easier to study even those prehistoric huntsmen who discovered sculpture, engraving, and fresco painting, perhaps as many as seventeen thousand years ago. Illustrated books on these first art students of animals are easy to find. In a fortnight you could read Mr. Parkyn's good book three times, while studying scores of illustrations. How many photographs of Wootton, or of Stubbs, could you find in a fortnight, or in a month? If you got one of a typical picture you would be fortunate, and also grateful. As a rule, then, students turn to prints after the pictures, and pick up their knowledge of each artist's own handiwork little by little, over a long period of years.

Prints are invaluable within well-marked limits. Very often they tell us more about their engravers than about the painters whom they represent; and many of them have entered the high finance of art. Here is a great handicap, as a passion for research really seems to be a gift (as a rule) from the Patron Saint of Poverty. It is the antithesis—and also the slave—of acute

business. When the well-to-do happen to possess a great fondness for research, as in the case of the late Sir Walter Gilbey, their collected knowledge is generally sold by auction after they are dead, and often at a wrong time.

Sir Walter Gilbey learnt from his research—not to see everything in focus, his collection being inevitably too small, but—to study sporting artists from different points of view, and always in association with sequences of change that helped to make the distant near and the past engagingly present.

Perhaps he overstated the value of horse-portraiture to students of racehorses and hunters. It is a great help when horse portraits are chosen with infinite care, always in answer to the question, " Has the physical aspect of this horse been magnified by a painter's admiration ? " In order to answer fairly, portraits of the same horse by different painters must be compared without bias, side by side with written or printed evidence.

By my side is a photograph of a picture painted in 1715 by Wootton; it represents a famous racer, Bonny Black, a daughter of Black Hearty, noted as one of the best runners of her day. The picture is among the twenty-one Woottons at Welbeck Abbey. There is a contrast so emphatic between the great filly and her environment that Bonny Black, with her ill-tempered eyes and ears and mouth, is dramatically large and decorative. The horizon is carried low; in the middle distance a number of wee things are horses galloping; and much nearer, on our left, are other horsemen, larger, but still very small, and inactive. A scarf is thrown around Bonny Black's neck; a boy holds it with his right hand and moves towards a stable on our left; and he is too small to form a standard by which to estimate the mare's height. On our right, listening to a boy behind him, is a small groom, whose left hand grasps a two-handled gold cup, while with the right hand he holds out a pedigree scroll. All is accessory to Bonny Black; so she dominates with the immense vigour of a black silhouette. Here is decorative art, not exact portraiture.[1]

Still, when horse-portraiture is faithful, Sir Walter Gilbey helps us greatly when he explains in what respects our own racehorses differ from those of the eighteenth century; respects of which we can gain visible knowledge from one source only, Art, studied side by side with written descriptions. What Sir Theodore Cook has collected and printed about Eclipse, for instance, needs visible illustration, and it is supplied by several painters, most notably George

[1] It will be seen that this fact applies to many other horse portraits by Wootton, raising a discussion over some interesting questions.

Stubbs, whose scientific observation has more value than the inferior care taken by Francis and J. N. Sartorius. As Gilbey wrote at the beginning of this century :—

" If we are not wedded to our own opinions concerning equine characteristics of a hundred and fifty years back, we can learn much from pictorial records. There are some who look upon George Stubbs' portraits of racehorses and exclaim ' Impossible ! ' These incredulous ones who disdain what they can know nothing of, may be reminded that great changes have been brought about in the thoroughbred horse since Stubbs lived and painted. Are they aware, for example, that the average height of the racehorse in the middle of the eighteenth century was one hand and a half less than the average height of the racehorse at the end of the nineteenth century ? Admiral the Hon. Henry John Rous, the greatest authority on racehorses and racing, in *Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes*, 1860, writes : ' A century ago racehorses were about the average of 14 hands 2 inches. . . . I attribute the great growth and size of the present thoroughbred horses to the care which is bestowed upon them in early life.'

" The thoroughbred ever since the middle of the eighteenth century has been increasing in stature, on an average an inch in twenty-five years, till now we seldom proclaim him a racehorse of the first class unless he stands 15·3 to 16 hands.

" A worthy painter therefore deserves that we should invest him with something of the character of the historian. The statements of tongue or pen, unhappily, are often capable of differing interpretations; but the painted record allows of little or no dispute "—when it does not show hero-worship by magnifying a racer's height.

As we pass in this book from chapter to chapter, interesting questions will arise, as, for example, Did Tillemans mark correctly the difference between racehorses and hunters ? Were hunters in the time of Stubbs heavier than hunters are now ? Did they look frequently like near descendants of warhorses that carried armour and armoured knights ? Again, who can explain why the rocking-horse gallop remained in vogue with such an awful antique persistence, though few of its positions had any real charm, either as impressive design or as a suggestion of rapid movement ? Perhaps the full rearing gallop —such as we see in the British Museum when Seti the First, standing within his Egyptian battle-chariot, charges motionless upon his foes—is at once the most at variance with movement and the most effective as formal decoration, though we cannot help marvelling how Seti keeps his balance. And which phase of this immemorial gallop is the most wearisome ? To my mind it is

the low-lying phase, with the hind legs outstretched so far, and pressing so hard upon the ground, that only a miracle could enable a horse to take another bound forward.

J. N. Sartorius repeated this position over and over again, in dogs as in racehorses, custom being a sort of blindness to him. He painted a collection of fifteen pictures for one of the fathers of the Turf, Christopher Wilson (1763–1842), of Ledstone Hall, Yorkshire; these pictures were bought from a descendant by the well-known firm of Ackermann, and here on my desk are photographs of them all. Five show this gallop in variations. Not one is a daisy-clipper, but all are overdone in one way or other. Perhaps the most excessive tries to represent how Dungannon beat Rockingham by a head and half-neck, in 1793, after a long tough struggle over the Beacon Course at Newmarket. Though these brave horses, with their tongues thrust out, are doing their best against a handicapping painter, the jockeys flourish their whips for a last unmerciful lash. There are protests against whipping in early nineteenth-century writers on racing; and Sir Charles Bunbury, good and fine old man, was opposed to it also.

Even Henry Alken accepts the rocking-horse gallop in his book on *The Beauties and Defects in The Figure of The Horse*, published in 1816. A plate shows it as a gallop fit for hunting, as hunters have to pass over bad ground of many sorts. Alken was thirty-two when he wrote and illustrated this book. Well, did he use this gallop in his own hunting pictures? No! His art was in accord with Jack Mytton's high spirits. It gallops adventurously. If Alken were alive to-day, what would be his attitude towards instantaneous photography, so called? Would he be very suspicious, choosing only such occasional hints as give attractively a new impression of speed? Very often, in photographs of races, horses that approach the winning post seem to be paralysed in attitudes of agony. And this fact is not hard to explain. A horse travels so rapidly that when a fraction of a second in his movement is arrested and fixed for ever by photography, how can we reasonably expect that an impression of speed will be obtained? What we need is a synthesis, a varied convention right in art. A hundredth part of a second *may* give an idea of swift motion, but its usual results either afflict speed with paralysis, or cause running horses to look tipsy.

This year, 1922, in a photograph of the Lincolnshire Handicap, the victor Granely was shown at the winning post with only one foot on the ground—the left fore one, a very strained and ugly position similar to one that the late Mr. Walter Winans painted and modelled, causing much controversy. Artists

have nothing to do with a posture of this sort, or with any camera fact which looks like a slander on the beautiful elasticity of galloping thoroughbreds. Their duty is to seek on and on for beautiful untruths by which animated motion can be suggested in carefully-chosen variations.

And note what happens when artists copy from instantaneous photographs. They cease to be guided by their own observation, and, while depicting what they cannot see in nature with their own eyes, obey the camera meekly, as medical men consult *X*-rays photography. In so doing they exchange an old convention for a newer one, which is not better than the old one unless it gives an improved impression or illusion of speed. If respect for truth be their guide, they should never try to represent a gallop, since they end it as a gallop when they arrest it on canvas, and make it "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Aimé Morot's famous picture of the cavalry fight at Rézonville, painted in 1886, is memorable not because its painter collected hints from photographs, but because the hints were chosen discreetly and then employed with such original power and fervour that a new and very dramatic illusion of speed was produced, combined with an impression of weight which looks immense. True Art is always a great adventurer among compromises and illusions.

Who was the first man to lift from the ground the hind legs of a galloping animal? He was a prehistoric artist who lived in a late period of the Older Stone Age, and whose handicraft was discovered within the cave of Gourdan, on the northern flank of the Pyrenees. Upon a stone with a sharp flake of flint he represented a bounding reindeer. He could not show the hind quarters because there was not room enough on his stone; but the rest of the body has a position which enables us to be sure that the hind legs could *not* rest on the ground. It is a gallop—not along a horizontal plane, but—down a gentle slope, and the reindeer is in so much distress that he looks at the point when he must either stop and stand at bay, or collapse with fatigue and fear.

A famous French antiquarian, Abbé H. Breuil, himself an artist, writing with almost limitless admiration of galloping reindeer in Palæolithic Art, says that no classical drawings of animals in motion, at Mycenæ, or by Assyrian and Egyptian artists, are so spirited, so full of life; and that nothing so true appeared again in Europe till the eighteenth century A.D.

Superlatives take one's breath away when they leap over many thousands of years; but M. Breuil could meet opposition here, since the rocking-horse gallop runs through the whole of the eighteenth century. But a pupil of

Rubens, Abraham Van Diepenbeek, who came to England and worked for the Duke of Newcastle, made a sketch of a galloping battle-horse showing the hind feet raised from the ground, and the fore ones flexed, as in present-day photographs of racehorses.[1] Diepenbeek died in 1675.

According to Professor Salmon Reinach, the position of galloping horses with all four legs outstretched passed from Mycenæan Art to China and Japan, and thence with Chinese Art to Europe. This may be true, because Chinese design and handicraft was imported to England towards the end of the seventeenth century; it attracted so much attention that its importation increased; a " Chinese taste " in English workmanship gradually developed, and culminated between 1750–60, with much help from Sir William Chambers and Thomas Chippendale. But if the Mycenæan gallop reached European art by way of China, we must prove that Diepenbeek got his idea from Chinese work, and this cannot be proved. Then there is the point that many ancient ideas, long lost, have been renewed in places far apart by observant minds having no communication with one another, and ignorant even of their classical history.

Apart from this, the " new " gallop suggested by Diepenbeek had no immediate influence of a lasting sort. It was repeated by another Fleming, Peter Tillemans, but only in two or three background horses in a single picture; and Lord Onslow has a primitive hunting piece, perhaps by James Seymour, in which an obliterated horse, showing through the over-painting, a patch of green, has the four feet outstretched, while another behind it, also blotted out with green, has the hind feet pressed against the ground. When a change did come it appeared pretty often in the same picture with the rocking-horse gallop. This is true of James Pollard's painting of " George the Third Hunting in Windsor Forest," which was on view recently at Mr. Fores' in Piccadilly; and a colour-plate is given here to illustrate this fact in a racing picture. It is taken from a print after H. Bernard Chalon, and shows how the Welter Stakes of the Bibury Club were run on June 16th, 1801. The leading horses, Fisherman and Agamemnon, ridden by E. Delmé and the Hon. George Germaine, lift their hind feet, while the other horses do not. The third one is Hero, with George Talbot up. Behind, seen through the gap separating Hero from the leaders, is an equestrian portrait of the Prince of Wales. On our left, near the winning post, there are two sportsmen; the shorter one is the great-great-grandfather of Mr. Alfred J. Day.

[1] Illustrated by Sir Theodore Cook in his well-known history of the turf, vol. i., p. 47: " The Duke of Newcastle on Horseback at Bolsover."

IV

In a book on a vast subject a great deal of help has to be sought from a great many quarters. The printed help in the present subject is very much less abundant than it should be, and, very often, it is both scrappy and patchy, as in George Vertue's manuscript notes, in Horace Walpole's volumes, and in the biographical sketches of sporting artists given in *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Twenty odd years ago the late Sir Walter Gilbey was so astonished by the great dearth of books on animal painters that he found time in his very busy life to compile three volumes, besides one on George Stubbs, which was published at three guineas in a tiny edition of 150 copies. By this useful hard work he formed a ground-plan for future research, revision, and construction. Much later, in 1908, a little book on sporting prints was published, with coloured illustrations, and a chatty, pleasant introduction by Mr. Ralph Nevill; but far too much space was given to coaching, which had nothing to do with sport. Snowbound mail coaches made attractive prints, but they served the world's business in a tedious manner, and no traveller in them ever imagined that he was a sportsman, or that his wife and children enjoyed themselves when they had to pass a night in a snow-bound coach.

Quiet folk who stayed at home in winter liked these little dramas of snow in prints. Their lives may have been dull, because there were no incessant "evening" papers to shriek with penny-pleading salesmanship over the newest crop of crime. "Sensations" being overdone, and staled by routine, the public of to-day is a jaded expert in its reading intimacy with horrors; it cannot shiver because it is expected to shiver all day long over headlined wickedness, social and political. Many prints come down to us from a time when a bad snow-storm, with stage coaches in distress, caused publishers of coloured prints to bestir themselves, lest an infrequent excitement should lose its immediate market value in the coming of spring-like weather!

Though newspaper readers of to-day are crime-seasoned, they would be alarmed and shocked if bull-baiting and cock-fighting appeared once more as facts in life and in art. George Stubbs was not shocked, for he composed a bull-baiting with pleasure; and good John Wootton, in his portrait of the old and eccentric father of the Turf, Tregonwell Frampton, placed a trimmed cock on a table by the veteran's left side. Does anyone really suppose that popular liking for these old-fashioned sports did more harm socially, from year to year, than is done now by that commercial zeal which overflows into

endless columns of print about murders, divorces, and other marketable garbage for the sewers of civilisation? Custom is not a moralist, it is an opiate that sends reason to sleep.

Long ago, in several parts of Europe, stags were driven into lakes and rivers, then shot at from the banks with crossbows. This was a custom till reaction turned it into a cruelty; but surely it was not more at odds with sportsmanship than is the current fashion of printing at least as many words about a murder trial as we find in Shakespeare and Milton combined?

The more people study the history of sports in its various relations with social customs, past and present, the more they will be troubled by questions of this sort. The civilian world changes, and flatters itself that its changes denote progress, but I would sooner trust what sportsmen regard as fair than I would accept as right a verdict passed by a change of custom in society and in legislation. In even the worst periods of sport there was far less cruelty in hunting customs than in the punishments enforced by law and sanctioned by public opinion.

There are only two modern histories of sport in art, and they do not cover the range of the present essay. *La Chasse à travers les Âges*, by Comte Auguste Jean François de Chabot, treats of its great subject in its French aspects, as a rule, from the Older Stone Age to the end of the nineteenth century. It is produced with a Frenchman's liking for balance, form and harmony. Then there is Mr. Baillie-Grohman's *Iconography of Sport*, overcrowded with so many illustrations reproduced in so many sizes that one cannot help thinking of a lively and varied scrap-album. The text has no chance of being studied because too many blocks tire the most diligent eyes and minds. It is foreign in its outlook, though its title-page says that it runs from the fifteenth century to and through the eighteenth. The little that is said about two or three Englishmen is outside its author's natural bent, which has collected a vast amount of knowledge about foreign illustrative work. Old sporting customs, methods and ceremonies have thrown a spell over Mr. Baillie-Grohman, who omits from his book many masterpieces of painting. But every writer has limits, and Mr. Baillie-Grohman has done vastly more than anyone else along his chosen lines. His research would be much better known than it is—and it ought to be very popular—if his text were put in one volume and 50 per cent. of his illustrations in another.

At the British Museum there is no excess of sporting prints and sketches. The Print Room, in fact, and its most helpful staff, would welcome a great many more. It is odd, but legacies of sporting sketches and prints have been

very infrequent in the Print Room's history. Let us hope that sportsmen in the future will remember this fact. At present no public gallery can afford to compete in the open market; but surely there should be money enough to show in photographs carefully taken from well-chosen pictures how sport in art has fared in England since the days of Francis Barlow and Abraham Hondius?

I ask this question after losing many a laborious day hunting vainly for typical work. When I received a set of negatives from Welbeck Abbey, chosen and packed by Mr. Richard W. Goulding, F.S.A., I forgot my sixtieth birthday and was sixteen again. No excitement equals that of a stroke of good fortune in research. There are always many failures and snubs to add greatly to its heartening value, and to make gratitude for favours received a lasting pleasure. Contributors are collaborators, and some have supplied information as well as pictures or prints, like Lord March, Lord Onslow, Lord Althorp, Sir Theodore Cook, Sir Robert and Lady Witt, Mr. Oswald Magniac, Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., Mr. Richard W. Goulding, Mr. Fores, Mr. David C. Bolton, Mr. Ackermann, Mr. Payne, Messrs. Knoedler and Messrs. Agnew. But I alone am responsible for the choice and the handling of materials, and also for the shortcomings that creep into arduous research, as into all other difficult workmanship. And now this battle called a book has to be manœuvred through high costs of production into a market harried by book-borrowers and book-hirers, whom no author can ever accept as good sportsmen. Bless me, a well-bound book can be read in a year by a hundred hirers, each one of whom contributes no more than a hundredth part of a small royalty. One buyer, then, being a sportsman, a man of fair play, does as much for an author as is done by a hundred hirers. As for book-borrowers, the late William De Morgan said to me in a letter that one copy of his *Joseph Vance*—a poor, battered, dogs'-eared copy—had been read by the whole British colony in Florence. Sportsmanship and readers of this bad sort are very far apart. There was a year's work in De Morgan's first book, and nearly fifty years of observation, with wit and humour from a most friendly genius. Yet book-borrowers declined to buy it; they preferred to use it as flies do an open pot of honey.

And these matters unite us to Francis Barlow, who had much to do with books and their market adventures, in an age as bad as these present post-war times. More than once he was his own publisher, and, of course, in accordance with the custom of his day, he sought a patron. One of his contemporaries, with whom he has much in common, the good poet-vicar of Dean

Prior in Devonshire, Robert Herrick, sang again and again about the woes of authors, begging for protection in " A Psalm or Hymn to the Graces," and saying also with worldly foresight to his book :—

" Make haste away, and let one be
A friendly patron unto thee,
Lest wrapped from hence, I see thee lie
Torn for the use of pastery;
Or see thy injured leaves serve well
To make loose gowns for mackerel;
Or see the grocers, in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice."

Nothing quite so bad as this has happened to Barlow's books. A great many copies have been dismembered by vandal tradesmen, in order that their prints might be sold separately; and no complete copy is ever valued at a sufficiently high price, because sportsmen do not yet know that Barlow's place in a library is by the side of his good fishing contemporary, Izaak Walton, whose book is complete, whatever critics may have said about his angling.

CHAPTER I

FRANCIS BARLOW AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

I

In 1642, when the Great Civil War began, Francis Barlow was about sixteen, not old enough to be a soldier. Several artists, like Hollar and Faithorne, joined the royal standard; and by the year of Naseby, or a little later, Barlow himself had grown into military age. Did he fight *then*, and against the art-detesting Puritans, whose fierce intolerance had begun to make books even in Shakespeare's time, when Philip Stubbes was the forerunner of William Prynne?

As Charles the First was almost an ideal friend to art and artists, I have been greatly attracted by this question: Is there any evidence anywhere to show that Barlow was captured, either at Basing House with Wenzel Hollar and William Faithorne, on October 13th, 1645, or at Holmby House with the King, on the 3rd of June, 1647?

Faithorne was banished into France, and Hollar also was expelled from England till the year 1652. Well, what happened to Francis Barlow? I am doubtful, though I have struggled hard to discover. He should have been in the field before his twenty-first birthday. There are things which suggest that he was a Royalist, while one very interesting fact implies that he may have been on the other side. The great George Monck is found among his patrons, and I cannot say at what date Barlow came under this commanding influence. It may have been during the period that separated the death of Charles the First from the Dunbar period in Monck's Cromwellian doings.

On the other hand, Barlow's earliest known friends were Royalists at heart, like the poet Benlowes, and the famous preacher Dr. Wilkins, and the artists Hollar and Faithorne, who worked with him as collaborators after they returned to London. There is also a portrait etching of the little Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles the First, which Thomas Dodd, long a famous authority on prints, has given to Barlow, and which certainly *seems* to have the traits of his early style. It is a rare octavo print and found as a

frontispiece in the *Electra* of Sophocles, presented to her Highness the Lady Elizabeth, with an Epilogue, showing the parallel in two Poems, the Return and the Restoration. This book was printed at the Hague in 1649, when Barlow was about three-and-twenty. Less than three years later he was doing clever etched work for the poet Benlowes, including a very good portrait.

It is a small oval portrait of the little princess, who has her head turned towards the right in a three-quarters view, with ringlets clustered about her smiling face; and a Cupid behind on the left lifts a black veil. I know only one print of this etching, and its bottom margin is cut off, with the inscription.[1] Thomas Dodd speaks of four lines of verse, and gives the print without hesitation to Barlow. It is younger in style than Barlow's etched portrait of Benlowes, but notably sympathetic. But when we think of Monck among the artist's friends, we cannot be sure to what political party Barlow belonged during his early struggles.

His biography has many doubtful points. Nothing is known about his parents, and the date and place of his birth are also uncertain. According to books of reference, whose writers often follow one another meekly, like sheep through a gap in a hedge, Barlow came to London from Lincolnshire. This bit of biography is taken from George Vertue (1684–1756), an engraver of importance, and a maker of very valuable detached notes on artists and their works. His manuscripts are treasured in the British Museum. But Vertue loved research for its own sake, and his many volumes of notes must be closely examined before any statement of his can be accepted as his final opinion. There is no general index of his memoranda compiled by the B.M., and the volumes being numerous and also closely written in small penmanship, often without method and in a chaos of items, no student can be quite certain that he has not overpassed some trifles that he needs. About ten years after speaking about " Barlow of Lincolnshire," Vertue shook his head, much perplexed, over another scrap of information. A book of plates appealed to his note-taking habit; it was called *Multæ et diversæ Avium Species*, and its designer was " Franciscum Barlovium, Anglum Artis pingendi celleberremæ, Philomusum, Indigenam Londinensem."

Many Different Species of Birds, drawn from life by " Francis Barlow, a celebrated English painter, a lover of the Muses and a native of London."

Native of London ![2]

[1] A copy of the book in the British Museum. B.M. Press Mark, 1067. e. 20.

[2] Note also the words " Lover of the Muses," as verses appear under Barlow's racing print, and under a dozen etchings after his designs on Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing.

Vertue underlined the word " Indigenam " and wrote below it : " Query, in what was the meaning of it." And we are face to face with the same question. If Barlow was brought from Lincolnshire to London when he was a baby, perhaps he could be described with truth as a native of two places, London and Lincolnshire; and for this reason my research has worked along both lines. I have advertised in *The Lincolnshire Notes and Queries*, and have tried also to come upon him in London records. This research has been less fruitful than I should like it to be, but it has collected many facts, and now a sketch of Barlow and his influence can be offered as a ground-plan to students. That the Father of English Sport in Art should have been so long neglected is lamentable. Only a person here and there knows him. A few months ago a hundred and twelve of his original etchings, illustrating the first edition of his book on *Æsop's Fables*, 1666, was offered by a bookseller's catalogue at three guineas, and one of Barlow's friends was too war-stricken to pay even this trivial sum ! Sixty-three shillings for a hundred and twelve good etchings—forming a generous epitome of seventeenth-century country life, and much else !

When George Vertue came upon some much earlier etchings by Barlow he was very much struck by their merit, and wrote as follows (vol. iii., p. 75, 1725–1731) :—

" Several prints drawn and etched by Barlow with the picture of Ed. Benlowes, Esq., in fol., for his book of Divine Poems, *Theophila*, printed 1652. By this it appears that Barlow was then a man of some fame and reputation. The animals that are etched are done with spirit and judgment."

Well, the animals and birds, as well as the hunting episodes, in Barlow's edition of *Æsop's Fables*, are very much better, apart from the portrait of Benlowes himself, a beautifully modelled face, etched with a touch so delicately sensitive that Vandyck himself would have praised it as an original offshoot of his own etched portraits. These two qualities, spirit and judgment, noted by Vertue's trained eye, run through Barlow's etched work improvingly; and when sportsmen know Barlow they will be heartily ashamed of the neglect which they have shown towards his prints and pictures.

For a long time Mr. Laurence Binyon has been attracted by Barlow's original etchings and drawings, and a student now and then has come upon a Barlow painting, like Mr. Richard W. Goulding, F.S.A., who, in answer to my advertisement, put me in touch with some Barlows at Shardeloes. Thirty-one years ago, at the Sports Exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery, London,

only one Barlow was hung, a picture of ducks and a spaniel, lent by the Earl of Kilmorey. Barlow loved spaniels, and one of his spaniel pictures has been reproduced in colour for this book. It belongs to Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake of Shardeloes.

II

How was this artist educated ? The Commonwealth was about as unfriendly towards art as the devil towards holy water. England had no art schools, and her own traditions in painting were confined mainly to miniatures. It is said that Barlow took lessons in portraiture from " a face-painter " named Sheperd, or Shepherd, or Sheppard, for surnames were spelt variously during the seventeenth century. The poet Herrick, poor man, saw his name written also Haericke, Heyricke, Eyrick, and Erick; and Vertue writes of Wotton, Wooton, and Wootton, referring to the fine artist who is known to us as John Wootton. Similarly, Horace Walpole's Sheperd may be the William Sheppard and Shepherd mentioned several times by George Vertue, who speaks of him first of all as a face-painter of King Charles the Second's time. In those days Sheppard was known to one of Vertue's authorities, named Russell, who liked him as a pleasant companion. Sheppard lived in London, near the Royal Exchange, but at last retired to Yorkshire, where he died. In a much later note Vertue speaks of Durham House in Somersetshire, where a Mr. Blathwayt has " a picture of Thomas Killigrew, sitting at a table with his dog, painted by W. Shepherd, perhaps the original." Vertue refers also to a Shepherd who went to Rome, but forgets to say whether he is speaking of the same man.

A portrait of Killigrew by Sheppard [1] was engraved nobly in line by the elder Faithorne for the folio edition of Killigrew's plays, published in 1664, the fourth year of Charles the Second's reign, when Barlow was about thirty-eight. Eight years earlier, in 1656, Barlow was a famous painter, according to John Evelyn's *Diary* (vol. i. p. 312). So it seems to me that Barlow and the painter of Killigrew's portrait may have been too much of the same age to work together as apprentice and master. There may have been two Sheppards, father and son.

Vertue's brief sketch of Barlow's life is found among his earliest notes, and it is written not in his own penmanship, but in that of an ignorant person who should not have been chosen as a transcriber, and whose work has to be checked by reference to Vertue's own scattered notes, and to Barlow's work.

[1] The name is spelt in this way below the print.

Yet this rough sketch has been accepted by writers, as by Horace Walpole, whose volumes on early art in England are based mainly—but not always correctly—on Vertue's memoranda. Walpole's independent research adds little that is thorough, and I prefer his leader, George Vertue, whose account of Barlow runs as follows :—

" Francis Barlow was born in Lincolnshire, and at his coming to London, put prentice to one Shepherd, a face-painter, with whom he lived but few years, because his fancy did not lie that way, his genius leading him wholly to drawing of fowl, fish and beasts,[1] wherein he arriv'd at that perfection that, had his colouring and pencilling been as good as his draught, which was most exact, he might have easily excelled all that went before him in that kind of painting, of which we have an instance in the six books of prints after him. He drew some ceilings of Birds for noblemen and gentlemen in the country. There are several prints extant after the designs of this master, among which are the cuts for a new edition of *Æsop's Fables*,[2] in which undertaking he wanted due encouragement. He also drew several of the monuments in Westminster Abbey and in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, which were intended for a large edition of Mr. Keep's *Monumenta Westmonasteriensia*. But notwithstanding all Mr. Barlow's excellency in his way, and though he had the good fortune to have a considerable sum of money left him by a friend, he died poor in the year 1702."

It is clear from these rough notes that Vertue had not seen any of the large pictures in which Barlow made himself known to his patrons as the very earliest of England's native pioneers in large decorative paintings and in ample landscape united to birds, and dead fish, and sometimes to hunting. Lord Onslow at Clandon Park, Guildford, has four large Barlows of this sort, inherited from Mr. Denzil Onslow, of Pyrford, who was one of Barlow's good friends. Vertue does not name even one of Barlow's pictures, and there is only one brief note on the monochrome wash-drawings that Barlow made by the score in sepia and Indian ink for his own etchings and for other men to turn into prints.[3] Further, Vertue forgot somehow to add to his rough and scrappy sketch things that he learnt later about Barlow. He learnt from a

[1] Incorrect, since an etched portrait of Benlowes belongs to the first period of Barlow's prints, like some very careful figure composition, as in Plates 8 and 11 of Sir Robert Stapylton's Juvenal, 1660.

[2] These etchings are by Barlow himself, not *after him*, as Vertue would have seen had he known the book when these first notes were written. And the book appeared in three English editions, and one printed in French at Amsterdam : surely an important success.

[3] But it is an interesting note : " Drawing of fowls in Indian ink marked Barlow, 1694." In this year Barlow was about sixty-eight.

pocketbook of notes written by Richard Symonds, in the middle of the seventeenth century, that Barlow, about 1653, lived near the Drum in Drury Lane, and received £8 for a picture of fishes. And Vertue was not at ease about the date of Barlow's death. In vol. i. of his notes he says (p. 68): "Mr. Barlow, painter, died at Westminster; inquire at the Robin Hood on the Mill Bank." Whether he did inquire, overpressed as he was always with work, I cannot find out; but he could have learnt something from the title-page of the third edition of *Æsop's Fables*, published in 1703, where Barlow appears as a living man: "Printed by R. Newcomb for Francis Barlow, and are to be sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1703." So we cannot say that he died in the previous year.

The third edition and the second were dedicated to William Earl of Devonshire. Now, as Barlow commissioned the printing we may be certain that Newcomb would act as a man of business. If Barlow died poor, as Vertue believed, he was poor when he went to Newcomb, and asked for the printing costs, which included 143 etchings,[1] and a large amount of text in three languages, Latin, French, and English. Either Barlow was not so poor as we are told, or the Earl of Devonshire and other friends paid for him and comforted his last years.

Hollar died in poverty, and Faithorne also.[2] It is easy for artists to outlive their vogue; and as Barlow's connection with book publication lasted from 1652 to 1703, there was room for bitter vicissitudes, and the kindness of faithful friends.

There is another point in Vertue's biographical sketch. It is a piece of criticism that Walpole misunderstood. Vertue says of Barlow: "Had his colouring and pencilling been as good as his draught, which was most exact, he might have easily excelled all that went before him in that kind of painting. . . ." Rightly understood, this passage means that Barlow cannot be placed among the big masters. He is not a Rubens nor a Snyders in hunting scenes, for example. But his gifts are versatile and very fine, and John Evelyn's admiration

[1] Thirty-one new designs were added by Barlow to the second and third editions. They illustrate the Life of Æsop. Only three of them are etched by Barlow himself, as we shall see.

[2] Hollar's death is described in a letter written to George Vertue from York by Francis Place, May 20th, 1716: "He was near 70 when he died about 36 or forty years ago in a house he had in Gardeners Lane King Street Westminster of a Parralitick fitt, and before his departure the Bayliff came and seizd all he had, which gave him a great disturbance, and he was heard to say they might have stayed till he was dead. . . ." Mr. Henry M. Hake, of the Print Room, the British Museum, has written for the Walpole Society an excellent illustrated article on Francis Place, one of Barlow's collaborators.

shows what seventeenth-century Englishmen thought of Barlow's paintings. In 1681 Evelyn dined with Denzil Onslow at Pyrford, and found " the hall adorned with paintings of fowl and huntings, etc., the work of Mr. Barlow, who is excellent in this kind from the life."

We have many reasons to be grateful towards his brave pioneering. His Flemish contemporaries, Jan Fyt and Snyders, far and away more fortunate in their lot, were brought up within that magical atmosphere which Rubens and his school produced in Antwerp, while poor Barlow was mainly self-taught. He had to grow trees before he could make his own ladder.

Horace Walpole did not look at Barlow from this point of view. He knew very little about him at first hand, and misunderstood what he found in Vertue's memoranda. Instead of quoting, he alters the words, and conveys a wrong impression :—

" His taste lay to birds, fish and animals, in which he made great figure, though his colouring was not equal to his designs; consequently, which is not often the case, the prints from his works did him more honour than the works themselves, especially as he had the good fortune to have some of them engraved by Hollar and Faithorne."

Had Walpole ever seen a picture by Barlow ? He did not refer to one, and his readers have assumed that Barlow must be regarded as a bad colourist. Generation after generation this assumption has been stolen by books of reference from Walpole, and circulated in several languages. It is to be found in German books, for example, and also in French. Walpole is not mentioned, so that each repetition looks like an independent judgment passed by a different critic. Is it surprising, then, that Francis Barlow has been neglected ? He must be liberated from Walpole before he can be judged from his own merits by writers of books of reference.[1]

Even the late Sir Walter Gilbey, in his volumes on animal painters, took far too much from Walpole, and scarcely anything from Barlow himself :—

" His talents as a draughtsman were more remarkable than his skill as a colourist, hence his work appears in a more pleasing aspect through engravings and etchings, especially those by such gifted men as Hollar, Faithorne, and John Griffier, than in the original paintings themselves. The engravers indeed have placed him under an obligation in that they have so largely contributed

[1] In 1843 the *Biographie Universelle,* after stealing from Walpole, became mournful in its attitude towards Barlow's colour : " He lacked only this quality of art to be placed side by side with the greatest painters of animals; but his defect was all the more striking, because, in the genre which he had chosen, perfect imitation was the first of all beauties, and almost the only one of which it was susceptible."

to rescue his name as an artist from the obscurity which has overtaken his followers."

Poor Barlow! Thus to be knocked on the head because his paintings are hard to find, and because Walpole wrote in haste!

As a rule Barlow composed in monochrome for etchers and engravers. There are several score of his drawings in the British Museum, forming a treasury of affection for birds and beasts. More than this, what etching *after* his work has the qualities of his temperamental style? Is there one equal to his own etching? To my mind, and I write without bias, Barlow is his own best interpreter in prints. Griffier's technique is effective, but it turns Barlow into a different artist; and Hollar's prints after the Civil War show that they were done very often as a routine in a tragic struggle against increasing poverty. I would not criticise so brave a man, a fine little master at his best; but it is untrue to say that he placed Barlow under an obligation. He never did more, and sometimes he did less, than collaborate with Barlow on equal terms. If there was any obligation at all it was granted by Barlow to the professional etchers, who needed subjects with a popular appeal, and who could not have been blind to the fact that, but for his work as a famous painter, he could have etched every one of the plates himself. There are prints after him by other men, including R. Stoop, J. Collins, John Smith, Robert Gaywood, Thomas Dudley (a poor imitator of Hollar), and Francis Place, a versatile and brilliant amateur whose prints after Barlow are often better than those of the professional etchers. His touch has a vivacity very near to Barlow's. Francis Place died at York in 1728, at the age of eighty-one, and Vertue noted his death with much respect, saying that his " works in painting, drawing and engraving, also mezzotint," were " deservedly esteemed by the curious and lovers of art." Vertue adds :—

" In the latter part of his life, having means enough to live on, he passed his time at ease, being a sociable and pleasant companion much beloved by the gentry of those parts, having in his younger days been a noted sportsman, particularly for fishing; but time and a great age brought him to his grave."

Then, as regards colour, it has taken me much research to come into touch with a few of Barlow's paintings. During the past five-and-twenty years I have seen an example here and there, more or less harmed by a picture " restorer "; and Mr. John Lane has a small Barlow bought this year, and representing an attack on a poultry yard by a bird of prey. It is relined, and also somewhat overcleaned, the artist's signature being partly obliterated by spirits of wine;

but, though injured, it is a bright and lively little piece, belonging to his first period. Lord Onslow has six very valuable Barlows at Clandon Park; and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, at Shardeloes in Amersham, owns an important number, all in need of delicate cleaning and thin varnish. There is a pretty large canvas of huge dead salmon in a landscape, with numerous living birds; and its companion piece, dated 1668, represents an attack by two eagles on poultry and ducks. One of them flies off with a chick, while the other swoops down, and a farmyard cock tries to summon up enough courage to show fight for the second time.

I have seen just enough of Barlow's painting to know that he is very important—and also variously important—as an English pioneer, keenly observant, vivacious in small pictures, and broadly decorative in ample canvases, as four at Clandon Park bear witness. These pictures, and two smaller ones, have been delivered down to Lord Onslow from John Evelyn's friend, Denzil Onslow, who had a fine estate at Pyrford. One of them is an excellent frieze-like picture twelve feet long, representing a small and mixed breed of dogs known in the seventeenth century as the Southern-Mouthed Hounds. They were very slow, and one of Barlow's friends, Richard Blome, described them vividly in *The Gentleman's Recreation*, so that Barlow's decorative picture, a very remarkable work, can be confirmed by written evidence. Every hound has a well-defined character in Barlow's free and broad handling; and note that while the dogs' bodies prove that their ancestry was mixed, the heads have the family likeness of a settled breed. One hound is speckled, while another has legs that suggest a strain of dachshund. Barlow drew and etched the Southern hounds many times, but I never hoped to find a painting by him in which they would be studied completely, and almost, if not fully, life-size. There is also some decorative symbolism in the frieze that needs explanation. A hare is introduced to show that this very swift runner was chased by these hounds, like the slower fox; and we learn from Blome that Southern hounds, being too slow for good sport in an open country, were fit only for woodlands and hilly districts. So Barlow has introduced a tree and a bit of rising land, with hounds running heavily upwards.

At the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, there is an original drawing by Barlow, which was etched in reverse by Hollar in 1671. It is a notable composition of hare-hunting, and most of the hounds in it are repeated from the frieze that Barlow painted for Denzil Onslow. Partly for this reason the drawing has been reproduced for this book. Note also that the sportsmen are well sketched, and that the horses, with their dignified heads, look strong

enough to carry armoured knights into battle. The gate, too, is interesting: it appears so often in Barlow's designs that I call it the Barlow gate.

The other large decorative pieces at Clandon Park are huge, measuring 13 ft. 3 in. by 9 ft. 2 in. They are hung on a lofty staircase, and it took five men with ladders to get them down when two were photographed for this book. One could not be moved, so a photograph was taken at a venture from the staircase head. It was easy to dust these old pictures, but they need varnish to restore their colour; then much better photographs can be taken. Their canvas has a strong texture and three strips of it are joined together horizontally to make a picture 9 ft. 2 in. high. One composition might be a cartoon for tapestry turned into a broadly handled oil-painting. The others, too, are not more pictorial than many tapestries of the period. Were they intended for ceiling decoration? Well, a rectangular design for a ceiling needs corner balancing, as well as a composition that can be looked at with pleasure from below. These requisite things are not present in Barlow's paintings at Clandon Park.

Two of them have a feeling for landscape that comes from Barlow himself; it is not copied from a foreign master. And I believe that one represents a portion of Denzil Onslow's decoy, where John Evelyn watched some lively sport, and where he saw so many herons that he was astonished. Till I came upon this passage in Evelyn's *Diary*, I wished to find out where Barlow learnt so much about waterfowl. This painting has waterfowl in the foreground, and many others are in alarmed flight, for a large bird of prey has attacked one of them. Landscape and evening sky are treated spaciously, and have great value in the genesis of English country pictures. It seems to me that Turner and Constable would have praised Barlow as their forerunner.

Lord Onslow tells me that one of these pictures, "After a Day's Fishing," let us call it, was painted over another work representing a life-size horse; an outline of the horse can be seen when it is touched by a brilliant light. That is to say, the underpainting shows through the landscape composition, probably because the landscape has sunk in and needs varnish. It is most interesting to think of Barlow striving to paint a horse life-size, then losing heart, and confessing his defeat as a thrifty painter. Canvases were dear, and colours also. An ounce of ultramarine cost £8! according to Vertue.

This picture is signed, and dated 1667. It is the one which could not be taken down without running too much risk. As a tapestry its composition and colour would be attractive. The foreground is uneven, and strewn with recently caught pike, eels, and other fish. There is a knoll from which a big

tree grows, throwing out foliage in bold patterns against a sunset. To left of this tree is a glade, and on the right are headlands that dip down into a lake. Another tree, stripped of its bark by lightning, rises from a bank on the right-hand side, and two wood pigeons and three ravens are perched on its dead branches. Below is a life-size heron. On the other side of the picture a heron lifts itself heavily into flight, and a jay flies forward. Two magpies, attracted by the dead fish, are busy below the knoll. Though this decorative painting cannot yet be seen properly, its colour being sunk in, it impressed me by its breadth and by its powerful sincerity. As for the third large picture, it represents a farmyard, with peafowl, geese, turkeys, poultry, and a pigsty, through the door of which a boar thrusts his head. Behind there is a gabled building, and a sky lit with the afterglow of sunset, against which a hawk attacks a pigeon. Barlow does not preserve the same scale throughout this decorative picture, the great peacock dominating somewhat too much over the geese and turkeys.[1]

III

Four phases of Barlow's art are within easy reach of London students: his own etchings, a large number of his monochrome designs, some of the books that he helped to illustrate, including many prints after his birds and beasts, and some of his sporting designs, such as his two coursing scenes, one in mezzotint by J. Collins, and the other an etching by Jean Griffier. These phases can be studied in the British Museum, partly in the Library, and partly in the Print Room. One important book, Edward Benlowes' *Theophila*, is not in the Library; but the Print Room has one of the original drawings, and three of the etched prints, besides the very fine portrait of Benlowes himself.

Already, when this book appeared in 1652, Barlow had attached himself to birds and beasts. Theophila personifies the Soul, and is represented besieged by sins in the shape of wild beasts. She kneels and prays by a fountain with a cross before it; and behind, in the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve are being tempted and driven out. Their nude figures are lightly and neatly sketched. In another print an eagle is introduced, and as this bird appears often in Barlow's work, let me point out here that his fondness for eagles may have been connected with his lineage, for I find in Thomas Robson's *The British Herald*, published in 1830, that several old Barlow families have had eagles in their coats of arms :—

" Barlow, of Barlow, sa. an eagle displ. ar. membered or, standing, on the limb of a tree, raguled and trunked of the second."

[1] Portions of this picture were etched by Francis Place.

" Barlow, Sheffield, granted in 1691, sa. two bars erm. on a chief indented per pale or and ar. an eagle displayed of the first. Crest, a Mercury's cap or, wings ar. thereon an eagle's head erased ppr. gorged with a collar erm."

" Barloughe, or Barlowe, Lanc., sa. an eagle displ. with two necks ar. armed or."

" Barlow, Bath, Somerset, sa. an eagle, disp. with two heads ar. standing on a limb of a tree raguly and trunked fesseways, or, charged on the breast with a cross pattée fitchée gu. Crest, two eagles' heads, erased, ar."

We pass on to Barlow's designs for *Severall Wayes of Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing, according to the English Manner*, 1671, etched partly by Hollar, and partly (I believe) by one of Hollar's pupils, whose name is not given. Though two styles are to be noticed, the title-page mentions Hollar only. Hollar's prints are signed, and represent hare-hunting, river fishing, salmon fishing, angling, and the title-page. There are seven unsigned plates: otter-hunting, stag-hunting, fox-hunting, rabbit-catching, chasing buck with greyhounds, and three phases of hawking, herons, partridges and pheasants. Mr. Baillie-Grohman has attributed the etching of these plates to Barlow himself, " probably," though it is too mannered to be like his livelier touch and feeling. In Barlow's etchings, as in those by his friend Francis Place, " the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." Hollar and his school etch for their daily bread, and are compelled by a very hard grapple for life to do overmuch. Nearly all that comes from Barlow in *The Severall Wayes of Hunting, Hawking and Fishing* is good, and sometimes very good, the designs grow into significant shape and have a decorative animation, as though their artist wanted to do a set of panels for the tapestry workers at Mortlake; but their realisation in etching does not respond heartily enough to their invention. The angling print, in a good impression, is perhaps the best of Hollar's little set, and his pupil attains the quality called " style " in his print after coursing buck with greyhounds. Barlow is ill at ease in stag-hunting; his work here is overcrowded. And another fact is to be noted. As a whole the designs are not episodes of sport, but epitomes in which the seventeenth-century attitude towards fishing, and hunting, and hawking is treated with ornamental freedom.

Barlow seems to say: " Here are decorative compositions containing much more than we see at any moment of our day's enjoyment as hawkers, huntsmen, and fishermen. Magnify them till their foreground figures are as large as life, and you will see that I am thinking of a dozen large tapestries for one of our great English halls."

Students should compare *The Severall Wayes* with the sporting prints to be found in Richard Blome's *The Gentleman's Recreation*, published in 1686, in two parts, and containing a vast amount of information. It is mainly a compilation, for Richard Blome seeks help from many quarters, and in Part II we find some of Barlow's designs, but harmed by inferior etchers. Two compositions bear his name, and seven or eight others are signed with his manner, I believe.[1] Would that he had etched them himself! Blome suffered from a fear of inevitable costs, and accepted some of the worst etching that novices could do, as in the racing print, which may have been designed by Francis Barlow, whose mind in 1686 was occupied with horse-racing, as we shall see.

One print signed by Barlow is an Otter Hunt, facing p. 100, Part II., pretty well etched by N. Yeates. For several reasons it is better as a composition than his Otter Hunt in *The Severall Wayes*. Its landscape is larger and freer, and its otter belongs to the breed that we know to-day in England, while the other is a foreign variety, a much bigger creature with a large head, akin to the British Columbian giant, as Mr. Baillie-Grohman has observed. Was a foreign otter imported, and bred in some English rivers? Could Barlow have seen, except in books on natural history, all of the foreign birds and beasts that he drew and etched? We must be diffident on this point, as not enough is known about the animals and birds imported by small ships into seventeenth-century England. Lord Onslow has two boldly painted pictures by Barlow, showing an ostrich and a cassowary, three-quarters life-size, with architectural and landscape surroundings, and both birds are evidently painted from nature.

For a long time I did not know if he had an opportunity of making life-studies from an elephant, then a difficult animal for sailors to ship and to import. At last in *The City Mercury* for November 2nd, 1675, I came upon an amusing trade advertisement headed THE ELEPHANT, described as a "wonderful beast" and "this Famous Creature." A fine specimen had been "sent from East-India to the Right Honourable George Lord Berkley," who sold him "for two thousand pounds sterling," an enormous price in those days, and certainly a showman's gamble, for we are told that the elephant "is now to be seen at the White Horse Inn over against Salisbury Court in Fleet Street, at which place there is provided accommodation for the Nobility, Gentry, and Commonalty, for that purpose."

[1] His design for one of the unsigned plates, "Hawking for Pheasants, 1684," is in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford: it is reproduced for this book.

We can imagine how London flocked to see the Famous Creature, and how Barlow and other artists made drawings. If we read Barlow's prints and drawings as history, read them without bias, we cannot say at present that no foreign otter was bred in English rivers. Two varieties may have been protected then for sport; but Mr. Baillie-Grohman implies that Barlow, a countryman in an age of agriculture, famous as early as 1656 for his rural and rustic pictures and etchings, did not know that his first otter-hunt was un-English, and that he corrected his mistake when he drew another for Richard Blome. I do not like to criticise Mr. Baillie-Grohman, but he is sometimes too rash when he makes a brief raid from foreign work into English.

Another print in Blome's book signed by Barlow shows how hawks and spaniels were taught to work together. It is an attractive print in spite of the poor etching by A. Soly. The ring of spaniels lying around the hawk, and another episode in the middle-distance beyond the gate, bring vanished sporting customs very near to us. As for the unsigned compositions which may be attributed to Barlow, they range from shooting on the wing, pretty well etched by S. Gribelin, to " The Setting Dog and Partridge," very much harmed by Yeates. There is also a print showing how fowlers, from behind a stalking horse shot flying birds. Two hunting subjects, hares and stags, badly etched by J. Collins, are also in Barlow's manner, like three hawking episodes—partridges, pheasants, and herons. These five are noteworthy because similar subjects by Barlow are found in *The Severall Wayes*, while the others place us on new ground. There is no earlier shooting on the wing in English prints, I believe.

Partridge hawking in both books is associated with trees pretty well covered with leaves, such as we see in a genial autumn at the end of September, or later; and pheasant hawking also has leafed trees in *The Severall Wayes*, while in Blome the landscape is mid-winter without snow. Mr. Baillie-Grohman believes that leafless trees ought to have been put into all of these compositions, because foliage would give the game too much advantage over their pursuers; but Barlow was a countrified artist of the seventeenth century, while his critic does not know, or has forgotten, that John Evelyn, when dining at Pyrford with Denzil Onslow on August 24th, 1681, was offered pheasants and partridges, as well as other game. Are English trees leafless on August 24th?

Barlow must have known when game hawking began, and there must have been less danger of losing young hawks when trees were in leaf, particu-

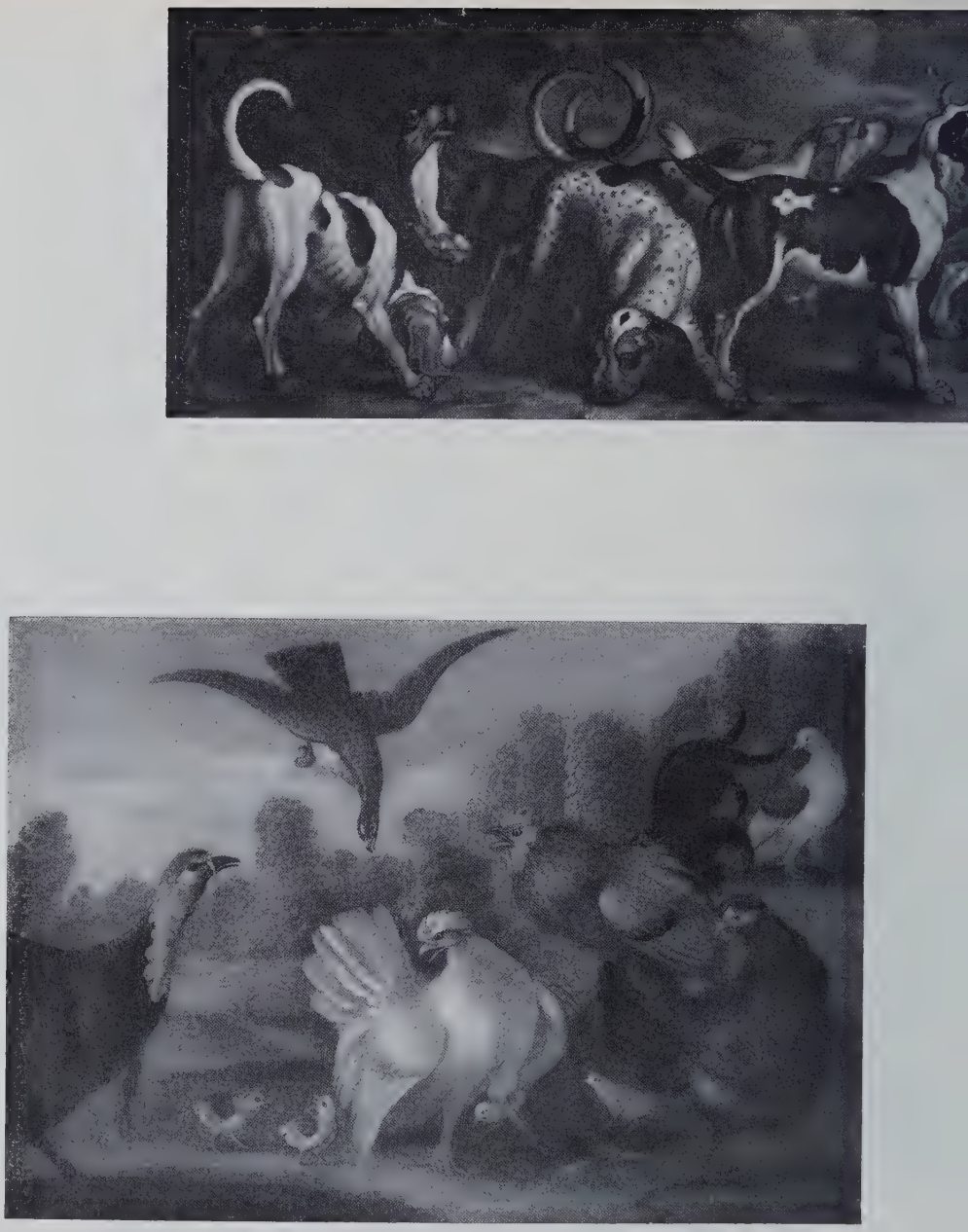
HAWKING FOR PHEASANTS, 1684. *From an Original Drawing by* FRANCIS BARLOW *in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Engraved by* ARTHUR SOLY *for Blome's "The Gentleman's Recreation."*

PLATE 2

THE DECOY AT PYRFORD WITH WATERFOWL AT SUNSET STARTLED BY A BIRD OF PREY. *Reproduced from an original Landscape by* FRANCIS BARLOW *in Lord Onslow's Collection at Clandon Park, Guildford.* 13 *ft.* 3 × 9 *ft.* 2 *ins.*

PLATE 3

AT SUNSET AFTER A DAY'S FISHING. *Reproduced from an Original Picture by* FRANCIS BARLOW *in Lord Onslow's Collection at Clandon Park, Guildford.* 13 *ft.* 3 × 9 *ft.* 2 *ins. Signed and dated* 1667.



EAGLE ATTACKING POULTRY. *From an Early Picture by* FRANCIS BARLOW *belonging to John Lane, Esq.*

PLATE 5

A DECORATIVE PAINTING 12 *feet long by* FRANCIS BARLOW; *in Lord Onslow's Collection at Clandon Park, Guildford. It represents a pack of slow-running hounds known during the seventeenth century as "The Southern-Mouthed Hounds," according to Blome's "The Gentleman's Recreation,"* 1686. *Five dogs in this picture are repeated in a Barlow Hunting Sketch now at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.*

EVENING: THE WOUNDED HERON. *Painted by* ABRAHAM HONDIUS, *mezzotinted by* J. WATTS. *Reproduced from a print lent by Messrs. Rimell.*

SHOOTING ON THE WING: *the earliest English Print. Designed by* **F. BARLOW,** *and etched by S. Gribelin for Richard Blome's "The Gentleman's Recreation,"* 1686. *Reproduced from a copy lent by Messrs. Ellis, New Bond St.*

OTTER HUNTING. *Designed by* **F. BARLOW,** *and etched by* **N. YEATES,** *for Richard Blome's "The Gentleman's Recreation,"* 1686. *Reproduced from a copy lent by Messrs. Ellis, New Bond St.*

PLATE 8

THE FARM YARD. *Reproduced by permission of Lord Onslow, from a very large painting by* **FRANCIS BARLOW** *at Clandon Park, Guildford.*

larly in the case of pheasants, which would fly from wood to wood, and not go too far in advance of their pursuers. Many spaniels and horsemen followed this old sport. And we must remember, too, that England, with her little hedged fields and her many small woods close together, cannot have been a good country for hawking at any season of the year, except here and there: and this point, and several others, are forgotten by Mr. Baillie-Grohman, who really seems to write with some ill-feeling towards Barlow.

Blome says of Partridge Hawking that four or five couple of well-trained spaniels are necessary. More than this he seems to disapprove: "Their motion you are to follow on horseback with your hawk on your fist, so that you may be ready to cast her off upon their springing any. It is now the mode to go into the field with a cast or two of hawks, and about six or seven couple of good ranging spaniels, and when a covey is sprung, to cast them (*i. e.* the hawks and the dogs) all off at a time, which affords good diversion to the spectators. But in the opinion of some this way is not approved of, as being designed rather to go out to kill what they can, than only for the sport."

As for pheasant hawking, the earliest date for training young hawks is not given, but the best months for the sport are November, December and January, "after which time you must be preparing her (*i. e.* the hawk) for the Mew, that she may be early mewed to fly at the Field the next season for partridge." Partridge hawking, then, was earlier than pheasant. Altogether, Barlow's designs for game hawking, with their picturesque old costumes and their vanished customs, are history as well as lively design.

Yet Mr. Baillie-Grohman is unattracted by them. Even when Barlow's editor or publisher makes a mistake in a title (as though an artist often away from London, painting ceilings with birds, and making easel-pictures, could superintend every detail), Mr. Baillie-Grohman says that the error "affords another instance that Barlow's reputation as a truthful delineator of Nature did not always rest on a sound foundation, for the antlers of the deer depicted by him are those of red deer and not of fallow deer." As greyhounds were the fastest dogs, they may have been used frequently to chase red deer. To suppose that Barlow, a professional student of animals, who worked at country seats, and travelled into Scotland, did not know the difference between red deer and fallow deer, is absurd; and if red deer had not been coursed by greyhounds in his own experience of country life, he would not have introduced them into a design which would be seen by many persons before an etching after it appeared in printsellers' shops. London was a little place closely

surrounded by country; judges of sport were common among all classes; and there was much talk, as Blome's book proves, about the merits of different hounds. For these reasons I accept Barlow's evidence and believe that red deer as well as fallow were coursed by greyhounds.

Barlow's publisher—or Barlow himself—describes a fox-hunting print popularly and in verse. Then Mr. Baillie-Grohman remarks, in a rather awkward sentence, that the present-day description would be: "Chopping a fox in covert, where after a fast run, thoroughly beaten, he crawled to ground."

As a matter of fact, the fox looks outwitted, not thoroughly beaten, and neither horses nor hounds are distressed after a fast run. The hounds belong to the long-eared and blunt-headed Southern breed which Barlow painted for Denzil Onslow, and which Richard Blome regarded as too slow. Yet these clumsy dogs are still so fresh that they bound heavily up a slope after the fox, giving tongue vigorously, and showing that their run has lasted only a short distance.

Deer were coursed in two ways. When the sport went from wood to wood, young hounds were thrown into a chosen covert to drive out the deer, and greyhounds outside the wood were not let slip till their keepers noticed a buck that was worth killing. But young dogs, being inexperienced, would follow all deer that they drove out. Barlow illustrates this point in his middle distance, while in the foreground greyhounds are held in slip while a deer bounds by. "If any deer come out that is not weighty," says Blome, "or a deer of antlier, which is Buck, Sore [*i. e.* a buck in his fourth year], or Sorel [*i. e.* a buck in his third year], then do not slip your greyhounds that are held at the end of the wood where the deer is expected to come forth, which the keepers have good judgment to know. And if you mistrust that your greyhounds will not kill him, then you may waylay him with a brace of fresh greyhounds."[1] Other information is added under Barlow's print, where a verse says among other things that "the keeper with his knife with speed makes in and there doth end the life." In Barlow's design for the death of a stag the knife is broad and long, almost a short sword.

Altogether the *Severall Wayes of Hunting, Hawking and Fishing* should be studied, and side by side with Blome's book. Its prints set thought astir in many directions, inviting us to look at many old phases of country life set within a social atmosphere which has gone from the world for ever, like the seventeenth-century costumes.

[1] Would greyhounds face a buck at bay and *kill* him?

IV

The British Museum Library has several of the books for which Barlow made some illustrations, and its Print Room has a great many of the monochromes composed by Barlow when he conceived and brought to completion his epitome of country life, calling it *Æsop's Fables*, and etching the 112 compositions himself. It was a brave and good enterprise, and the drawings are stored with rustic and rural animation and varied charm. There are some episodes of sport, as in the beaver hunt, farms and their vicissitudes, glimpses of cottage homes and customs, a winning sympathy for animals and birds, both foreign and British, and landscape backgrounds full of variety and persuasion. There is also a far-extending stretch of drenched fenland, lonely, desolate and tragic. As for the human figures, with their pleasant old costumes, they are drawn and etched with Barlow's characteristics, judgment and lively spirit. One face appears over and over again, and it may be a portrait of Barlow himself. If so, he was a handsome fellow with large open eyes, and an expression of alert ability; bearded, and the beard grew longer at the sides than in the middle, forming an arc.

The Print Room has eighty-five of the original drawings made for the first edition, all studied with minute care and sympathetic observation; but some are younger in touch than others, showing that Barlow brooded over this big project for a considerable span of time. On the other hand, the etchings made from these monochromes belong to a single period, and are firmer, and often fresher and more lively. They prove that Barlow was at ease when he worked with his etching needle.[1]

The Print Room has other examples of Barlow's design. One of them, a wash drawing in Indian ink, $7\frac{7}{8}$ in. by $11\frac{5}{8}$ in., shows charmingly how partridges were stalked. A field, with partridges in the foreground, and a man concealing himself behind a horse, which advances from under a tree; a dog also is creeping forward; and beyond are trees and a hill. There is a study of horses, also in Indian ink, $5\frac{5}{8}$ in. by 8 in. One horse has turned towards the left; behind him another is rearing; and beyond, in an undulating meadow, bordered with distant trees, other horses are shown in varied attitudes. This design, or another like it, was etched by Hollar in 1863.

Again, there are some useful sidelights on Barlow's versatility, which was

[1] Some of the original designs have an indented line that follows their contours carefully, showing that Barlow with a blunt-pointed tool made tracings from them. Sir Robert Witt has a Barlow sepia drawing with an indented outline.

certainly excessive. He did too much in too many different ways because he lived through very troubled times, and was obliged by the need of earning money to accept whatever work was offered to him. Would that he had been able to concentrate the whole of his time on his favourite subjects, birds, animals, fishes, and country life with its landscapes and sports! Thanks to his patient and cheerful honesty, he did not bungle, not even when he attacked architecture.[1] One early etching was inspired by the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the latest one known to me has some resemblance to an early Victorian Christmas card, for it represents a robin—called Robin Redbreast—in the act of singing. Only this bird has a place in history, for he sang every day in Westminster Abbey, perched on the top of Queen Mary's Mausoleum erected in 1695. Below the print is a verse of ten lines, addressed by the robin to free country birds, and ending quaintly :—

> " Your Scenes are Silvan Bowrs, but Mine
> A Temple, and Maria's Shrine.
> Your Song may Nimphs and Shepheards warme,
> But Mine does Saints and Angels charme."

Our forefathers attributed to Barlow an etching that may be put side by side with a monster painted by George Stubbs, " The Lincolnshire Ox," a veritable beast from Brobdingnag, for he stood nineteen hands high and measured 3 ft. 4 in. across the hips.[2] The other monster was a German giant, $9\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high, exhibited at Ipswich, and possibly also in London. Barlow drew him full length, and made an etching in large folio. I have never seen a print of it. One was sold in 1819 at the Bindley sale; it fetched £5 10*s*., and a print of Barlow's horse-race was knocked down at seven guineas.[3]

There is one very notable seascape after Barlow, very well etched by Francis Place; it represents the Bass Rock with its defences, and an amusing variety of seabirds, all well drawn and full of life. Here there is open air, with light, space and freedom.[4]

It was in Scotland that Barlow was astonished by a very singular fight for life that he put afterwards into his etched work. A golden eagle swooped

[1] For *The Genealogical History of The Kings of England*. I have found only a few detached prints from this book. One of them—it is numbered page 288—is drawn very well by Barlow and etched by Gaywood. It represents a screen-like gateway flanked by architecture, in which carved figures are enniched.

[2] The painting of this " Lincolnshire Ox " was engraved by Stubbs' natural son, G. T. Stubbs, January 20th, 1791, $18\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $12\frac{3}{4}$ in.

[3] See Thomas Dodd's *The Connoisseur's Repertory*.

[4] There are two prints of this good subject. In one the composition is reversed and very much harmed.

down upon a male cat and tried to bear him away. The bird rose to some height, trying to hold his prey firmly between his talons; but soon trouble began. Tom fought gamely, gripping his teeth into the bird's neck, and stopping the upward flight. There was a tense moment of doubt, with a noisy fluttering of wings; then Tom and his attacker fell to earth together, struggling fiercely, and both were picked up by Barlow. Students of birds have said that golden eagles are particularly fond of cat-flesh, and will eat it in captivity when they are ill and leave other food untasted.

I have spoken before about Barlow's liking for eagles, and in 1665–66 the artist had a place of business called The Golden Eagle, somewhere in New Street, near Shoe Lane. This fact is not to be found in books of reference, and yet it is advertised on a sub-title page very well etched by Barlow himself for the first edition of his *Æsop's Fables*. This very costly book was Barlow's own venture in publishing, so The Golden Eagle in New Street may have been a bookseller's shop, at which Barlow (or his wife) would sell his own prints and prints by his friends. The great engraver William Faithorne after his return from banishment, in 1650, sold prints for a time. New Street was burnt by the Great Fire soon after Barlow's *Æsop* was published, and his losses must have been heavy, including much in addition to stock copies of his new book.

Happily his copperplates were rescued, for they were used again, retouched here and there and rebitten; first in 1687, with revised text, and verses by Aphara Behn; next in 1703; and then in a Dutch edition printed in French at Amsterdam, and dated 1714. Its title runs: "Les Fables d'Esope, et de plusieurs autres excellens Mythologistes, accompagnées du Sens Moral et des Réflexions de Monsieur le Chevalier Lestrange. Traduites de l'Anglois." Barlow's work is described as "drawn and etched in a skilful and picturesque manner," "with exquisite taste and a wise touch," his animals and birds forming "a work very useful to painters, sculptors, engravers, and other artists, and amateurs of drawing." The publisher, Etienne Roger, takes care to say that the book is published at his own expense; so I have tried to find out from whom he bought the coppers etched by Barlow. In 1714 Barlow had been dead for about eleven years, and the history of his copperplates, if it could be discovered, would be most valuable. Alas! my research here has drawn blank.

The present book is unsuited for the bibliography of Barlow's *Æsop* in its four editions; but we must gather some useful biographical facts from the English ones. The second and third have thirty-one additional plates

representing episodes in Æsop's life, and raising the total number of etchings to 143. Three of the new plates are etched by Barlow himself, while the others are by a second-rate man named Dudley, whose touch is clumsily mechanical. To compare it with Barlow's is to pass from dull mechanism into a free style. In several of Dudley's plates there seem to be signs of Barlow's hand, as though the poor artist acts now and then in self-defence.

As my aim is to give in outline all that I have learnt about the first English sporting artist, I must note now that one print in the set on *Æsop's Life* is the only known blot on Barlow's professional work. It appeals to that pruriency which reaction from Puritanism let loose, and which put some queer verses even into Herrick's *Hesperides*. Perhaps Barlow's offence may be accounted for by assuming that his losses from the Great Fire were of a crippling sort, and that he allowed himself to be overruled by business advisers. Even to-day booksellers never fail to advertise this nasty print when it has not been torn from a copy of the second or third edition.[1]

The edition of 1666 has the best impressions of the 112 fable-etchings. There is also a dedication, and an address to the reader, which have biographical value. Curiously, the famous man to whom the book is dedicated, Sir Francis Prujean, died in 1666, the year in which the book was published. He was distinguished as a physician, as a connoisseur, and as a musician; was knighted by Charles II in 1661, and two years later, when Queen Catherine had typhus fever, Prujean attended her, and to a cordial that he prescribed her recovery was attributed, according to Pepys.

When composing a dedication to this patron, Barlow was obsequious and high flown, but he had reason to be anxious, for his book was a costly undertaking. " With great charge and trouble " he has published the Fables and Æsop's Life in three languages, English, French, and Latin, that the appeal may be " more universal "; and this means that he has to pay Thomas Philipott for the text in English, and Robert Codrington, M.A., for the Latin and French; and his other costs being heavy, Barlow's agitation is easy to understand. He relates that he was " pressed on to this great Work, some years since, by the persuasion of a much-honoured Friend of mine, since dead, who conceived it to suit much with my fancy, as consisting so much of Fowl and Beasts, wherein my friends are pleased to count me most eminent in what I do. . . ."

[1] Aphara Behn wrote a verse to be printed under this etching, as though her own sex could not be insulted by showing a girl asleep in a position that even playwrights of the period would not have described in words.

One cause of anxiety when he wrote his preface appears to have been a question of tact. Was he not entering into professional competition with Hollar, Gaywood, and some other professional etchers whom he knew personally, and who had made prints after his designs and pictures? To stir them into jealousy would do him no good. So he pretended that he did not see the merits of his own good work, describing himself as "no professional engraver or etcher, but a well-wisher to the art of painting."[1] He adds that design is all he aims at, and that he "cannot perform curious neatness without losing the spirit, which is the main."

There may be some irony in this apology to the professional etchers, for the "curious neatness" of Hollar is often a defect, being too much like the minute elaboration that became a tradition in steel engraving. Barlow prefers lively suggestion, so he does not place his lines and touches too close together, and he tries to get his effects with a thrifty judgment. It amuses him greatly to seek for technical qualities that will suggest differences of hair, fleece, fur, and feather; and he is attracted also by differences of weight in solid things, like trees, stones, weather-worn timber, and the ground underfoot.

It will be said that he has gaps in his handicraft, and some marks of a primitiveness as evident as Chaucer's archaic spelling and accents. What then? A pioneer is inevitably a forerunner. Barlow's defects are biographical, arising from the many hindrances that pressed upon him through his bad student days and long afterwards.

It is a nut to crack how he acquired his knowledge of composition, and composition in its classical phases, so called. His figure designs in Sir Robert Stapylton's Juvenal, 1660, are certainly equal to those by Robert Streater and J. Dankers or Dankerts. What work could differ more than this from Barlow's inborn passion for country life and sport? Imagine Landseer or Herring in the act of illustrating Juvenal. From whom did Barlow receive hints on classical composition? After comparing his figure designs with those of senior artists among his contemporaries, it seems to me that his variety and his method are nearest to those of Francis Cleyn, a German artist in England, who was busy in many different ways, designing tapestries for Mortlake, painting one of the ceilings in old Somerset House, decorating the outside of Wimbledon House with frescoes, ornamenting Bolsover in Notts., and Stone Park in Northamptonshire, and Carew House in Parson's Green. That he was attracted also by sport is proved by a lively drawing that he made

[1] His Address to the Reader.

for Ogilby's edition of Virgil, 1654, page 386, where he shows how a deer with garlanded antlers and neck is hunted.[1]

In one difficult subject Barlow can be studied in friendly competition against Cleyn. Æsop among the Beasts and Birds is represented by Cleyn for John Ogilby's editions of the Fables, 1651 and 1665–68; and it is also Barlow's frontispiece for his own Æsop. Both artists do their best, and Barlow wins all along the line.

V

In 1670 a very singular commission came to Francis Barlow. Suppose Mr. G. D. Armour had been invited to design a hearse for the funeral of F.M. Lord Roberts, and to make drawings of a lying in state and of the funeral procession. A similar commission came to Barlow, for he designed a hearse for the magnificent funeral of George Monck, first Duke of Albemarle, and made some illustrative drawings which were engraved, then published as a curious long roll, with a title and a sort of frontispiece, very well designed.[2] There are twenty-two plates in all, and the title has the words, " F. Barlow invent," and " Ro^{ert} White sculpsit." If Barlow composed them all, and he and White are the only artists named, he had many reasons to be amazed by the awful contrasts between the Democrat Death and the wonderful bedecked pomp and pride that reigned through three whole weeks, while " forty gentlemen of good families submitted to wait as mutes with their backs against the wall of the chamber where the body lay in state, for three weeks, waiting alternately twenty each day."

I quote here from Walpole, who expresses astonishment. Several prints are impressive, but the body itself did not lie in state through three weeks, for this episode is described as follows : " Prospect of the Chamber and Bed of State in which the Effigies of the Duke of Albemarle lay in Somerset House." Another description says : " A Prospect of the Hearse in which the Effigies of the Duke of Albemarle lay in State in the Abbey of Westminster." Further, when the draped coffin is taken in an open hearse through the streets to Westminster, an effigy of the Duke rests on the coffin's lid.[3]

[1] Cleyn was born about 1590, and died in 1658. Charles the First had great confidence in his judgment and skill. Barlow also did some work for Ogilby, as in a folio edition of Æsop.

[2] In the Print Room of the B.M. these rare historic prints are carefully bound into a long volume.

[3] Walpole says that a warrant from the Lord Chamberlain ordered Sir Christopher Wren to prepare timber for Barlow's hearse. As the hearse in Westminster Abbey, with its canopy, differs from the one shown in the street, this information is not enough.

Why was Barlow associated with this great ceremony, and with its illustration? The title says that the drawings were collected by Rouge-Dragon, Francis Sandford, and published by special command of Charles the Second. Another point is that Barlow had painted a famous portrait of Monck. It was engraved twice: in line for Peter Stent, a sharkish printseller who treated artists badly; and in mezzotint by *William Clarke*. Both engravings are very scarce. At South Kensington there is a good impression of the print published by Stent, "dedicated to the Hon. and Eminent Virtuoso *William Clarke*, Esq., Barrister of the Inner Temple, and Chief Secretary to the Illustrious George Duke of Albemarle." Monck is in military costume, and wears a wide collar; his right hand rests on a helmet, and the left on his hip; his bold and expressive face, well drawn and modelled, in a three-quarters view, is relieved by long hair. The Restorer of the Monarchy was understood by Barlow, and by the engraver also.[1]

One cannot help thinking that Albemarle respected his chosen portraitist, and that Barlow was friendly with Rouge-Dragon, Francis Sandford, and with William Clarke. In any case, it is odd to place our earliest sporting artist among designers of hearses, and illustrators of magnificent obsequies.

Seventeen years later he invented the first racing print. On a plate 30 in. long by $11\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide he etched amusingly the last horse-race that Charles the Second attended at Dorset Ferry, near Windsor Castle. It was run on August 24th, 1684; and another inscription says:—

"Drawn from the Place
and
Designed
by
Francis Barlow
1687."

This date has caused some critics to suggest that Barlow may not have seen the race in 1684, but the date 1687 refers, surely, to the time of publication.

[1] Thomas Dodd speaks of "a masterly etching" by Barlow of the Duke of Albemarle, "in military costume, from a picture painted by himself, large 4to. It is extremely rare. As the print does not carry his name in such a way as to express anything more than that he [Barlow] painted the picture from which it is taken, it has been erroneously ascribed to Gaywood, which it evidently is not, as it is etched with more delicacy in the execution than that of Gaywood's style, and is in coincidence with what we know to be of Barlow's real production. . . ."

Besides, the landscape is a very important part of the composition, and if Barlow drew it from Nature in 1687, showing a glimpse of river and Windsor Castle on our right, a great crown of masonry resting upon its headland, he did no more than show his habitual carefulness. He was never tired of taking pains. And another point is that his print was published as a commemoration, a new and original memento of the delight in sport which Charles the Second had shown often at Dorset Ferry and at Newmarket. A faked scene would have offended sportsmen; and for this reason we may assume that Barlow made notes when the race was run, sketching the coach and six and its bodyguard, the quaint little wooden grand stand on our right, and groups of favoured onlookers, and four horses making their start watched by the King from the timber shanty. Charles wears his hat and his ribbon of the Garter. Two figures more in the stand wear hats, so they must be members of the Royal family. Under the print are four verses (perhaps by Barlow as " Lover of the Muses "). A jingling prophecy is made in the last one :—

" And Dorsett ever celebrated be
For this last honour which arriv'd to thee,
Blest for thy Prospect, all august and gay,
Blest for the memory of this glorious day,
The last great Race the Royal Hero view'd,
O Dorsett to thy much lov'd plains he ow'd.
For this alone a lasting name
Records thee in the Book of Fame."

As a matter of fact, Charles the Second watched a later race, but at Newmarket, as Sir Theodore Cook points out in his invaluable history of the English Turf.

The racehorses in this earliest print of the sport are primitive. All through his life Barlow struggled gamely against the difficulty of drawing horses, but his improvement was never supple and at ease. He would have drawn very well such a broken-down old horse as Morland, his aftercomer, would put into several sporting pictures, or as Don Quixote would choose as an understudy for Rocinante. Now and then, as in his design for coursing deer, he modelled a horse with a sculptor's touch and feeling; but although he admired greatly the contrast between the " bone " in horses and the suppleness and energy, he was generally stiff in his handling. But he was never thin and shallow. His horses have weight avoirdupois, and they stand on solid ground.

In his racing print he had so many new difficulties to face that we must not " crab " his results. To say the first words in any great subject is an

achievement, and it was honour enough to discover a new field for artists to work in—the racecourse and its permanent attraction in pictures and prints.

Some of Barlow's sporting scenes are to be found in John Ogilby's *Britannia*, that shows in bold and effective maps what British roads were like in the year 1675. Hills and heights are made so evident that a present-day cartographer might regard them as indiscretions against an elusive craft which our subalterns between 1914–1918 often found too secretive. Who would expect to find Barlow's ideas of sport in a book of this sort, compiled and edited by " His Majesty's Cosmographer, and Master of His Majesty's Revels in the Kingdom of Ireland " ? The maps and things were printed, then bound into a ponderous folio, at Ogilby's own house in Whitefriars, where no end of curious things were discussed by the chief and his hard-working staff. Barlow had no more interesting friend than John Ogilby, whose passion for book production was keener even than his own.[1]

Many maps are decorated with vignettes of country work and sport designed by Barlow, and the frontispiece also is designed by him, and Hollar does the etching. Travellers on horseback leave a fortress on our left and begin to ride down a slope to a pleasant bridge; then they will go up a hilly and curving road through a countryside close by the sea. Ships are visible far off; in the middle distance sportsmen ride after a buck in a meadow; and Ogilby himself is in the foreground, studying mapped roads at a table, and surrounded by mapping instruments and his staff.

From Ogilby we pass to another friend of Barlow, Dr. Wilkins, a celebrated preacher who rose to be a bishop of Chester. On February 19th, 1656, he introduced John Evelyn to Barlow, and Evelyn put this fact into his diary : " Went with Dr. Wilkins to see Barlow, the famous painter of fowls, beasts and birds."

This visit encouraged the artist so much that he tried to win Evelyn as a patron, a sort of hunting in which he was likely to draw blank. He would send an etched print after Titian, with a dedication full of courtship, and a letter written with horrible trouble from a bookseller's shop, " The Black

[1] It got him into trouble, this passion, costs of production being much heavier than they are to-day. In 1664 Ogilby advertised a scheme for a lottery, with tickets at forty shillings each, and several of his books as prizes; and after his *Britannia* was published other financial difficulties must have arisen, for *The London Gazette* (April 9–12, 1677) has an advertisement announcing the General Sale of Mr. Ogilby's books, and a large map of London, with several advantages to those that enter their names at given addresses and receive tickets.

Boy," near St. Dunstan's in Fleet Street. The letter is dated December 22nd, 1656. It brings us very close to Barlow and his early struggles, and it would bring us much closer if Evelyn's editors had published it without correcting its spelling. Only one example of the spelling is given in a footnote, and it recalls to memory the fact that some of Barlow's etchings have peculiar etched titles, introducing us to " wild dookes," " peacokes," " gease," " patriges," " feasonts," " turkeyes," and " woodecokes."

The funnily spelt letter and the etching were sent by a messenger to John Evelyn, and Barlow's appeal, with the answer he received, will be found in Evelyn's Correspondence. It is a stingy answer, an example of wordy evasion. Barlow explains that the proof etching is not entirely his own, partly because he has not had enough spare time to finish it, and partly because a friend of his, Mr. Robert Gaywood, " desires his name might be to it for his advantage in his practice, so I consented to it. The drawing after the original painting I did, and the drawing and outline of this plate. I finished the heads of both the figures, and the hands and feet, and likewise the dog and the landscape." Yet some experts have placed this print among Gaywood's etchings! Expertism is a fenland with some pathways through its many swamps.[1]

An etching of a famous picture by Gaywood and Barlow, however imperfect, should have been accepted by Evelyn without ado; but he was not in a good mood. To be invaded at Christmas by a couple of young artists who wanted a new patron! The good man, taken by surprise, and feeling ill at ease, dodged into startled modesty, and beat a dignified retreat, like a dowager duchess offended by the advances of a Charles the Second :—

" Sir,

" I had no opportunity by the hand which conveyed it, to return you my acknowledgments for the present you lately sent me, and the honour which you have conferred upon me, in no respect meriting either so great a testimony of your affection, or the glorious inscription, which might better have become some great and eminent Mæcenas to patronise, than a person so incompetent as you have made choice of. If I had been acquainted with your design, you should on my advice have nuncupated this handsome monument of your skill and dexterity to some great one, whose relation might have been more considerable, both as to the encouragement and the honour which you deserve."

[1] The picture chosen by Barlow had been in Charles the First's collection, and George Vertue describes the print after it as " A Venus couchant and a man playing on an organ. Titianus pin. Barlow dedicat et delin. To Mr. John Evelyn. Gaywood sculpt. 1656." So Vertue did not know that Barlow etched and finished a full half of this plate.

The retreat has begun. Its continuation, written in the same rotund style from Sayes Court, two days before Christmas, nods and bows in a stately manner :—

" From me you can only expect a reinforcement of that value and good esteem which, before, your merits had justly acquired, and would have perpetuated : of another you had purchased a new friend; nor less obliged the old, because less exposed him to envy; since by this you ascribe so much to me that those who know me better will on the one side be ready to censure your judgment, and, on the other, you put me out of all capacity of making you requital. But since your affection has vanquished your reason so much to my advantage, though I wish the election were to make, yet I cannot but be very sensible of the signal honour, and the obligation which you have put upon me. I should now extol your courage in pursuing so noble an original, executed with so much judgment and art : but I forbear to provoke your modesty, and shall in the meantime that I can give you personal thanks, receive your present as an instance of your great civility, and a memorial of my no less obligation to you. . . ."

What a rigmarole ! An invitation for a week's sketching at Sayes Court would have been much easier to compose.

Writers on Barlow have forgotten to consult John Evelyn. They have preferred to repeat what Horace Walpole says.

Perhaps Evelyn was hurt in his pride of class by Barlow's experimental spelling, one sample of which is published by Evelyn's editor, William Bray, F.S.A., 1852, vol. iii, p. 81 :—

" As eaching (*i. e.* etching) is not my profeshion, I hope you will not exspect much from me. S^{r}, if you shall be pleased to honner my weake (yet willing) endeavours with your exseptation, I shall ever rest obliged for this and former favours."

Funny spelling and punctuation are to be found, of course, in other letters of the period; but Barlow may have been self-educated. He had a great desire to be a learned man, since he put Latin and French into his *Æsop's Fables*, and allowed Latin titles to be placed on some books of prints after his designs, as though English would be out of place when he asked his countrymen to buy etchings of birds and landscapes. Besides all this, he worked pretty often with learned men, so that his freakish spelling has biographical interest. It may have shocked John Evelyn, for breaches of form have been as irritating to many men as intentional slights.

VI

Sport being drama in varied action, artists need a keen dramatic sense when they represent vigorous and hazardous sports of the field and forest. Has Barlow this essential quality? Yes, now and then, in ways of his own. His hunted beaver by the riverside looks round suddenly upon his pursuers with a movement of natural drama that is memorable. Sometimes the drama miscarries; it does in the stag-hunting design; but it has fine moments, passing with expressive freedom from a farmyard cock on the point of admitting defeat in collapsed feathers, to a vagabond who lies dead against a bank below a wood, through the undergrowth of which a deer looks out. In our own times a similar etching was made by Alphonse Legros, who called it "La Mort du Vagabond;" and the resemblance between his print and Barlow's has not yet been recorded. Legros may have been introduced to Barlow's *Æsop's Fables* by one of his many English pupils, perhaps Holroyd or Strang. In any case this matter is worth noting.

Though Barlow from time to time had a deep feeling for the strife and pain that accompany all animate things, he borrowed no hints of intense and impetuous realism from Flemish sporting pictures, which were fairly well known in England. Rubens, Fyt and Snyders believed that the main thing in hunting was—not the exercise of good horsemanship, but—the final grapple for life or death. They painted a battle at its climax, between hounds and a boar or a bear or a wolf, and sometimes they showed that the hunted animal was very near to victory. It seemed to them inevitable that some hounds should be mauled and killed.

The yearning to express dramatic power and action became so intense among the Antwerp masters that even boar hunts and bear hunts were deemed too commonplace at last, and another ideal of perilous hunting was introduced. Rubens and Fyt painted lion hunts; Snyders added tigers, and crocodiles, and the hippopotamus, as though little Belgium had won for herself a far-scattered empire.

John Ruskin hated these Flemish sporting pictures. In his Academy Notes for 1875, when praising a picture by S. J. Carter, he said: "And I thankfully, and with some shame for my generally too great distrust of modern sentiment, acknowledge that there is a real element of fine benevolence towards animals in us, advanced quite infinitely, and into another world of feeling, from the days of Snyders and Rubens." But to write in this way is to forget several essential things. It is absurd to put S. J. Carter by the side of Rubens

and Snyders, whose delight in tremendous physical courage and strength is itself heroic sportsmanship. Carter, like Barlow, felt drama differently; and it is in Shakespeare that we find the beginning of that benevolence towards animals which Ruskin attributed to his own generation. Shakespeare loved horses tenderly, and his fondness for hares caused him, in "Venus and Adonis," to condemn hare-hunting.

Only one painter in England among Barlow's contemporaries put abundant and impetuous drama into sporting pictures. It was Abraham Hondius, a Dutchman, who came to London about 1666, and who died about 1695 near Water Lane, Fleet Street, in a neighbourhood called Blackmore's Land. In 1729 Lord Derby bought a large Stag Hunt by Hondius, measuring 7 ft. 6 in. by 10 ft. 5½ in.; and Sir George Scharf writes of it as a powerful composition relieved by a sunset, "originally extremely fine," but "now darkened by time into heavy red-brown shadows. The painting of the animals justifies the remark of Horace Walpole, that his (*i. e.* Hondius's) manner seemed his own; it was bold and free, and, except Rubens and Snyders, few masters have painted animals in so great a style."

Walpole got his admiration from George Vertue, who praises several pictures by Hondius, two or three of bull-baiting,[1] and a famous "Dog Market," with "dogs of all sorts and kinds, extremely natural." Above on steps are some people, men and women, who show "his skill in humane (*sic*) figures. Not very correct, but an easy pencil." The steps run across the picture making a dark horizontal line, and Vertue dislikes the effect. Sir Robert Walpole, at Houghton in Norfolk, had three large hunting pieces by Hondius, dated 1674.

Hondius himself, so Vertue says, was "a man of humorous disposition. He frequently said other men's goods might as well be used as his own, which sentiment he fulfilled when he found another man's wife of the same mind, and therefore came over to England with her, to prove in time by experience how much he was wrong or right. With her as a housewife he lived in London till she died, then married another. . . . He was an excellent painter, portraits, ruins, candlelight pieces, horses, stag huntings, and bear fighting." In another place Vertue adds: "In all these kinds his colouring was often extravagant, and his draught as commonly incorrect. He delighted much in a

[1] Under the date 1728, for example, Vertue says: "To be sold a fine high-finished piece of bull-baiting, a capital picture painted by Hondius. His name wrote on the collar of a dog towards the left of the picture. 3 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in. longways. This rather more finished than the famous Dog Market. . . ."

fiery tint, and a harsh way of pencilling, few of his pictures being without this distinguishing mark; his paintings are easy to be known. The dogs and huntings he drew are in good request, though some of his later performances are careless, he being for many years afflicted with the gout so severely that he had prodigious swellings, and chalk-stones in most of his joints, the effects of a sedentary and irregular life. . . ."

In reading Vertue's criticisms we must remember that he admired the bad school of Verrio and Laguerre. Hondius was a very useful influence, with his bold and frank realism; and he knew a good deal about anatomy when Englishmen depended wholly on observation. It is odd that sportsmen do not value him more than they do.

Another contemporary of Barlow's declining years was an Englishman, Marmaduke Cradock, erroneously called Luke Cradock by most books of reference; born about 1660 at Somerton in Somersetshire. At a date unknown he came to London, where he was apprenticed to a house painter, and served his time in this trade. Afterwards he had no master in art but his own genius, " which in process of time," says Vertue, " distinguished him for one of the best painters of birds and beasts of all his contemporaries. He acquired a very masterly manner, his composition being natural and free, a ready imitation of nature in a broad style for pencilling and force of colouring. He was very commendable."

Barlow had a varied influence over Cradock. Indeed, but for Barlow's pioneering Cradock's lot would have been a very poor one. Most of his pictures were painted for dealers, not because he liked these tradesmen, who paid him by the day, but because he did not care to work for noblemen and gentlemen, believing that they would make him wait their pleasure, and would never allow him the freedom that he enjoyed with other persons. After his death, which occurred in 1717, the market value of his work rose rapidly, and it is well worth—though it does not yet receive—the present-day respect of sportsmen. Cradock, indeed, with some beautiful qualities of his own, develops two or three phases of Barlow's pioneering; but Barlow remains the superior artist. The more closely we follow Barlow through his versatile appeals the more his value as a brave pathfinder will be appreciated. To find more and more of his paintings, and to see them all freed from deposits of old brown dust, this is the first useful thing to be desired; and let us hope that his etchings and his drawings, after more than two centuries of unmerited neglect, will become known to an ever-increasing number of art students. Versatile as he is—and circumstances caused him to do overmuch in too many different ways

—it is as a delineator of English country life, with seventeenth-century sports, that he is nearest to us; and surely his racing print, and other examples of his enterprise, should be republished full-size in good photographs and photogravures. Then collectors will be able to begin at the beginning when they try in a few chosen prints to trace the development of English sport in art from the Caroline times to the proofs in colour which have been published recently after Mr. A. J. Munnings.

As I am rediscovering Barlow, I have pitched my praise in a low key, believing that readers would say: "This writer, after so much research, cannot be impartial." But some quite neutral critics of art who have seen photographs of Barlow's pictures at Clandon Park admit gladly that a new master has been added to the first period of English painting.

Able composition runs through all of his happiest efforts; and it is generally dignified and also decorative. No other English sporting painter and etcher has such variety as an able designer.

CHAPTER II

PETER TILLEMANS: 1680 (?)–1734

I

He was the son of a diamond-cutter in Antwerp. His father's handicraft, with its delicacy and its minute precision, may have influenced the boy's artistic preferences, for he kept away from the manly, swaggering school which Rubens had bequeathed to his country, and gave his affection partly to Flemish painters who loved crisp and profuse detail, like Velvet Breughel (1568–1625), and partly to such later men as the younger David Teniers, who died in 1690.

In 1708 an English picture-dealer named Turner visited Antwerp, and while hunting for spoil that he could sell in England at a handsome profit, he noticed the young work both of Peter Tillemans, and also of Peter Casteels, who was Tillemans' brother-in-law.

I have tried to find out where this man Turner lived, and if he may be looked upon as the grandfather of J. M. W. Turner. As a rule genius has a pedigree, and the greatest genius in English art needs an ancestor with a liking for art. From his mother—a masculine small woman who passed through fierce ill-temper into madness—J. M. W. Turner did not inherit art; and this applies also to his father, the talkative, cheery, parrot-nosed little barber who plied his trade in Maiden Lane, a dark, narrow street in Covent Garden. That English painting should have received a Shakespeare among artists from these parents and this bad environment is very wonderful. One would be glad to say that Turner's paternal grandfather was a man of artistic tastes, who went abroad hunting for new artists, and even brought to England two young men from Antwerp, after choosing them with discrimination. Unluckily, my research has drawn blank, and the dealer Turner remains a surname only.

Casteels was a good choice. He had talent as a painter of dead game, and of living poultry, ducks, and peafowl, so he carried on one important phase of Barlow's pioneering. It is said that, besides painting easel-pictures, he was employed to decorate ceilings, overmantels, and other household

things. Charles Collins and Marmaduke Cradock did similar useful work, helping to gratify that liking for bird life that British sportsmanship has protected by Acts of Parliament. But one piece of evidence suggests that Peter Casteels was not a great success, like Peter Tillemans. Thirty-two years after he arrived in England a large picture of his was catalogued at Knowsley Hall, and the price paid for it was only £3 10*s*. It is an oblong picture painted on a canvas 44½ in. by 64 in.; and represents peafowl, white poultry, and some other birds, with a distant view of a country house and trees. Another Casteels at Knowsley, a square upright, 50 in. by 40½ in., is described as follows: "To the right, ducks swimming; a distant farmhouse in the centre of the picture. Small birds are perched on a tree in the upper left-hand corner." [1]

Much higher prices were paid for Tillemans' work. Four little landscapes in water-colour by Tillemans (7¼ in. by 10¼ in.), catalogued at Knowsley in 1736, and called "The Season of the Year," cost £40, a sum about equal to £280 in our purchasing values. The same year Lord Derby paid fifteen guineas each for two horse-portraits by John Wootton, measuring about 40 in. by 37 in.

It is not known whether Casteels and Tillemans remained friends, or drifted apart; but Casteels outlived his famous brother-in-law, dying in 1749 at Richmond, just a dozen years after he gave up painting and began to design for a firm of calico-printers at Tooting. Casteels made one attempt to rival Barlow as an etcher, publishing twelve plates of birds and poultry, which he finished in 1726.

As long as Tillemans worked for Turner he painted with success copies of popular masters, notably after Teniers, and also after Jacques Courtois, known as *le Bourguignon*, a French battle-painter (1621–1676). Three copies after Courtois, by Tillemans, are catalogued by Sir George Scharf; and they help us to understand how Tillemans gained that knowledge of horses and figure painting which in a few years would place him by the side of Wootton as a graphic historian of Newmarket.

Between his copies and his racehorse period, Tillemans did a great deal of other work that country gentlemen valued; and he rose in their esteem so rapidly that his tact and manner must have had much natural charm. The portrait of him in Walpole shows a gentle, friendly, almost girlish face, with long curling hair, which does not look formal enough for a dressed wig. Three

[1] Sir George Scharf, K.C.B., *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures at Knowsley Hall*, 1875.

Earls were among Tillemans' patrons, Spencer, Derby and Portmore; four Dukes, Devonshire, Somerset, Rutland, and Bolton; and many Lords, including William Lord Byron, to whom he gave drawing lessons, and for whom he painted several views of Newstead Abbey. Lord Byron was a clever pupil, and two of his children, Lady Carlisle, and the Rev. R. Byron, were cleverer. Indeed, the clergyman copied Rembrandt's etchings so well that a print of his after the famous " Three Trees " is reputed to have deceived connoisseurs. In any case Tillemans was not unhappy in his pupils.

Painting views of country seats, often enlivened with sporting episodes, was a pleasant experience, and it kept him busy for a long time. A fine view of Chatsworth is preserved there, for instance; and at South Kensington, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, you will find a park scene with deer and huntsmen. Tinted lightly with water-colour, in what is known as the earlier " stained manner," it has much value in the history of J. M. W. Turner's predecessors. On our right, some two hundred yards away, are a couple of huntsmen with hounds, one dressed in pink, the other in light brown. On our left is a distant castle; a great clump of trees in the middle distance gives a central plot of darkish colour to the composition; deer are placed in alert attitudes upon the smooth green turf neighbouring the trees; and in the foreground a little stream is crossed by a rude hand-bridge, and a black-and-white dog laps the water. It is a drawing made partly with gouache; that is to say, partly with opaque pigments which have been ground in water and mingled with a preparation of gum. Some chemical change has altered the colour, but the very careful, plodding handicraft remains. It has no breadth, and no assurance of touch, so the drawing belongs to Tillemans' first period in topographical work. Tillemans, then, like Barlow, was among the first artists in England who employed water-colour upon drawings taken from country life. If you turn to Mr. H. M. Cundall's book, *British Water-Colour Painting*, you will find among the many colour-plates a sedulous tinted sketch by Tillemans of Newmarket and its Heath, with many horses galloping, and many walking. Newmarket lies on our left in the middle distance, and on our right is Warren Hill, with five horses testing their wind at full rocking-horse gallop. Across about four-fifths of the foreground, there are three separated lines of horsemen, with some men on foot. The horses are portraits, but no key is given. As a rule the horse-portraiture in Tillemans' Newmarket scenes has a provoking interest, because names cannot now be given to the racehorses.

Mr. Cundall says that this water-colour measures $36\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $11\frac{1}{4}$ in.: a

large tinted drawing for its period. " Although it may be classed as a topographical drawing, it is executed in a free style with washes of colour." There are no grey tints, and no outlines with a pen : and its technique is better than that of English draughtsmen who were busy as topographers from 1704 to 1734, Tillemans' death-year. For this reason our Anglo-Fleming is really an important person in the history of early English water-colour.

About eleven years after his arrival in England Tillemans was engaged by John Bridges to make drawings for a projected History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire; and more than five hundred were made in Indian ink. He received a guinea a day, and lived as a guest with Bridges. Much later Tillemans was retained by Dr. Cox Macro, a chaplain to King George the Second; and it was in Macro's house, Little Haugh Hall, at Norton, near Bury St. Edmunds, that he died suddenly, December 5th, 1734, after suffering for many years from asthma. On the previous day he was busy on a horse portrait.

Tillemans was buried in the churchyard of a neighbouring parish, Stowlangtoft, and its register described him as Peter Tillemans of Richmond.

Dr. Macro had a bust of his friend by Rysbrach, and placed it in a niche at the top of the staircase in Little Haugh Hall. The bust has disappeared, but an inscription remains : *Tillemansio suo Rysbrachius*.[1]

I do not know how long Tillemans lived at Richmond, but Vertue says that Richmond was chosen because of the painter's asthma; and another interesting reference to Richmond was written in 1824 by Dr. John Evans :—

" In the collection of Archdeacon Cambridge there was a view of Richmond Hill, interesting not only as one of the best works by the master Tillemans, but from the accuracy with which it represents every object seen from that much admired spot near a century ago. It was painted from the house in which Tillemans lived, for his patron, Lord Radnor, whose house at Twickenham is introduced, also the portraits of some of the principal persons then resident in the neighbourhood, particularly that eccentric character Lady Wortley Montagu on her favourite horse on which she hunted with the staghounds in Richmond Park."

This quotation should be considered side by side with three prints after Tillemans in the British Museum. The first one is " A General View of Richmond from Twickenham Park, after a beautiful Painting in the Earl of Radnor's Gallery at Twickenham "; P. Benazeck, Sculpt.; and published by Thomas Jefferys on October 1st, 1755. It differs greatly in style from the

[1] M. H. Cundall's research.

hard and formal " Prospect of the Town of Stanford from Parsons Green," drawn by Tillemans in 1719, and stiffly etched by G. Vander Gucht. The third print is etched by J. Wood, and gives " The View from One-Tree Hill in Greenwich Park." An inscription speaks of the original picture as being " in the collection of the Rt. Honble. the Earl of Radnor." The print was published by A. Pond, August 10th, 1744; it measures 48 in. by 28 in., and is thus important in size. As an example of early English topography, it is very well composed, and so entertaining that it is not spoilt by Wood's excessive industry, which has a nagging elaboration. Wood is one of those craftsmen who cannot see the difference between doing and overdoing. It would be a " find " to come upon the picture from which Wood made this print. Then we should see Tillemans at his best when he painted in oil-colours a great landscape stretching before and around a fine display of architecture.

A year before his death, when his health was failing, Tillemans decided that he would sell by auction a little collection of pictures that he had formed, together with a good many examples of his own work. Happily a catalogue of this auction is in the British Museum, bound up with a few others belonging to the same period. Its title says that " Mr. Peter Tillemans, Painter, who is retiring into the country on account of his ill State of Health," has collected abroad several pictures by the most eminent Masters, " which will be sold by Auction on Thursday and Friday the 19th and 20th of April, 1733, at Mr. Cock's in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden. The paintings may be viewed . . . on Saturday the 14th of April, and every day after, Sunday excepted, till the hour of sale, which will begin each day at 11 in the forenoon precisely."

At the end of the first day some big names appear in this catalogue :—

63. " St. Sebastian by Van Dyck, when he first came from Italy."
64. Landscape by Gaspar Poussin.
65. Landscape by Nicolas Poussin.
66. " A Woman's Head, very fine, by Rembrandt."
67. Landscape and Figures, by David Teniers.
78. Cartoon by Raphael.

On the second day Tillemans takes great pride in four lots. A " Turkish Pasha," by Rembrandt, is " a very capital picture "; a Claude Lorrain is " a large and capital landskip "; and a Gaspar Poussin, " Pyramus and Thisbe," is also " very capital," like a David Teniers representing " The Gallery of the Archduke of Austria."

A good many copies are in this auction, and as they are plainly marked as copies, it is clear that Tillemans himself had no doubt at all that the pictures he advertised as genuine, and submitted to the public criticism through four days, were by the masters whose names he published.

Yet Mr. Baillie-Grohman smiles mockingly over this auction, as though he knew more about the pictures in its lots than Tillemans. "Numerous 'landskips' of his (*i. e.* of Tillemans') and 'A Horse-Race at Newmarket,' are judiciously interspersed with cartoons alleged to be by Raphael, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Teniers, and Poussin. Unfortunately, history does not relate what prices these treasures fetched."

Only *one* cartoon is in the catalogue, and numerous landskips by Tillemans are *not* interspersed with pictures by foreign masters, whose names are found all together at the end of each day's programme. And why should anyone suggest that an artist of reputation collected spurious pictures and put them on sale at the best auction rooms in London? As Mr. Baillie-Grohman says very little about sporting artists in England, I regret very much that he provokes criticism whenever his book makes a little raid upon us from the Continent. A writer on old artists should try to keep in touch with the prices paid at different periods for pictures and prints. To jeer at Tillemans' little collection is very absurd when we remember that another painter, Charles Jarvis, had so many and such various works of art that his auction lasted in all thirty-three days. It began on Tuesday the 11th of March, 1739–40, at the dead painter's house in Cleveland Court, St. James's. It comprised forty years of collecting, and its lots are most interesting to read.

If Tillemans collected fakes and frauds he must have been a superlative fool, unable to learn anything about styles even by making and selling very good copies after popular masters. By selling copies he could pay for the original paintings that he bought, and prices at auctions between the Great Civil War and the reign of George the Third were not as a rule high. Take the sale that was ordered by commissioners appointed by the Long Parliament. For a score of masterpieces by Raphael, Giorgione, Correggio, and Titian, now treasured at Madrid, Dresden, and elsewhere, the prices paid scarcely amounted to £300, or about £2,100 in present-day money. The seven large cartoons by Raphael, now at South Kensington, were valued by the commissioners at £300, and Cromwell bought them at this price for the Nation. For a long time they remained in a lumber-room at Whitehall, till a great foreigner, William the Third, commanded Sir Christopher Wren to build a room for them at Hampton Court. This being the English attitude towards

Raphael, there is no need for anyone to assume that Peter Tillemans did not own a genuine design by Raphael big enough to be called a " carton " or " cartoon."

As for the prices paid under the hammer for the other masters in Tillemans' little collection, there is evidence enough in the British Museum. I choose the sale of Edward Earl of Oxford, Deceased, held in Cock's rooms in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden, on Monday the 8th of March, 1742, and the five days that followed. In a week the total receipts were £3,908 19*s.* 6*d.* A portrait of Rembrandt by himself fetched only six guineas; and another Rembrandt, an Old Man's Head, was bought by the Duke of Ancaster for £2 4*s.* Two landscapes by Gaspar Poussin, companion pictures, were sold at £15 10*s.*, and another work by this artist, " An exceeding fine Landskip and Figures," ran up to £35 14*s.* Claude Lorrain ranged in price from ten guineas to £27 6*s.* The Duke of Bedford gave ten guineas for Claude's " Flight into Egypt, in a small landscape "; and the Earl of Essex invested £27 6*s.* in a Claude framed as an octagon, and representing " A Seastorm with a Sunset." " The Marriage of St. Catharine, by Vandyck," has £5 against it in the margin. And to this I must add that ten pictures by John Wootton competed bravely in price against the most noted foreigners, yet failed to win the sums which he himself had long asked and received. Later, in the chapter on Wootton, we shall return to this matter. One example will suffice here. A Paul Veronese, " Our Saviour at Supper," fetched thirteen guineas, precisely the same price as was given for a landscape and figures by Wootton.

Enough has been said to show that Mr. Baillie-Grohman wrote impetuously when he jibed at a few big names in Tillemans' auction. Any popular painter of those days could buy a few good pictures for his home. So I am glad that Peter Tillemans need not be placed among the sporting artists who have had no wish to live with a few carefully-chosen works by painters who were not sportsmen also.

It has been said more than once that Peter Tillemans, unlike Wootton, Seymour and Spencer, did not paint portraits of racehorses, apart from those which he introduced as little figures into his long and narrow views of Newmarket racecourses. Well, this auction catalogue contradicts this opinion, for it names a portrait of a famous horse named Coneyskins, a grey son of the Lister Turk, bred by the Duke of Bolton, in 1712. Coneyskins, in 1718, won the King's Gold Cup at York, and later he gained the Royal Cups at Nottingham, Lincoln, and Newmarket. And a few years before this sale,

Life Guards.

Duke of Devonshire in Grey.

George I.

The Interpreter in Blue.

Behind, The Earl of Portmore in Rose.

Flying Childers leading a string of the Duke of Devonshire's horses.

GEORGE THE FIRST AT NEWMARKET, 1722. *By* PETER TILLEMANS. *The original picture, formerly in the Earl of Portmore's Collection, now belongs to A. C. Dunn-Gardner, Esq. Reproduced from an old Colour-Print lent by Mr. Fores, Piccadilly.*

PLATE 10

namely in 1729, a horse-portrait by Tillemans, called Roger de Coverley, was catalogued at Knowsley Hall.

On the other hand, Vertue says that Peter Tillemans painted " horses as big as the life," and the late Sir Walter Gilbey believed that " 25 copperplates, $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep by $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, were engraved by R. Parr from portraits of race-horses by Tillemans and his contemporary, John Wootton." Well, I should greatly like to find them, or to meet someone who has ever seen them. They are unknown to Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly, whose family has traded in sporting prints and pictures since the year 1783, and whose sympathy with all historic aspects of sport in art is keen and broad. Mr. Baillie-Grohman goes so far as to say that S. Ravenet engraved after Tillemans twelve plates of horses; and that E. Kirkall engraved in mezzotint another series of eight plates, giving the horses' names and the names also of their owners. If so, they are too elusive to be found by me, and so uncommon in the markets that even Mr. Fores has no record of them. R. Houston's mezzotints after Seymour and Spencer give information about the horses represented, and if Kirkall did similar work after Tillemans it ought to be better known than Houston's, as Kirkall is noted for his original experiments in tinted chiaroscuro. The British Museum has a volume of Kirkall's prints, and it contains no horse-portraits. There are three typical scenes after Ridinger: A Stag Hunt, A Boar Hunt, and A Bear Hunt. These prints are dated 1729.

Another interesting matter descends from Tillemans' auction. A portrait was sold of " The Late Duke of Kingston, with Pointers, and a View of His Seat." There are several variants of this subject. I have seen one at Mr. Leggatt's, in St. James's Street, and was much interested; it proved that Peter Tillemans took hints from Wootton. The Duke of Kingston is on horseback, with keepers, and eleven young pointers all standing to game, well-spaced across the foreground, with the duke behind on our left, and a spacious landscape receding towards Thoresby Hall in the remote background. Pritchard made an engraving of this picture, and he or his publisher chose a funny title: " His Grace and attendants going a-setting." Recently I saw a goodish print of this line engraving at Mr. Rimell's in Duke Street, off Piccadilly, $16\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $28\frac{1}{2}$ in.; its margins had been cut years ago, so the quaint title was missing. As an illustration of early English topographical work united to sport, students will find few prints better than this one for a portfolio. Had it been engraved in the rich velvet blacks and greys of mezzotint, it would be sold at a high price. Now and then it is found as a colour-print, but the colouring is unlike the picture.

Tillemans remained popular after his death; and his name was associated with a set of prints (17 in. deep by 19 in. wide) showing events in the history of Charles the First, engraved by Tardieu, Baron, Harris, Dupuis, and Vander Gucht, after pictures by several artists, including Vanderbank, Cheron, and one of the Parrocels, either Joseph or Charles. This commemorative scheme of work was praised enthusiastically by Vertue. In an advertisement of 1768, by Robert Wilkinson, 58 Cornhill, London, there are nine good subjects: (1) The King's Marriage; (2) King Charles before Hull; (3) Revolt of the Fleet; (4) The King Setting up his Standard; (5) The King seized by Cornet Joyce at Holmby House; (6) The King's escape from Hampton Court; (7) Trial of the King; (8) The King taking leave of his children; and (9) The Apotheosis or Death of the King.

A print after Tillemans in the British Museum shows that these titles were sometimes altered, for it is described as "The King's Declaration to his Gentry and Army in September 1642." This title is given also in French, and so is a closely printed account of the great event. It is a notable print, in which Vander Gucht shows marked improvement. As for Tillemans, he risked his reputation when he chose and attacked this big piece of history, but he came through his difficulties with credit, thanks to his early practice in copying battle pictures. An inscription says that Vander Gucht worked from a painting; so I wish to find out where the picture is now.

A Flemish painter could not fail to love the great beheaded patron of art, who honoured Rubens, and treated Vandyck as a familiar friend. Charles often went down the river in his barge to visit Vandyck at Blackfriars. On one occasion the King was worried about money, and said: "And you, Sir Knight, know you what it is to want three or four thousand pounds?" "Yes, Sire," the scapegrace painter answered. "He who keeps his house open for his friends, and his purse for his mistresses, will soon find a vacuum in his coffers." Vandyck found a coffin there also, since his death at forty-two was caused mainly by dissipation. Tillemans would feel that all Flemish painters were bound to Charles the First by lasting associations of art; and the print after his picture shows that he put a genuine Royalist feeling into his design. There are two defects, arising from inexperience as a painter of original history. His horses are too much alike in shape and alertness, with the result that the King's charger has too many rivals. And Charles himself should have a personal dignity magnified by the cause for which his devotees are prepared to die. In a time of tragedy Kings are symbols, not persons,

and Charles the First is a person in this print, and a person with funny legs, as he was not in family life.

II

We have now to consider Tillemans as a sportsman.

He studied carefully the racing print after Francis Barlow, and improved upon it variously, becoming one of Newmarket's most valued historians. It would be a bad history of Newmarket races that did not give illustrations from his racing pictures and prints. Two of these pictures passed into the collection at Knowsley Hall: "Starting Point of the Beacon Course, Newmarket," and "End of the Beacon Course, Newmarket." They are oblong pictures, 2 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 5 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in., and were catalogued for the first time at Knowsley in 1736, according to Sir George Scharf. The starting scene is curiously different from a present-day race. Some ladies are on horseback, and in the foreground there is an example of pillion riding, with a woman seated on a pad or cushion behind a man's saddle. Jockeys are mounting; a drummer stands in the right-hand corner waiting to start the race; and behind is a level horizon, with numerous figures.[1]

The companion picture is described by Scharf as brighter and much more cheerful. There is a sky with light clouds delicately painted, and it occupies a large portion of the picture. Figure after figure is put in freely, swiftly, with great animation. Two horses in the foreground, a white one ridden by a scarlet jockey, and a chestnut with his jockey in yellow, advance at full speed from the extreme left, causing much excitement among the spectators, who are thronged close by the winning-post at our right-hand side, where a high square building stands, with women in the balcony. Jockeys are seen below, betting over a wall; and a church and houses are in the distance to right of the stables. There is another building in the middle of the picture. "A lady in blue, and gentlemen in red and white coats on grey and bay horses, are prominent in the foreground."

We learn, too, from Scharf, that Lord Derby has three views of Knowsley by Tillemans, including a large one of Knowsley racecourse, painted on canvas, 3 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 7 ft. 7 in. A race is being run, and the sutlers' booths, and throngs of spectators, many on horseback, are "painted with a force and mastery of colour quite equal to the best works by Wootton." Indeed, Tillemans owed a great deal to Wootton's pictures of Newmarket. If two or three

[1] Sir George Scharf's catalogue.

of these Knowsley pictures could have been photographed for this book, students of sport in art would have been benefited; but, unhappily, I appealed vainly for permission. Many collectors are glad when their historic pictures are illustrated, because they know that artists lose their public value when they are shut up as hermits in private houses. Art cannot be made too national. The day will come when Parliament will decree that old British pictures belong to the nation's history, and that their owners are public trustees as well as private art collectors. It is as necessary to keep historic pictures within reach of students as it is to keep good books in print.

When any old painter's historic value becomes the private possession of a few families, as in the case of Tillemans, or of Wootton, students are turned into mendicants, and other persons have to make shift with a few old prints after his designs that may be bought in the open market. Original etchings by Tillemans have become scarce, particularly the one in which, in a long print dedicated to William Lord Byron, and dated 1723, he shows how sportsmen with their hounds started out for a hunt. Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly, has a print of this in colour. In the British Museum there are only two etchings by Tillemans that do not represent racing, and both are battle subjects, expressively suggested with a light and free touch. The larger one is a composition, and may represent one of Marlborough's actions.

Did Tillemans paint hunting scenes in oil-colour? I have never seen one, unless a picture of hare hunting at Clandon Park, in Lord Onslow's collection, may be regarded as an early adventure by Tillemans, not one by James Seymour. Its hounds in full cry are too primitively quaint, but its horses are touched in with a good deal of tact and skill; the landscape has a fresh and wide aspect, though painted with an experimental care that fumbles; and the sky has charm, with a feeling for space. The picture shows very well how English landscape art in its first period grew tentatively around sporting episodes.

Vertue speaks of " huntings " by Tillemans, and I find in a sale catalogue of January 9th, 1755, that one of them belonged to the estate of Sir John Austen, Bart. In 1752 a printseller named Elizabeth Foster, of the White Horse on Ludgate Hill, advertised a " Fox Chase " by Tillemans; and sixteen years later another print of the same picture was catalogued by Robert Wilkinson, 58 Cornhill. These prints are not in the British Museum, and I should like to see them.

One may have been etched by Tillemans himself, for Vertue says that the artist painted " huntings, racings, of which he is now [1723] etching and

printing four large plates from his own designs." Some years later Vertue adds to this information, telling a little story which has not yet received enough attention from collectors and printsellers. Tillemans required some help for one of his plates, and called in an engraver named Joseph Simpson, senior, who had studied in Great Queen Street at the school of art opened by Kneller in 1711. Before he went to this academy, as it was called, Simpson had worked for a long time as an engraver on copper, pewter and brass. Tillemans " employed him to touch up a plate he had etched of one of his Newmarket prints." This retouching done, Simpson behaved as a man of business. If his name appeared under the print all of the etched work would be accepted as his, and he would score. He must have used tact when he spoke to his chief, for Tillemans consented, or was " persuaded," as Vertue says. Encouraged, Simpson wished to do one of the plates entirely, so he struck a bargain. If his finished plate did not please his employer it should be " cut to pieces." Vertue adds that " the poor man's strength failing," " the plate is not approved of," but " he expects to be paid."

In a later note, written between 1738–1741, Vertue says: " Mr. Tillemans published seven large plates of huntings and racehorses of Newmarket," partly etched by himself from his own designs. Several Newmarket subjects are very long. They were etched on two plates of copper, then prints from them were joined together. Three specimens are in the Print Room of the British Museum, bound up in a volume of the King's Library. One of them is $43\frac{3}{8}$ in. long by $16\frac{5}{8}$ in. wide. Though the etching is attributed to Claude du Bosc, we must look also for another hand. The print is dedicated by Tillemans, in English and French, to George Prince of Wales; and represents a scene at Newmarket over the Long Course, from the Starting Post to the Stand. Two horses, in a rocking-horse gallop, race towards the post on our right, followed closely at full speed by a dozen mounted onlookers. Other horsemen outside the course lose their heads and have a race of their own. The whole print is alive with unfamiliar animation. As a study in costume the print is valuable. And what a grand stand! A mediæval dovecot had more constructive thought in it, very often, than this primitive tall affair with two quaint boxes below its eaves. Georges One and Two cared more for racing than for good carpentry and masonry; and this applies also to George the Third's reign, as anyone can see by referring to such evidence as J. N. Sartorius's picture of the racehorse Lurcher beating Kitt Carr and Grey Ormond in 1793. Here, too, a few yards from the winning post, is a tall absurdity called a stand; and here, as in Tillemans' finish, there is no

genuine crowd. A race seems to have been like a jolly private party, or a free-and-easy amusement for invited guests.

Another long etching, 42¼ in. by 16 in., is dedicated by Tillemans to James Stanley Earl of Derby, and shows what happened at Newmarket just before the King's Plate was run over the Round Course.

It is to be noted that the artist varies in the way in which he marks the difference between racehorses and other horses that are ridden. Sometimes a bodyguard of troops ride horses too much like the racers, and this runs counter to other pictures of the eighteenth century. At a much later date famous racehorses pretty often resembled what we regard as fine hunters. This is true of Buzzard, Eclipse, Creeper, and Champion; but when portraits of these noted horses are compared with hunters of their own times, as in pictures by J. N. Sartorius, an interesting question arises, for the hunters are much heavier than the thoroughbreds, and heavier also than our own hunters. They suggest that Squire Westerns pretty often ranged in weight from thirteen to fifteen stones and more.[1] Country gentlemen of the sporting eighteenth century thought less and ate more than sportsmen think and eat to-day, and were far and away less temperate than our own. Their habits were of a flesh-making sort. And many jockeys, if portrait pictures are to be trusted, would not have ridden light as cavalry. But the main point is that Peter Tillemans may have tried to please his patrons by making most of their horses lighter than they were and nearer to the build that careful breeding and rearing would produce gradually.

Does Richard Blome help us in this matter? What does he say about racers and hunters?[2] "If you would have good running horses," he answers, "let them be as light as possible, large and long, but well shaped, with a short back, long sides, and a little long-legged, and narrow-breasted, for such will gallop the lighter and nimbler, and run the faster." Blome notes not only the great value of Eastern sires, but also the great difficulty of obtaining those that are prized most highly in their own countries. He is sure that racing is too much of a trade among certain nobles and gentlemen, who impoverish their estates instead of running only for Plates, and to improve horses. It is clear that the Turf in its infancy had big ideas of many sorts.

When Blome says that a running horse should be "as light as possible, large and long," he does not draw from Nature. Flying Childers himself,

[1] It is said that a Lifeguardsman at the present time, when fully equipped, burdens his horse with about twenty stones, sometimes more.

[2] *The Gentleman's Recreation*, 1686, Part II, section on Horsemanship.

foaled twenty-nine years after the publication of Blome's book, appears in history as a close-made horse only 14½ hands high, short-backed and compressed, with a reach that lay entirely in his limbs. When he is compared with a later descendant of the Darley Arabian, the great Eclipse, we find that the latter, though hunter-like from present-day points of view, has advantages over Flying Childers, for he has great length of waist, and stands over a wider span of ground. Taunton argues from these facts that " if anatomical structure have anything to do with speed, then, looking at their respective frames, it is evident that, at weight for age over a mile course, Eclipse must have beaten Childers."

" If " is a word that may open limitless argument. In horses, as in human runners, may we not be sure that speed depends largely on the response given by the rest of the body to a plucky mind and a sound heart? Flying Childers, whose popular fame gave inn signs to his country everywhere, was watched officially and thoroughly in only two of his five races. When he ran over the Round Course at Newmarket against Almanzor and Brown Betty, carrying 9 st. 2 lb., he was timed by the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, who judged that his great speed in a second of time was 82½ ft., or nearly at the rate of a mile a minute. He ran four miles in six minutes and forty-eight seconds, or at the rate of 35½ miles an hour, carrying that weight, 9 st. 2 lb. If we accept this estimate as correct, we cannot accept Taunton's hypothesis about the inevitable defeat of a Flying Childers by an Eclipse. And to compare the running of horses belonging to different generations seems to be as futile as to compare the acting of Garrick with that of Henry Irving. To attempt to judge what we cannot see and measure is to waste time. Flying Childers lived from 1715 to 1741, and Eclipse from 1764 to 1789. Their bodily structure alone can be studied now, and it is worth while to ask whether Tillemans' portrait of Flying Childers is nearer or not to the present-day ideal of a racer than George Stubbs's exact portraits of Eclipse.

If Tillemans did make most of his horses too much alike in structure, and too light for their period, in order to please his patrons, as I believe he did, his conduct was no worse than that of some later artists, whose horses' heads were often too small. Take Ben Marshall, an artist of uncommon merit. He is blamed now for this want of proportion, but in his time a very small head was looked upon as the greatest beauty in a horse, as Henry Alken explained in his book on equine defects and beauties.

Richard Blome himself drew what he regarded as an ideal racehorse; and when he wrote of hunters he asked for a type of horse that would be useful for

other purposes besides hunting. This reminds us of the fact that the first work done by Flying Childers was that of carrying Leonard Childers' letter-bag to and fro between Carr House and Doncaster. Blome sees that the choice of hunters depends partly on the speed of dogs, and he declines to recommend two sorts of hound: the big-headed, deep-mouthed, Southern species, which are too slow "for one that would keep himself in vigour"; and "such very fleet ones as some of the Northern, that the following them is more properly called *running* than *hunting*. . . . To follow these extraordinary fleet ones, a man must have such light horses, and keep them so finely and nicely, that they are not fit for any other service; not that I would have them put to any other but when occasion requires. As if a man were to go to the Army on a sudden, if his Hunters be a good sort of horses, with firm limbs, and not too tenderly kept, what a great convenience it is to him, I leave to anyone to judge. . . . Some of our well-bred twelve-stone horses that have been sent abroad, have proved extraordinary good for the War."

It is precisely this battle-horse look that may be noted frequently in the hunters painted by artists of the eighteenth century; but it was not a genuine battle-horse, such as Velazquez put from time to time into equestrian portraits. Movement in war was becoming faster, and a different horse, faster, but able to bear fatigue, was bred from the old war-horse stock.

All this one cannot help reading when a series of chronological illustrations from Tillemans' time and Wootton's to those of J. N. Sartorius and George Stubbs lie on a big table, and show a well-chosen sequence of hunters in one line and of racers in another. Would that we could see in a gallery all the Newmarket pictures painted in the eighteenth century, with separate portraits of the most noted winners!

Many persons will remember what Dick Christian said about hunters. "Give me 'em lengthy," he told *The Druid*, "and short-legged for Leicestershire. I would have 'em no bigger than fifteen-free; great rump, hips and hocks; forelegs well afore them, and good shoulders; thoroughbred if you can get them, but none of your high short horses! Thoroughbred horses make the best hunters. I never heard of a great thing yet but it was done by a thoroughbred horse."

Tillemans also had a passion for thoroughbreds, and the whole of his work as a painter of racing pictures has not yet been discovered. Did he ever collaborate with James Seymour, for example? And have some of his paintings been given to Wootton? Something will be said later on these difficult questions.

Vot antient Rome with her Olimpick Game,
By w^ch she did achive so great a Fame
When o'r the Circus the bright Chariots shurld
Surprising with delight the Gazing world
Could ere compare to Englands nobler Race.
When Swift as lightning or the winged Race

The generous Beast outdrive ye wind,
And leave the mounting Cloud behind.

In this Debate Monas the their Empire boast,
And even ye Empires wealth is won & lost:
The noble Bruites with Emulation fird,
Scorning by Managers to be inspird,
As if they understood their Betters will.
They throw by^th pride their eager force & skill,

And without aid of spur or reine,
They cutt ye air, & secure & plaine.

Drawn
from the Place
and
Design'd
by
Francis Barlow
1687

To future times may these illustrious Sports
Be only the divertisments of Courts,
Since the best man, best Judge & best of Kings,
Whose President the best Example brings:
When ere his God-like mind unbent from care
To all his pleasures this he would prefer:

So Gods of old did not disdaine
The rural pastimes of the plaine.

And Dorsett ever celebrated be,
For this last honour which ariv'd to thee,
Blest for thy Prospect all august, and gay.
Blest for the memory of this glorious day
The last great Race the Royal Hero viewd
O Dorsett to thy much lov'd plaine he owd.

For this alon a lasting name
Records thee in the Book of Fame.

Sold by P. Tempest over ag^st Somerset House Water gate in the Strand and J. Baker at the White Horse in Fleet Street.

THE EARLIEST PRINT OF A HORSE RACE. *By* FRANCIS BARLOW.
Reproduced from an etching in the British Museum.

HARE-HUNTING. *From an Original Drawing by* FRANCIS BARLOW *in the Ashmolean Museum. Etched in reverse by* HOLLAR, 1671. *These hounds reappear in Barlow's fine painting at Clandon Park.*

PARTRIDGE STALKING. *From an Original Drawing by* BARLOW *in the British Museum. Engraved by* J. KING. *Compare this design with Wootton's picture of Partridge Stalking.*

A NOBLEMAN AND HIS RACEHORSES, $49\frac{1}{2} \times 26\frac{1}{2}$ *ins. The early* WOOTTON–TILLEMANS *Period. Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 13

HUNTING: *Left-hand portion of a long etching by* PETER TILLEMANS. *From a proof lent by M. A. Berthel.*

PLATE 14

OUTSIDE A RUBBING HOUSE, *probably at Newmarket. The* WOOTTON–TILLEMANS *Period. Reproduced from the Original Painting by permission of Mr. Frank Partridge.*

PLATE 15

RACING LIFE OUTSIDE A RUBBING HOUSE, *probably at Newmarket.* WOOTTON–TILLEMANS *Period.* 46 × 26$\frac{3}{8}$ *ins. Reproduced from a photograph lent by Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 16

GOING TO COVER. *Engraved by T. Burford,* 1755*, after* JAMES SEYMOUR. *Reproduced from a print lent by Mr. Fores.*

PLATE 17

A RACE AT NEWMARKET. *Signed* J. WOOTTON, *but painted in the style of* TILLEMANS. *Another Plate in this chapter represents a variant of this picture in Lord Hylton's Collection. Reproduced by Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 18

To sum up inadequately, but as truthfully as is possible, what we owe to Tillemans as a sportsman, a large print in colour is given here of his most interesting design. The original picture used to belong to the Earl of Portmore; it is owned to-day by Mr. A. C. Dunn-Gardner, of Denston Hall, Newmarket. The colour plate is taken from a rare print in a set of four owned by Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly. There are horses in it of several sorts, and nearly all are first cousins anatomically. We see George the First at Newmarket in 1722, just five years before his death. Behind, on our left, the Lifeguards are in attendance. On our right, close by the print's margin, are two figures on horseback; the nearer one in a greyish white coat is Tregonwell Frampton, Father of the English Turf. The nearest string of horses belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; its leader is Flying Childers. The other horses on Warren Hill are portraits also, but I cannot find out their names. One of the greys is the Bloody-shouldered Arabian, probably.

As for the equestrian portraits, only three are known by name, I believe. George the First wears a grey-yellow coat, and on his off side is the Earl of Portmore in rose, with his hat doffed. There are two more hatless figures in this group. The one in white is the Duke of Devonshire, while the other in blue on a dark brown horse, with his back to us, is the German interpreter, for the King's English needed help.

For the rest, Ely Cathedral is to be seen dimly in the far distance on our right; and in the middle distance, on the dark outline of Warren Hill, an inch from the print's right-hand margin, we note The King's Chair, from which Charles the Second from time to time watched famous horses taking their daily exercise.

Wootton painted a similar picture—and a very good one—of Newmarket Heath, and it was seen at Christie's on November 26th, 1920, when the Dermot McCalmont pictures were sold. The strings of racehorses are much closer to the King's Chair; the composition is not frieze-like, the canvas measuring 42½ in. by 60 in.; but the general resemblance between this Newmarket and the Anglo-Fleming's is noteworthy.

As long as Peter Tillemans is represented by his Newmarket pictures, he will keep his early place in the history of English sport, topography, and country life. His adaptability must have been very remarkable, for the spirit of his best work is English; as English as Seymour's racing scenes, for example.

CHAPTER III

SEYMOUR AND SOME OTHER PRIMITIVES

I

When George the Third established the Royal Academy in 1768, England could not supply enough foundation members, her habitual neglect of native art having turned many a painter into a lifelong primitive. No fewer than eleven foreigners were chosen, more than was enforced by circumstances, since Romney and Stubbs were passed over; but if five-and-twenty of the foundation members had been immigrants from the Continent, England would have received no more humiliation than she had sought and bought.

Among the artists who carried on the pioneer work of Barlow, and who remained primitive throughout their lives, a high place has been given by sportsmen to James Seymour, who died in 1752, aged fifty. He had talent enough to be a fine painter, but he was untrained, and a very impulsive character began to act in his private life as soon as his day's work was over. He painted laboriously, and this discipline being at odds with his temperament, reactions came, and hasty persons regarded him as a lazy fellow. Horace Walpole did, forgetting the large amount of work that Seymour had added to the history of hunting and racing.

" James Seymour," says Walpole, " was thought even superior to Wootton in drawing a horse, but was too idle to apply himself to his profession, and never attained any higher excellence. He was the only son of Mr. James Seymour, a banker and great virtuoso, who drew well himself, and had been intimate with Faithorne, Lely, Simon, and Christopher Wren, and died at the age of eighty-one in 1739; the son, in 1752, aged fifty."

Why was this primitive preferred in any way to Wootton? He could no more have painted Wootton's battlepieces or such larger compositions as the hunting scenes in the Great Hall at Badminton, Gloucestershire, than he could have run against Spanking Roger, a chestnut son of Flying Childers. Must we assume that Wootton's Newmarket period, which came early in his long career, produced fewer good likenesses than Seymour's? Wootton's inborn

desire was to make a picture, and many a horse-portrait by him has a magnified air, a peculiar originality, that is among the indications of Wootton's handicraft. It is so sure a token of Wootton's presence that we may doubt whether a horse from the stables in his art is ever " beastly like," as Matthew Arnold said of a portrait of himself drawn by F. Sandys.

Several things prove, or seem to prove, that Seymour's horses were regarded as good likenesses, and therefore as very valuable Turf history. In 1813, when the *Old Sporting Magazine* wished to publish a portrait of Flying Childers, John Scott was employed to engrave one of the three portraits that Seymour had painted of this great thoroughbred. Two of these portraits were commissioned by Sir William Jolliffe, who collected about fifteen examples of Seymour's work, including two hunting pictures. The third, a much larger picture, finished in 1739, was chosen by the *Old Sporting Magazine* because it was painted for the second owner of Flying Childers, the Duke of Devonshire. Is an artist ever invited to paint a horse three times if his first attempt is a bad likeness ?

Though Seymour is primitive, quaintly immature, his technical methods do not hide from us the shape and character of famous horses; and when he paints a hunting piece with Sir William Jolliffe either standing by a dun hunter or mounted on a grey, his costumes and old hunting customs are studied with a diligent care that can be trusted. Indeed the details are too accurate, being hard and overdone. Anyone who is interested in costumes should keep away from dull books and make friends with lively pictures and prints. Seymour's jockeys, and grooms, and stablemen, like his whippers-in, and huntsmen, and gentlemen on horseback, are so entertaining as many-coloured social history that Sir Joshua Reynolds had one of his pictures, showing a race run at Newmarket in 1750.

Sir William Jolliffe was a very good patron to Seymour, and a keen sportsman. He lived from 1665 to 1750, and for many years he was a Director of the Bank of England. About 1720 he bought " The Lodge " at Pleshy, Essex, and perhaps his pack of hounds may have been kept there. But later he seems to have lived mainly at Epsom, where he had another house. Sir William died unmarried, and divided his very large property chiefly among three nephews. The first was John Jolliffe, direct ancestor of the present Lord Hylton of Ammerdown, Bath; the second, Mr. Tufnell of Langleys Park; and the third, Mr. Edward Northey.

The Epsom house was a part of John Jolliffe's share, and Lord Hylton thinks that the Seymour pictures hung there, though this detail cannot now be

proved. As Seymour is connected always and exclusively with Newmarket, it is interesting to associate him also with Epsom, for races began there at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and became annual from 1730.

Lord Hylton has never been able to identify the landscapes shown in the Seymour pictures collected by Sir William Jolliffe. The two hunting scenes represent Sir William preparing for the Chase, and pursuing the Chase. In the first, which is more than five feet long, Sir William stands beside a dun hunter held by a groom, and behind, shaded by some trees, a countryman holds a chestnut horse that the groom will ride. There is a church tower among the trees of a woody background. Writing of the second picture, Lord Hylton says: "It is perhaps the more interesting. Sir William is shown galloping on a grey horse and following a pack of hounds across a grass country, attended by four sportsmen on horseback, and by a groom in blue livery. A huntsman in a scarlet coat, with blue collar and cuffs, has a great French horn.[1] The gentlemen wear three-cornered hats with gold-laced edges, and the servants black jockey-caps. In this picture Sir William Jolliffe appears to be a man of fifty or thereabouts."

It is clear, then, that he did not look his age, for when Sir William was five-and-fifty, in 1720, Seymour was in his eighteenth year, and unable to paint. But there was plenty of time for Seymour, as Sir William would live to be eighty-five, dying two years before his chosen painter.

Another picture in this interesting series is called "Sir Robert Fagg and the Gipsy on Newmarket Heath." It was engraved, and this very eccentric sporting baronet must have been well pleased, for he is painted as he liked to be seen at Newmarket, shabbily dressed, and more or less at ease on a broken-kneed grey stallion too aged to be high-spirited. Sir Robert was believed to be miserly in all matters, but Seymour believed that he could stop in a ride and take a piece of money from a canvas bag in order to give it to a gipsy woman carrying a basket of cherries. Pictures of this old topical sort need their stories, their social history, which may be lost in a few generations.

Lord Hylton has also a racing picture which has come down to him as a Seymour, and some parts of it attracted and surprised me very much, for reasons which I will try to explain. Three months after I examined it, I found at Messrs. Knoedler's, in Old Bond Street, a photograph in which the same racing scene was amplified and its composition improved, but not by Seymour's hand. Here indeed was a find worth making! Which of the

[1] One of the curling horns that may be studied in pictures from Barlow's day to Wootton's and Seymour's times.

pictures was painted first? Both of them are illustrated here, but before we note their points of resemblance and their contrasts, let me introduce the debate by continuing my account of Lord Hylton's picture, written three months before my visit to Messrs. Knoedler's. My typescript says :—

" It is a race between five horses at Newmarket, all running in a string, with a chestnut leading, ridden by a jockey in blue. The racers gallop in rocking-horse fashion, with a stretch of foreground between them and us. They are primitive; but their movement has a sort of uncouth rhythm, and the far-receding landscape and the pure clear sky show that we lost a big painter when James Seymour entered the hard arena of art without being trained professionally.

" This valuable racing scene hangs in Lord Hylton's London house. Note its animated background, with moving groups and equestrian figures all admirably suggested. In this work Seymour stands side by side with Tillemans as an early sporting painter who understood the value of minor interests and episodes in a composition. But for a certain heaviness of handling in the foreground horses and jockeys, an expert might ask : ' Is this an early Peter Tillemans, with a background put in towards the close of his career ? '

" Here and there the distant figures have been a little over-cleaned, dark glazes having been removed from light spots; but this defect could be remedied easily. The Royal coach-and-six—black horses greyed by distance and atmosphere—move with the race, and this example is followed by a great many attendants and many onlookers. Far off on our left we see that several horsemen gallop in a new style, with their horses' hind feet slightly raised from the ground : a notable thing which I have not yet seen in Tillemans and Wootton."

Now, as soon as we look at the other illustration we come face to face with a genuine Tillemans, painted on one of his long and narrow canvases, and belonging to the same set of racing episodes as the " George the First at Newmarket," reproduced here in colour. Mr. Fores agrees that the work is plainly Tillemans', and no expert has a knowledge of old sporting pictures wider than his. A magnifying glass will tell you that Wootton's name has been put upon a stone in the foreground on our right, just below the group of equestrian figures, reputed to be Lord Portmore and other celebrities. But names on old canvases have no value unless they are confirmed by styles. James Ward used to say that, when he was young, he saw some pictures of his own bearing Morland's name, and that when he himself became popular, he found his own name on several Morlands. Wootton was not influenced by Tillemans; it was Tillemans who took hints from Wootton; and their individual qualities of style and of composition are different. And now some interesting questions

arise. Was the better picture painted before or after Lord Hylton's, and did Seymour work alone or in collaboration? He was Tillemans' junior by eighteen years, and the Anglo-Fleming began his work in England when Seymour was only six years old. When Seymour began to study racehorses at Newmarket he must have met Tillemans, and surely he would wish to learn from him all that he could, perhaps as a pupil. Flemish and French artists have always been eager to teach, and Seymour was untrained. Altogether, I think it probable that Lord Hylton's picture is a work of collaboration, and also that it is of earlier date than the better painting. Consider a few reasons :—

1. If Seymour copied a picture by Tillemans for Sir William Jolliffe, he would have copied the whole of it, and not merely a part which he altered greatly, and also at times harmfully. Take the grey post as a point from which to contrast the compositions, and you will see that even the backgrounds differ very much, though in many respects they are alike.

2. The running horses in the better picture are not only more numerous; they are put upon canvas with better judgment, and their handling is easier. To turn a race between eight jockeys, six of whom are in a cluster, into a primitive line of five would be a silly thing for a copyist to do when working from a borrowed picture, or from a picture that he had bought.

3. If a copyist wished to steal another man's idea he would not preserve in his background the coach-and-six at full gallop, and other entertaining groups that cannot be forgotten when once they have been seen.

4. The inferior picture suggests improvements, such as we find in the better one.

As a rule criticism has only a negative value, because it has no effect at all on a finished piece of work; it is like praising or blaming one of Nature's phenomena. But whenever a good problem enters into criticism, as in the present case, unbiased study and debate may arrive at some positive and useful result.

As for the horse-portraits by Seymour in Lord Hylton's collection, there is one of Lord Oxford's famous white stallion called the Bloody-Shouldered Arabian, because he had a splash of bright red on the point of his right shoulder. What age was Seymour when he portrayed this horse? I cannot follow the horse in pictures later than 1726, in which year John Wootton signed and dated a portrait of him. Three years later, as we shall see in the chapter on Wootton (p. 110), this Arabian enjoyed " a comfortable state of health in his old age." Taunton, who did not know of this Wootton portrait,

is very vague, mentioning 1715 as an approximate date for the Bloody-Shouldered Arabian. In 1726 Seymour was twenty-four; so his picture of Lord Oxford's white Arabian belongs to an early period in the work of an untrained painter. It has been suggested to me that Seymour's earliest portraits of horses may have been either copied or adapted from Wootton's; and there is nothing unlikely in this idea. Wootton is credited with nine or ten portraits of the Bloody-Shouldered Arabian, and Lord Hylton tells me that in former days he noted several versions of Seymour's portrait of this racehorse. There was one at Rushmore, in the Pitt-Rivers collection, and another at Lord Sherborne's. This one is regarded as a Wootton by Mr. Goulding. An engraving of the racehorse Basto was made from a Seymour painting, and Basto lived from 1703 to 1723. Well, Seymour was only a year old when Basto was foaled, and the engraving shows a young horse full of pride; so we cannot believe that he painted this portrait from life.

As for his portraits of Flying Childers at Ammerdown, Bath, in one the bay thoroughbred is stripped and held by a boy; and Seymour put in a second horse as a contrast, a grey with cropped ears, ridden by a man who carries a racing saddle across his mount's withers.[1] This painting measures 4 ft. by 3 ft., a size chosen also for the second likeness of Childers. Here Seymour competes against Tillemans by showing his model on Newmarket Heath, with horses at exercise in the background. But he does not repeat the Anglo-Flemish painter's composition, with Flying Childers walking at the head of a string of racehorses, held by a groom in a black cap and a long yellow coat. His champion is ridden by a gaily-dressed groom, with blue stockings, a black cap, and a yellow jacket relieved by blue cuffs.

II

In Seymour's primitive style three qualities may be noted: he is interested as an observer by anatomy; he perceives that a portrait should be as like its model as he is able to make it; but he tries to choose what he regards as the most characteristic mood in each racer, and is attracted by that wondrous energy which seems like animated electricity when a thoroughbred stallion is restive or ill-tempered.

To paint horses always in profile, and against similar backgrounds, is certain to give to any artist's work a sameness resembling a routine; but

[1] Gilbey's *Animal Painters.*

Seymour disliked this monotony, and gave much attention to the painting of skies and of other interests.

Some writers have said that he did not accept money for his pictures till he had lost on the Turf his independence. Is there a reason to believe this? Between his earliest portraits of horses and his father's death in 1739, there was time enough for an impetuous young man to lose several fortunes over horse-racing. If "he was well-to-do, especially after his father's death," till "he got rid of his money over horse-racing," as Gilbey relates, when did his losses begin? Gilbey adds: "When Seymour took up his residence at Newmarket as a professional painter of equine portraits he had the knowledge gained during his own brief and unfortunate turf career to supplement his natural gifts." Now, a picture of his called "A Race at Newmarket" is dated April 4th, 1731;[1] so his Newmarket period began at least eight years before his father died. Would he not bet with his own money as recklessly as he did with his father's legacy? and as soon as he began to lose bets, would he not begin to paint for fees, early in his career? Surely yes. He knew that his father's friends, Lely and Christopher Wren, received payment for their work.

That Seymour was a high-spirited fellow, and also willing to receive money on account, is proved by a good story that cannot be retold too frequently.

Charles Duke of Somerset, old and autocratic, sent for James Seymour to decorate a room at Petworth with portraits of his own racehorses. Though he treated the artist as a guest, his pride was ill at ease, and one day at dinner he fired off an ironic compliment for the purpose of telling Seymour that he was not sufficiently humble and submissive.

Raising his wineglass the Duke said, "Cousin Seymour, your health!"

Seymour counter-attacked at once, as artists do when their feelings are suddenly probed.

"My Lord," he answered, "I really do believe that I have the honour of being of your Grace's family."

A laugh would have ended this little scene very well; but no attacker has ever liked to receive a counterblow; and the Duke, losing control of himself, left the room, and sent his steward to dismiss the painter.

But Seymour's work was unfinished, and a room partly decorated with horses looking absurd, another painter of horses was called in. His name is

[1] Gilbey knew it well, for it was in the Elsenham collection. On a canvas 3 ft. by 2 ft. Seymour shows how the Duke of Bridgwater's bay horse, Hazard, beat the Duke of Ancaster's grey Arab, each horse carrying 9 stone. In the background are several figures on horseback against the stand and the ditch.

not given, but Seymour had only three competitors, Wootton, Thomas Spencer, and James Roberts, who was also an engraver, like Henry Roberts. Wootton can be ruled out as too busy and too famous. Either Spencer or Roberts went to Petworth, looked at Seymour's decorations, shook his head, and confessed that the job was too much for him. It was beyond his skill, and he humbly begged his Grace to recall Seymour.

As there seems to have been little to choose between Spencer and Seymour, this want of self-confidence is perplexing. I've never seen a painting by James Roberts, but if he was a draughtsman mainly, and as such he is described in prints of racehorses engraved after his work, why did the Duke send for him? If Spencer was chosen his diffidence needs explanation. Perhaps Seymour bought it, aided by some of his many friends. In any case the Duke of Somerset gave way haughtily, summoning Seymour again to Petworth. He forgot that a circulating story is a sort of net from which its actors cannot break loose at will.

Seymour answered: "My Lord, I will now prove that I am of your Grace's family; for I won't come!"

Stung by this rebuff, the Duke remembered that he had advanced £100 to Seymour, and sent his steward to demand repayment.

The comedians were now in London, and Seymour told the steward that he would write to his Grace. He wrote, and addressed his letter "Northumberland House, opposite the Trunkmaker's, Charing Cross."

The Duke, seeing at a glance that this insolence was in Seymour's handwriting, was enraged, and threw the letter unopened into his fire, ordering the steward at the same time to have Seymour arrested.

Unhappy steward! How could he arrest the debtor with a tact so diplomatic that his master could not be blamed by public opinion? Perhaps, too, he liked Seymour personally. It is certain that he called on him and said too much, relating what had happened to the letter.

Seymour listened negligently and smiled. An opportunity for evasion was put into his hand; so he said:—

"It was hasty in his Grace to burn my letter, because it contained a banknote for £100, and *therefore* we are now quits."

Here the story ends abruptly, and I regret always that neither Fielding nor Thackeray made use of it, with a fitting continuation; for the steward's reception by his master must have been explosive, and Seymour's flank-turning was too strategical to be good in civilian life.

To-day such a sequence of incidents could not occur. In Seymour's time

too much wine had reactions of wayward temper, and there was no democratic make-believe to bridge gaps that separated society into clearly-defined ranks. A Duke in Seymour's day was to struggling painters what *The Times* newspaper, less than a century later, became to struggling authors and artists; he had many reasons to believe that he could either make or mar names and careers. Seymour, then, risked a great deal; and it is easy to measure how much by recalling to memory how men of adventure—poets, playwrights, painters, etc.—fared in the eighteenth century when they tried to sell their work to tradesmen.

In 1732 a playwright named W. Havard sold a tragedy, *Scanderbeg*, to the new theatre in Goodman's Fields, receiving only £23 12*s*. 6*d*. Yet the public had to pay 3*s*. for boxes, 4*s*. for boxes and balconies on the stage, 2*s*. in the pit, and 1*s*. in the gallery. In 1726 a novelist named John Clarke accepted only 10*s*. 6*d*. per sheet of sixteen pages for two long stories to be published by "flinty old Curll." John Gay, in 1727, received £94 10*s*. for the copyrights of two books, *Fifty Fables* being one, and *The Beggar's Opera* the other. A few years earlier, in 1713, Joseph Addison managed to sell *Cato* for £107 10*s*., but even this uncommon half-success cannot be compared with James Seymour's advance payment of £100.[1] Only a patron would have been so liberal to him; and we may be sure that the Duke of Somerset was neither blind to the bad conditions which pressed too frequently upon artists and authors, nor ignorant of the current purchasing value of his loan. These things Seymour forgot, the artist in him being impulsive.

Still, he did work, and with dogged care, while the mood lasted.

It is said that his best work was put into his pocket sketch-books, but his rapid sketches are very hard to find. Mr. Fores has a very diligent pencil drawing of a racehorse, as well as four little portraits in oil-colour of early eighteenth-century hounds, which are marked by the same observing patience. The contrast between the gambling excitement of Seymour's private life and his fondness for excessive detail sedulously mapped is very evident. But Dallaway wrote of true pencil sketches, swift notes of hand, lightly and vividly suggestive. Where are they to be found? The Print Room at the British Museum aids us little in this matter. It has only three trifles of his etching and only nine drawings, not one of which confirms a remark written by Dallaway, that Seymour's "pencil sketches of horses, under various circumstances and actions, have been rarely equalled."[2] Some are water-colour

[1] See Joseph Mayer's *Memoir of William Upcott*, 1879.

[2] In 1888 some of Seymour's "pocket portfolios" were at Bignor Park, Sussex.

sketches, and others are pen-drawings. There is a profile portrait in water-colour of a bay stallion led by his groom in blue, $6\frac{9}{16}$ in. by $5\frac{5}{8}$ in. Some body colour is used throughout. Slow and acute attention is given to every part; there is no brilliant sketching. Another water-colour shows a huntsman in a green coat on a chestnut horse, riding across a plain towards the right, accompanied by three hounds, two of which lead the way, $6\frac{5}{8}$ in. by $5\frac{1}{8}$ in. Some other studies :—

1. Sketch in brown ink of a stag that runs in the rocking-horse fashion.

2. Rough sketch in brown ink of celebrated racehorses at a drinking-trough, with notes written by Seymour, as follows: "A warm-coloured picture. *Goliah. Looby. Groom on the great brown horse. A brick wall beyond.*" Goliah, a grey son of Old Greyhound, was foaled in 1722.

3. Pen sketch in brown ink of a racehorse and his rider. A small sketch, a mere note of hand, but expressive.

4. A similar but larger pen sketch; the horse and his rider are accompanied by the owner, who holds the bridle gently.

5. A larger pen sketch of a horse, stripped, and led by a boy, $11\frac{3}{8}$ in. by $7\frac{5}{8}$ in.

6. A horse's head in a moment of overstrained excitement: bold and expressive as a pen drawing, 9 in. by $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. Written in ink along the right upper corner is the name "Tempest."

Twelve years before Seymour's death, in 1740, engravers began to associate his name with that of Thomas Spencer (1700–1763), and they remained pretty busy, off and on, for about sixteen years. As all of these prints have a place in Turf history, it is necessary here to sum them up as briefly as possible.

There is a rare oblong folio—rare, no doubt, because so many copies have been broken up in order that the prints might be sold one by one—called *Horses and Pedigrees*.[1] It was published in 1752, the year of Seymour's death, with line engravings by Parr, Canot, H. Roberts, and one or two others. Spencer is represented by typical horse-portraits. There is Silver Leg, a chestnut galloway, bred by the Earl of Portmore in 1743, and sold in 1750 to Nathaniel Curzon; and there is Othello, a black son of Old Crab, foaled in 1743. Sporley also and Starling are among Spencer's prints. From Seymour's efforts let us choose a few :—

1. Bajazet, a bay son of The Godolphin Arabian, bred by Sir John Dutton, 1740.

[1] Mr. Frank T. Sabin has a copy of this book.

2. Sir Roger Mostyn's Old Partner (1718–1747), a chestnut galloping for exercise. Theo. Taunton says of this portrait that the horse shows his Oriental descent in his head and in his hindquarters, " but, already, the forcing system shows itself in the elongation of his frame, and in the strength which we express by the term ' bone.' " These remarks are worth quoting, partly because they give us the dates between which the forcing period showed its first effects, and partly because they prove that Taunton values Seymour's evidence.

3. Squirrel, foaled in 1719, a bay son of Snake, and the best horse of his time at high weights. He was sold for 500 guineas, a very high price in those days.

4. Bald Charlotte in the act of walking, picturesquely swaddled in horse-cloths. A finely-shaped daughter of Old Royal, foaled in 1721.

5. Spanking Roger, a chestnut son of Flying Childers, bred by the Earl of Essex in 1732.

6. Bay Bolton, whose earlier names were Brown Lusty and Whitefoot; bred by Sir Matthew Pierson, Bart., in Yorkshire, 1705, died in 1736. Sire of Fearnought, a dark brown horse foaled in 1724; and brother of the grey colt named Lamprey (1715–1728). These racers were also painted by Seymour.

To these we may add Moorcock, Babraham, Young Cartouche, Bonny Black (painted also by Wootton), Lath, Carlisle, Second, Creeping Molly, Betty, Volunteer, Old Scar, and Conqueror.

Mezzotints by R. Houston after Seymour and Spencer, 14 in. by 12 in., were published in 1755–1756. They are worth collecting. Lord Cullen's Arabian and Mr. C. Wilson's Chestnut Arabian, after Spencer, illustrate two of the Oriental sires, and a portrait of Dormouse (a very handsome brown-bay son of the Godolphin Arabian, foaled in 1738) shows how a new thoroughbred was being evolved.

As for James Roberts, no collection of eighteenth-century racehorse-portraits can leave him out with fairness. In engravings after his work by Henry Roberts he appears as a draughtsman, not as a painter. Twelve of the horses that he drew were foaled in the seventeen-forties. They included the chestnut colt Little Driver, in the act of walking; a black colt named Whynot; another black colt, Sampson, galloping; the Earl of Portmore's grey horse Skim; Lord Strange's Sportsman, a bay, foaled in 1747; Lord Onslow's black colt Victorious; a brown thoroughbred called Antelope, 1748; Shake-speare, Grenadier, True Blue (a bay gelding), and Othello, held by a groom, and two gentlemen admiring him.

Spencer and Roberts were shut out from the Sports Exhibition of 1891, while Seymour was represented by six pictures. The Duke of Grafton lent "Mr. Delmé's Foxhounds on the Hampshire Downs," and Sir Walter Gilbey sent four examples: "Hounds in Full Cry," "Hounds going into Covert," "The Young Pretender," painted in 1743 for the Duke of Somerset, and a race at Newmarket over the Beacon Course, in four-mile heats, for the King's 100-Guinea Cup. The picture represents the final heat, between Mr. O'Neil's Hero, a grey, and Lord Scarborough's Cademus, a bay horse. As for the sixth picture, it was another Newmarket race, the great Carriage Match run against time in 1750 on August 29th.

A bet of a thousand guineas was made that four horses should draw a carriage with four running wheels, and a person in it or upon it, nineteen miles in sixty minutes. Four sportsmen took part in this adventure. The Earl of March (afterwards Duke of Queensberry) and the Earl of Eglintowne offered the wager, and it was accepted by Theobald Taafe and Andrew Sproule. Three of the horses had won plates, and the fourth also was bred and trained for racing. The two leaders carried about eight stone, including their harness, saddle, and riders; each wheel-horse about a stone less; and the chaise with a boy in it weighed about twenty-four stones. There was much excitement at the beginning of the race, for the horses ran away with their jockeys through four miles; then settled bravely to their work, and covered the nineteen miles in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. Seymour tried to paint the running away, and his picture became very hard and stiff. But engravings from it were very popular.

A repetition of this picture was bought by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and sold at his auction. A repetition, no doubt by Seymour himself, because the original picture was commissioned by the Duke of Queensberry, and it remained in the Queensberry collection till it was bought at Christie's by Sir Walter Gilbey, in July 1897.

Reference will be made in a later chapter to several old prints after Seymour which herald Henry Alken; and if any person wants to learn from prints and pictures the history of English stables, let him not forget James Seymour. Last of all, Gilbey attributed to this artist several works which are "speculative." One of them he describes, and says that it was engraved and published by John Bodger, in 1791, and that the print, 27 in. × 19 in., was dedicated to the Prince of Wales, and pulled upon silk as well as upon paper. I cannot find a print resembling Gilbey's description, which brings before the mind's eye a racecourse scene so crowded with important portraits, and with horses

and jockeys at exercise, that Seymour must have had a collaborator. Mr. Fores has a coloured print drawn and engraved by John Bodger, an attractive composition dedicated to the Prince of Wales; but it differs in many respects from Gilbey's description. In both there is a gig harnessed to white horses.

III

We pass on to a semi-primitive named T. Gooch, who based his early style on Seymour. On my desk is a photograph showing one of his first portraits, a racehorse with his jockey up, in profile with his head towards our left hand; hills in the far distance; and on our right the end of an ugly brick wall, laid in courses that disobey perspective. The beautiful unity of a fine model is lost because the play of light and shade upon it is overdone; and though the painter tries to prove that his jockey's legs rest against curving ribs, the thoroughbred is shallow and rather flat. But the head is drawn and modelled with skill and charm, and there is some feeling for the wondrous electric energy that a fine racehorse circulates.

The promise in this picture was fulfilled within its limits. Gooch was warmly praised by the *Old Sporting Magazine*, and the Royal Academy accepted his work from 1781 to 1802. In all seventy-six of his pictures were hung. As a rule they were portraits of dogs and hunters. In 1790 Gooch had a dozen pictures in the R.A., and four years later he had thirteen there! They must have been small in size, for no Academician complained. The fortunate thirteen had a hunting piece among them, harriers and the death of a hare. In 1789 Gooch was in at the death with foxhounds; and another exhibit of his was described as the " Portrait of a Shooting Horse with Pointers." In 1800 his picture may have been unique in the history of sport; it was described as " The Ox who won the plate at Lyndhurst Races, going round a course of nearly two miles in eight minutes." Does anyone know if the race itself was represented?

Gooch painted also " The Life of a Racehorse in Six Stages," exhibited in 1783 (an early date for this appeal); and this work, or one like it, was engraved in aquatint by Gooch himself, and published as a folio by Edward Jeffery, in 1792, with an Essay by Dr. Hawksworth, " tending to excite a benevolent conduct to the Brute Creation." The six plates were entitled: " When a Foal with his Dam "; " When a Colt breaking "; " After running a Race and winning "; " As a Hunter going out to the Chase " ; " As a Post-chaise Horse on the Road "; and " His Dissolution."

Gooch seems to have been a rolling stone, a man of wayward moods, with no wish to have a settled home. In nineteen years he changed his address eight times. After trying Knightsbridge he lived at two addresses in Half Moon Street; then in Chapel Street, Mayfair, and at two places in Paddington, Winchester Row and Southampton Row. These were the last of his London addresses. Retiring into the country, he chose Alresford in Hants, and then Lyndhurst, where history leaves him among the trees of the New Forest. It is difficult to find his best work.

Four painters more should be compared with Seymour by careful students. One of them is the elder Dean Wolstenholme (1757–1837); another, John Sartorius (about 1700–1780); and the third and fourth are Francis Sartorius (1734–1804), and his son J. N. Sartorius (1755–1828).

Many persons are confused by the two Wolstenholmes. They have the same Christian name, Dean, and the son in his first period produced work very like his father's. Perhaps he may be called C. D. At the British Museum a photograph can be seen of a picture called "The Half-Way House," signed clearly C. D. Wolstenholme. A catalogue fact is useful; but the younger man did not always put in the "C." The father was an amateur who wished to mend his lot after losing three suits in Chancery over some property at Waltham. A Yorkshire gentleman by birth, he passed his early life away from his native county, looking forward to a life of leisure, and very keen as a sportsman. He knew by heart both Essex and Hertfordshire, and was particularly fond of Cheshunt, and Turnford, and Waltham Abbey. Like a good many sportsmen of his day, he sketched now and then for amusement, and such sketching is very like amateur acting; when it has talent it has also a lively, pleasing confidence that disappears for a time as soon as professional study makes the mind conscious of the hard and various difficulties to be overcome. Dean Wolstenholme had a light hand with a pencil, and a good eye for sporting incidents. Sir Joshua Reynolds admired some of his quick sketches, and said that one day he would be a painter; but when Wolstenholme —at the age of forty, if you please—was driven by the stress of need to turn his hobby into a profession, he passed from a sham fight into a hard and long battle. Entirely self-taught, he did his best in a manly and fearless temper, but neither art nor sport gained half enough from his talents. In this book he is represented by his masterpiece, The Epping Forest Hunt, 1811. It has many merits, and proves that its painter would have been a big master if his technical knowledge had been adequate.

At the age of forty-six the Royal Academy accepted one of his pictures,

" Coursing "; and afterwards, in twenty-one years, he was represented there by twenty-six pictures. In 1803 he was living at Turnford, Cheshunt, but next year, when his picture at the R.A. was Fox-hunting, his address was 4 East Street, Red Lion Square, London. There was variety in his choice of subjects. From the Epping Forest Hunt, and similar pictures, he passed to a " View of the interior of Mr. Harrison's Veterinary Shop," and also to a " Portrait of Mr. J. Goldham performing the Austrian broad exercise with two swords, at speed." In 1807 there was " A view of the Golden Lane genuine beer brewery." Yes, *genuine* beer, showing that modernism with its adulterations had begun to emerge from old-fashioned honesty. Wolstenholme seems to have been celebrated for interior views, for he exhibited one of " The six-stall stable at the Finsbury Repository " (1808), and another (1824) of " The Riding School belonging to The Light Horse Volunteers, with portraits of horses, etc." Brewery horses attracted him, and in 1810 he painted and exhibited " portraits of two horses; a dray horse, the property of H. Meux, Esq., and hunters with hounds stopping to refresh at a public house, returning from hunting." " A Return from Hunting by Moonlight " belongs to the same year; so does a coaching picture on the Edmonton Road. In 1809 he had four paintings at the Royal Academy, two of fox-hunting, the portrait of a charger in the City Light Horse, and " The Leap of the Stag," a suggestive title.

Four paintings were catalogued also in 1813, and one of them brings us back to the Jolliffe family: " Portrait of Mr. Jolliffe's hounds and horses waiting by appointment at Merstham Church." Lord Hylton has two examples in London of the elder Wolstenholme's work. One is a chestnut mare named Mystery, a hunter, in a park, with a withered old tree on our right, and hills and downs in the distance. The other is a dark chestnut mare with her foal. Neither of these pictures can be judged fairly because their colour has darkened very much, as in many other pictures by this painter. Glazing is always apt to deepen in tone, and Dean Wolstenholme seems to have glazed several times.

Lord Hylton has another Wolstenholme, also very dark; it represents the great racehorse Trumpator at a drinking-trough in the shade of trees, attended by several dogs. A black-and-white greyhound is lapping out of a bucket, with a pug close by; and there is an Irish water-spaniel near a felled tree on the right. Trumpator is in profile with his head turned and directed towards the left; and in the distance, on the right, is a dim view of Merstham House.

Wolstenholme painted some cattle pictures; there are three in the collection

A RACE AT NEWMARKET. *In Lord Hylton's Collection. By* JAMES SEYMOUR, *probably in collaboration with* TILLEMANS.

PLATE 19

THE CHASE. *Engraved by* **T. BURFORD,** 1755, *after* **JAMES SEYMOUR.** *Reproduced from a print lent by Mr. Fores.*

PLATE 20

"TREEING" THE FOX. 34 × 24½ *ins. From a picture by the Elder* WOLSTENHOLME. *Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 21

THE EPPING FOREST STAG HUNT, 1811. 43 × 35 *ins. By the Elder* WOLSTENHOLME. *The Picture now belongs to* S. A. WENTWORTH, *Esq. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ackermann.*

PLATE 22

FULL CRY. *Painted by* J. N. SARTORIUS. *The figures engraved by* J. NEAGLE, *the Landscape by* J. PELTRO. *Reproduced from and old print (1795) lent by Messrs. Fores.*

A HUNTING SCENE *by* J. N. SARTORIUS. *Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ackermann.*

ENTRANCE HALL AT ALTHORP, NORTHAMPTON, *showing how the Pictures by* WOOTTON *are framed structurally in the walls.*

PLATE 25

LADY HENRIETTA HARLEY, 30 × 25 *ins., painted by* JOHN WOOTTON *in* 1716 *for* £8 12 0. *The Duke of Portland's Collection at Welbeck Abbey, Worksop.*

PLATE 26

of Mr. Fred Banks, whose Catalogue of the *Old Sporting Magazine* is well known. A great many persons believe that our sporting artists gave their whole time to sporting subjects, losing touch with variety, with the natural law of variation. Yet, from Barlow's work to that of Mr. Munnings, variety of appeal has been the aim of every notable painter who has been associated with sport. Wolstenholme's cattle pieces have the interest of dead plays, art having gone away from them; but they help us to know what our predecessors liked.

As a last note on this man's painting, let us take a set of four hunting scenes of a well-chosen size, not small enough to look like sportive postage stamps in old frames, nor big enough to be self-assertive. There are mistakes of perspective in the relative sizes of hounds placed on receding planes of primitive composition; and some of them are elongated, as in hunting pieces by Abraham Hondius. But an equestrian group here and there is put in with breadth, and the landscapes are better than those of the Sartorius family. They are vigorous, and show a liking for hilly land, and far horizons, and the charm and weight of trees. In one picture a thunderstorm is gathering over a fine countryside; and if most of the hounds were omitted, together with a galloping huntsman who has crossed a streamlet, the impression would be impressive as a study from nature. There is a depth in this primitive that I do not find in his son, C. D. Wolstenholme, who was trained to be a painter, and whose work is much better known to sportsmen. At first the son resembles his father, and then he is taken up into the flood-tide movement that culminates in the Landseer-Herring period.

Like many painters devoted to sport, Dean Wolstenholme lived to a ripe old age; but he painted little during the last ten years of his life, between seventy and eighty. His son buried him in Old St. Pancras churchyard.

John Sartorius had much in common with Dean Wolstenholme, being an amateur who worked for a living, and who remained an amateur till he died at about the same age, but at a much earlier date. His father was Jacob Christopher Sartorius, a Nuremberg engraver, and John was born in Nuremberg about 1700. It is not known when he left Bavaria for England, but in 1723 he painted for Mr. Thomas Panton the portrait of a very noted mare, Molly, a small racer, not very fast, but with wonderful staying power. She won twenty stiff races, and her owner was so proud that he became unreasonable, passing from sport into cruelty. He wagered that Molly on the same day would run two long heats with a rest of only two hours between them. Newmarket was chosen for this ordeal, and a date fixed. On November 2nd, 1723,

Molly would be matched in her first heat against the Duke of Bolton's colt Terror; and two hours later she would meet another horse from the same stables, named Badger. But the mare's pluck and stamina had been impaired by earlier contests; all at once, while running her first match, she was taken ill, and died there and then, almost on the course, between the stand and the rubbing-house. Who can estimate the overstrain of old races run in heats, often over a distance that exceeded four miles, though horses had to carry too much weight as a rule? Francis Sartorius painted a famous race run at Newmarket on April 20th, 1767, and the four horses in it were supposed to bear featherweights because they carried no more than 8 st. 7 lbs. each over the Beacon Course.[1] In those days ten and twelve stone were the usual penalties.

For some reason that is hard to find the Sartoriuses, from the time of poor Molly to our own days, have attracted more attention than they deserve. It is easy to like the history in their work, and to recognise their sincerity, but they never feel that great and varied movement in art which culminates between 1750 and the death of Turner. Only one picture by John Sartorius was accepted by the Royal Academy, in 1780, at the very end of his life, when he was living at 108 Oxford Street. His portrait of the Duke of Bolton's brown colt Looby, foaled in 1728, is well known, as it is illustrated by the Tauntons in their books on famous racehorses. Looby is galloping from left to right, in stiff rocking-horse fashion, but, looked at as a primitive study, it may be displaced by some of John's later work, like the Duke of Kingston's chestnut colt, Careless, painted in 1758. He exhibited at the Free Society from 1768 to 1780. Two racing pictures in 1769 showed how Bay Malton beat Otho at Newmarket, and how Gimcrack and Bellario were scraped by grooms after a sweat. A hunting piece, three years later, was accepted, and the portrait of a racehorse named Harlequin.

Francis Sartorius was taught by his father, and handed on the prim Sartorius manner. Yet some work by Wolstenholme the First has been attributed to him, and even sold at auction under his name! Recently four Wolstenholme hunting scenes passed through this adventure, interesting their purchaser greatly. Francis was always too lucky. In competition with Stubbs he should have had no vogue at all, yet his patrons were very numerous. In his day favourite animals of every sort had their portraits painted, and Francis was befriended by this fashion. Between 1775 and 1790 he sent his mild work to

[1] Lord Rockingham's Malton, first; Sir J. Moore's King Herod, second; Lord Bolingbroke's Ting, third; and Mr. Shafto's Askam, fourth.

the Royal Academy, and a few examples were accepted, including a pair of the King's coach-horses.[1] The Society of Artists hung six of his works between 1778 and 1791. There were two noted racehorses, " Daniel (late Hemp)," and Cottager. At the Free Society, between 1773 and 1780, he exhibited twenty-two canvases, including a portrait of Eclipse (1780), some brood mares and foals, some hacks, a piece of cattle, and a " horse match."

A few prints after this artist are all that a collector needs. He painted the Duke of Grafton's Antinous, foaled in 1758; the Duke of Cumberland's Herod, foaled in the same year; and Mr. Latham's Snap, a brown son of Snip, bred about 1750. Snap ran only four races, defeating Marske twice, Sweepstakes once, and winning the Free Plate at York. Lord Rosebery has a portrait of Snap by this primitive painter. Waxey also is among the prints after Francis Sartorius, and Cardinal Ruff, and Bay Malton.

Recently a sporting critic said : " Of course, J. N. Sartorius is the only one of the family that counts." No doubt he went farther, but he did not go far enough to enter the modernising phases of art. J. N. ought to have learnt much more about landscape painting, much more also about figure drawing; and the semi-primitive are often irritating, while the wholly primitive are not. J. N. should have seen that his rocking-horse gallops were too stiff and too ugly to be tolerated at the beginning of the nineteenth century. He is represented in this book by two of his hunts, and from among his racing pictures one may choose ten :—

1. Sir Charles Bunbury's Grey Diomed (1785), by Diomed out of Grey Dorimant.

2. Eclipse, Jack Oakley up; composed from studies made by Francis Sartorius.

3. Smolensko, T. Goodison up; winner of the Derby in 1791.

4. The Famous Match between Sir H. Temple Fane's Hambletonian and Joseph Cookson's Diamond, a son of Highflyer, 3000 guineas a side, Newmarket Craven Meeting over the Beacon Course, March 25th, 1799; 4 miles 2 furlongs. Hambletonian won by a head and neck. The race is followed closely on horseback by a number of enthusiasts. It was won in $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. In this picture the galloping action is not quite in accord with J. N.'s routine. A critic seems to have said to him, " I say, those hind feet look glued to the

[1] At Cumberland Lodge, near Windsor, there is a painting by F. Sartorius of two State Carriage-Horses, both dun-coloured, with gold-mounted harness. A boy stands at a stable-door, which is open; landscape background.

ground. Can't you do something?" And something was done, for Diamond's near hind foot is a trifle lifted.

5. Match between Blue Cap and Wanton against Mr. H. Meynell's Hounds, at Newmarket, over the Beacon Course.

6. Some coursing scenes.

7. Four shooting scenes engraved by Scott.

8. Ascot, Oatlands Sweepstakes, aquatinted by J. Edy, June 28th, 1792, $20\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $14\frac{1}{2}$ in. Early Ascot prints are uncommon. A cloudy sky, and park-like background; the winning post on our left, and three horses racing towards it, followed by a fourth, and by two excited spectators. Four excited men on foot, in the foreground, seem to be on the course itself.

9. Pictures of brood mares with their colts, with backgrounds of neat fluffy trees. One of these paintings, $35\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $27\frac{1}{2}$ in., is dated 1791, and shows the beautiful colt Trumpator with his dam Calash, a daughter of Herod. In another picture, dated 1797, and not improved in style, there are three brood mares, two colts, and a filly by the hunter-like Buzzard. One colt is by Buzzard out of Maria, and the other by Pot-8-os out of Hunka-Munka.[1]

10. Portraits of Hunters, so strongly built that J. N.'s unmuscular slim men look funny by their side or on their backs. J. N. could never put a vigorous body inside a suit of clothes, perhaps because he had never drawn and painted from the nude. If his hunters are true in their proportions, and other painters of his time seem to confirm him, the hunting world of the eighteenth century had a special breed of weight-carriers, differing greatly from the hunters painted to-day by Mr. Munnings. One cannot suppose that a Jack Mytton would get enough excitement on such hunters as J. N. Sartorius painted for Christopher Wilson, for instance. Hunting was leisurely during the eighteenth century, and much heavier than it is now, the country being imperfectly drained and cultivated. It was no uncommon thing for horses to founder.

As regards J. N.'s pictures at the Royal Academy, seventy were accepted and hung from 1781 to 1824 inclusive. His hunting and his racing pictures cannot have been liked by the Academicians, as only seven were accepted :—

1. 1787. Going out in the Morning.
2. 1787. The Chase.

[1] J. N. Sartorius painted two portraits of Buzzard for Christopher Wilson, one in 1793, the other in 1797; and they differ so much in structural character that one or other must be a bad portrait. Both are in profile and look towards the right.

3. 1795. Death of the Hare.
4. 1801. Portrait of Diamond.
5. 1808. Flying Leap : Fox dying.
6. 1809. Lord Foley's Comrade beating Mr. Goodison's Foxbury and Mr. Butler's Epsom, for the Plate over Epsom, 1808.
7. 1814. Portrait of Smolensko.

On the other hand, the Academicians hung the portrait of a cow belonging to a gentleman in Essex; a landscape in which J. N. painted a newly invented carriage; a portrait of Mr. Westcar's fat heifer; and the portrait of a remarkable three-year-old deer, owned by Lord Derby. To these I must add portraits of trotting horses, shooting ponies, hunters, pet dogs, and two Morlandish subjects, " A Straw Yard," and " Inside a Stable," dated 1792. One notes with pleasure J. N.'s interest in shooting, as in " Spaniels flushing a Woodcock," 1809, and " A Gentleman shooting," 1795. But J. N. is old history, not a memorable figure in the gradual progress of modern painting. And this applies also to his son, J. F. Sartorius, who carried on his family style, without learning half enough from the genuine innovators, Stubbs, Morland, Rowlandson, Ibbetson, James Ward, Ben Marshall, and Henry Alken.

The Sartoriuses are like those very circumspect diplomatists who fail to be great because they fear to take risks when ample opportunities test their daily routine. James Ward and Stubbs were always willing to endanger their success. Ward, eager " to relieve his fecundity by creating worlds," competed against Rubens, and once he imagined that he had beaten his master. His rivals laughed, but the brave little man was right in trying to do a great deal more than he could ever achieve. His " Bulls Fighting " is not within bowshot of Rubens' vigour and magic, but it has the qualities of daring enterprise that the Sartorius family evaded.

Once, and only once, perhaps J. F. Sartorius had some weeks of adventure. He painted a picture of coursing in Hatfield Park, with portraits of horses belonging to that splendid Marchioness of Salisbury who refused to give up sport, so she rode daily in her park till she was eighty-six. Velazquez would have been inspired by this Diana, and I wish that Raeburn had painted her in the saddle. J. F. did his best, and his picture was at the Royal Academy in 1806. Only twenty-six of his canvases were accepted by the Academicians between 1797 and 1829; and they showed a falling-off in ambition after 1806. Their titles became very humble : " A Partridge," " A Snipe," " A Brace of Ptarmigans,"

" Golden Plover and Snipes," " Partridges and Snipes," " Grousing, with portraits of favourite Dogs," and so forth.

The *Dictionary of National Biography* notes, with some surprise, that J. F. worked " with less success than his father as to the number of his patrons, though his thorough knowledge of sport is exemplified in his sporting pictures." Well, sporting knowledge is art's servant, not her master, and the Sartorius family had enjoyed a longer and better run than their merits as painters had justified. The first virtue that sporting knowledge should put into art is foreward-going courage, a liking for adventure and its risks; and a new school of painters was in the saddle when J. N. and J. F. declined to employ their pigments and brushes with enough enterprising sportsmanship.

Though our country has been the most virile in Europe, her painters far and away too frequently have shown a fondness for tameness and prettiness which less virile nations have scorned. How to explain this fact is a very hard nut to crack; but it is certain that British sport in art should illustrate those qualities which make and preserve a colonising people. When we remember that the Sartoriuses inherited Marlborough, and that J. N. lived through the great historic period from 1775 to Waterloo, the tameness of their style may be called a slacker in national service. Why, then, have these artists been greatly admired ?

CHAPTER IV

JOHN WOOTTON, 1678 (?)–1765

I

It is not easy to write about an artist who has been cold-shouldered by public galleries, and whose pictures hang in private collections. Inevitably he becomes little known. To a great many persons who are fond of art Wootton is not even a name. A few months ago a young painter said to me, "Wootton? Oh! I seem to remember a jockey of that name."

Even at the Sports Exhibition, thirty-one years ago, Wootton was represented by only four pictures; a portrait of Flying Childers, with Figures, contributed by Mr. E. Tattersall; a portrait of the Bloody-Shouldered Arabian, lent by the Duke of Leeds; a Newmarket scene, the Duke of Devonshire's collection; and a large canvas from Windsor Castle, a Stag Hunt in Windsor Park, painted in 1734. This choice was not satisfying. Welbeck Abbey could have improved it, and Althorp also, and Badminton, Longleat, and Goodwood House. The truth is that only one thing can do justice to John Wootton—a public exhibition of his best works, including his landscapes and his battlepieces.

Not enough can be done for Wootton by art editors and their blockmakers. Many a painter's work is easy to illustrate, and sometimes it looks so pleasing in half-tone prints, or in photogravures, that students are disappointed when they see the original paintings. Wootton is not a painter who is flattered by photography. Some of his work has become too dark for illustrations in black-and-white; and some is too big to be correctly focused *in situ* by a camera. At Longleat the Woottons are hung high and cannot be taken down, like the great hunting episodes at Badminton and Althorp.[1] The plates in this chapter are much better than any others which have been published of this master; but it is true to say of them what Lord Morley has said about Acts of Parliament: they are compromises, and second-best. Still, it cannot be helped.

[1] Two illustrations are given of the Entrance Hall at Althorp, where the Woottons are hung constructurally.

Though Wootton has been unjustly neglected for a century, he has had many admirers among artists. Sir Edwin Landseer was one of his devotees, and Mr. A. J. Munnings, a modernist, is another. Sir Edwin's favourite Wootton was a picture of a small size, at Badminton, representing an episode from the vanished sport of partridge stalking, a sport which Barlow had called up into pictorial presence. Wootton may have wished to prove that he could outdo his forerunner. If so, Barlow's composition is preferable; it has freedom, grace, liveliness, fresh air, and the partridges, well placed and drawn, like the woodcock, have an alert bird among them; while Wootton is hampered by a small canvas, and his pointer is too big to be in scale with a chosen subject. The dog, creeping forward heavily and stealthily, followed at a distance by men with nets, is certainly alive, an excellent study, but too low on the canvas, and also very near to a partridge that is uncommonly tame and trustful. A good stretch of foreground between him and the frame would be as valuable here as it is in "The Spanish Pointer," a famous work by George Stubbs. But Landseer did not criticise the composition; he gave his whole attention to Wootton's pointer, and spoke of it not only as far better than any picture of his own, but also as the best animal painting he had ever seen. "You can see the dog crawling along to the birds," he added. There is also a crawling dog in Barlow's charming composition.

Is it surprising that Landseer admired Wootton? They had nothing in common. Wootton appeals to us as a fighter who conquers by hard effort what he desires to win; and his best pictures are deepened by concentrated and sustained emotion. Even when he fails, and fails badly, it is because he has attacked certain difficulties which many a painter would have attempted to outflank.

Frequently, for example, he was fascinated by too much size, viewing sport in relation to square yards of canvas as though his portraits of horses were more useful as pictures for a room, and also better as art, when painted life-size. His knowledge of anatomy was inadequate for this life-size portraiture, like his brushwork, which had not enough suppleness and mastery. There is also the fact that very large pictures, besides being very troublesome to keep clean, claim overmuch space on walls for an indefinite number of years, as though their artistic value will never be outrivalled by later painters. When vast canvases are chosen, a painter can justify his choice in one way only—by producing masterpieces. A poet who turns from the writing of good lyrics and sonnets to compose an epic of great length, is much more likely to explode his reputation than to improve his fame.

J. Seymour pinxt.

The HUNTER *taking a Flying Leap, over a* FIVE-BAR GATE.

Printed for Carington Bowles, Map & Printseller in St Pauls Church Yard London.

The Hunter taking a Flying Leap over a Rivulet.

Printed for Rob.t Sayer, opposite Fetter Lane Fleet Street.

THE DARLEY ARABIAN, *after a Picture by* JOHN WOOTTON.
Reproduced from a Colour-Print lent by Mr. Fores.

PLATE 28

BROOD MARES AND FOALS. *Reproduced by permission of Oswald Magniac, Esq., from a Water-Colour by* G. TOWNLEY STUBBS *of the Famous Picture painted by* GEORGE STUBBS *for the Grosvenor Collection, and now at Eaton, Chester.*

SHOOTING : 1769 : *The Third Picture in a Series of Four, by* GEORGE STUBBS. *Reproduced from the Original Painting by permission of Messrs. Ackermann. A variant of this picture was engraved by Woollet in 1770*

PLATE 30

Let us note, too, that Wootton's courage, his good soldierly firmness, does not come from a masterful self-confidence, like the same quality in George Stubbs. It springs by reaction from vigilant self-criticism. Instead of having enough confidence in his own good gifts, Wootton seeks allies, foreign allies, and uses their help with excessive awe of their authority, though it has no rightful place in his English feeling for English country life and sport. Now and then he is influenced even by Salvator Rosa, and his choice of foreign pictures for his own home is not always good, as we shall see.

According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, it was " during the latter part of his career " that Wootton " painted many landscapes in the style of Claude and Gaspar Poussin." That he painted them also at a much earlier date, between 1721–1725, when he was in his first period, is proved by George Vertue's evidence, which relates how he " bravely distinguished himself " then in " paintings of landscape, very much like the pictures by Gaspar Poussin, both as to invention, design, and colouring." Wootton had " studied from several pieces of that master's painting," and had " perfectly entered into Poussin's manner," and thus away from his own genius. It is necessary to give these facts, not as criticisms, but as a part of the autobiography that Wootton put into his productions.

Landseer's autobiography in art is opposed to this. He forms his own style with a slick and sleek facility, becoming a skater on canvas rather than a painter. He is never fond of oil-colours, and his pictures have a surface which is often icelike in smoothness and texture, his brushwork never adapting itself changefully to different needs and circumstances, as playwrights do when their minds pass creatively from one character to another, then back again, and on to a third actor. Landseer is always Landseer, facile and pretty, often superficial, and so eager to be known as England's Æsop that he made his favourite animals too human, as though they had reason to be ashamed of their own breeds and species.

Through more than a generation we follow his vogue, and see in Landseer the most beloved painter that our country has ever welcomed. Engravings after his pictures, usually too large and too sweet, had a wonderful circulation; and society loved Landseer the man, was charmed by his pleasant singing, and his talent as a story-teller, and the kindness with which he painted lapdogs, or made sketches for scrap albums, or sold pictures at less than their market value. The Court was fond of him; the Queen took lessons from him; and Landseer himself was never sated by excessive admiration. In this he resembled Meissonier, and both of them would have benefited greatly if their

fame had been opposed by genuine criticism instead of by professional envy.

Action and reaction being equal and opposite, both Landseer and Wootton passed from their popularity into complete neglect. But now they are rising again. With all his faults, Landseer has a genius whose happier hours belong to all time. A great number of sweet mistakes are dead with the fashion that insisted upon having them; but sportsmen are recovering what is true and fine, and there is enough of it to keep Landseer among the masters of sport in art.

II

Wootton's parents do not appear in his biography, and the year given for his birth by the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 1678 (?), may be somewhat late, though it is given twice by George Vertue. Horace Walpole might easily have collected a great many biographical facts, as he was among Wootton's contemporaries; but although he believed that Wootton drew and painted horses and dogs " with consummate skill, fire and truth," he scampered through a very brief notice, leaving all matters of research to some poor editor. Dallaway added a set of facts, but a picture of Wootton the man cannot be drawn because the material is too scrappy and too patchy.

The late Sir Walter Gilbey chose 1685 as a possible year for his birth, and then remembered that John Wyck was the painter's first master. As Wyck died at Mortlake in the year 1700, Wootton must have been a boyish student if his birth is fixed towards 1685. Mr. Baillie-Grohman gives Wootton's dates as 1690 (?)–1765, though there is no reason for all this hesitation. In the British Museum there is a catalogue of the sale of pictures that Wootton held in London four years before his death, when his eyesight had failed greatly, and his working days were over. In this valuable relic of his art and taste I find not only that Wootton treasured examples of Wyck's painting, but also that he collaborated with Wyck in two battlepieces, which he in 1761 deemed good enough to be sold by auction. So the birth-year could not have been so late as 1685, and it may well have been earlier than 1678.

From John Wyck, probably, Wootton got his first passion for foreign art, and soon it was enlarged by travel abroad. When painting racehorses at Newmarket he was befriended by Henry, the Third Duke of Beaufort, who liked him so much that he sent his young painter to study in Rome. What Wootton did in Rome I cannot learn, but on his return to England he won a great reputation, and earned so much money that he was able to buy and

improve a fine house in Cavendish Square, which he decorated himself, greatly to the enjoyment of his friends. Vertue writes :

" Mr. John Wootton by his assiduous application, and the prudent management of his affairs, raised his reputation and fortune to a great height, being well esteemed for his skill in landscape painting amongst the professors of art, and in great vogue and favour with many persons of greatest Quality. His often visiting of Newmarket in the seasons produced him much employment in painting racehorses, for which he had good prices, 40 guineas for a horse, or 20 for one of a half-length cloth. This season in April when the King visited Newmarket, Cambridge, at table while he was there, with several noblemen, the conversation turning upon remarkable horses and paintings, his Majesty was pleased to say that Mr. Wootton made him pay 20 guineas for a half-length picture of a horse, which he expressed was dear. A noble Duke present then answered it was the price that he paid, and was usual. By this it may seem, the King was not over well pleased."

Let us compare these prices with Richardson's, with Kneller's, and with those of Stubbs and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Richardson charged £10 15*s*. for a head and shoulders, and £21 10*s*. for a three-quarter length figure. Kneller, so I learn from Mr. Richard W. Goulding, received £50 for a whole length of William the Third; 60 guineas for a whole length of Lady Henrietta Harley, standing by her dun mare; and £32 5*s*. for a half-length canvas.

Welbeck Abbey has kept a record of the fees charged by Wootton for several of his earlier pictures. The portrait of the thoroughbred filly Bonny Black, painted in 1715, cost £12 18*s*. (40 in. by 50 in.); an equestrian portrait of Lady Henrietta Harley, dated 1716, and measuring 30 in. by 25 in., cost £8 12*s*.; for another portrait of the same great horsewoman, hunting the hare on Orwell Hill, painted also in 1716, but on a canvas 83 in. by 116 in., the price was £53 15*s*.; and its companion piece cost the same sum, and represented Lady Harley hawking in Wimpole Park.[1]

As for Reynolds and his prices, he wrote a letter about them to a Liverpool gentleman named Daulby, which is quoted as follows in Joseph Mayer's Memoir of George Stubbs :— [2]

" I am just returned from Blenheim; consequently did not see your letter till yesterday, as they neglected sending it to me. My prices for a head is thirty-five guineas; as far as the knees, seventy; and for a whole-length

[1] These details have never been published before, and I owe them to Mr. Goulding.
[2] The letter itself was among Mayer's MSS.

one hundred and fifty. It requires in general three sittings, about an hour and a half each time; but, if the sitter chooses it, the face could be begun and finished in one day; it is divided into separate times for the convenience and ease of the person who sits; when the face is finished, the rest is done without troubling the sitter. . . . I beg leave to return my thanks for the favourable opinion you entertain of me, and am, with greatest respect,

" Your most obedient humble Servant,
" J. R."
(Joshua Reynolds).

These are higher prices than Wootton's, but Reynolds belonged to a younger generation, being only forty-two when Wootton died in 1765 at the age of eighty-five. But since their productive work belongs to the same century we can look upon them as contemporaries, remembering that prices are useful to us as biographical facts. Our forefathers, at least as much as we, were guided by common sense in what they did, and their payments are criticisms passed on Wootton, Kneller, Richardson, Reynolds, and Stubbs, a quintette of contrasts.

There was no industrialism to produce millionaires and a well-organised speculation in pictures. Agriculture was England's greatest industry, and landowners were the principal patrons of art. Consequently, I am very much interested when Joseph Mayer proves " that whilst the great Sir Joshua asked but seventy guineas for a portrait ' as far as the knees,' Stubbs' commissions ran to one hundred guineas each. Nay, it seems probable that Sir Joshua paid for his (*i. e.* Stubbs') picture of the ' War Horse ' half as much again as he himself would have asked for a portrait of the like size." But Reynolds and Stubbs lived to enjoy a time of picture exhibitions, at once a popular advertisement and a great open market; while Wootton was unaided by these benefits, dying three years before the Royal Academy was founded. Though his prices were smaller than those of Reynolds and Stubbs, they were as high in their relation to differing circumstance; and they help to prove that sporting landowners of the eighteenth century were good patrons to painters of differing aims.

From time to time Wootton must have been anxious about his business affairs, for many of his pictures came under the hammer at auctions, competing against his current vogue. Let me give an example from the sale of Edward Earl of Oxford, which began on Monday the 8th of March, 1742, and realised in six days a total sum of £3908 19*s.* 6*d.* Wootton's prices were below his own standard, according to a catalogue in the B.M. :—

£ 7 7 0 : A Holy Family in a Landscape.
£16 5 6 : A large Landscape with Figures and Animals, bought by Lord Holdernesse.
£ 3 0 0 : Head of Wootton by Dahl.[1]
£ 5 5 0 : A White Horse and its Companion Piece.
£ 8 8 0 : View of Newmarket Course.
£ 2 4 0 : Small Landscape and Figures.
£13 13 8 : A Sunset and its Companion Piece.
£13 0 0 : Landscape and Figures.
£11 11 0 : Its Pendant.
£21 0 0 : A Large Battle. It was bought by the Duke of Bedford, probably for his wife, who commissioned two fine pictures for Wootton in 1739.

Vertue speaks of this matter : " Especially well done are two landscapes, one a morning, the other a setting sun, or evening piece, the first much in the style of Poussin, both with figures well touched and designed. They far exceed any pictures of Wootton's doing for taste, manner and colouring. These were made for the Duchess of Bedford, and will do Mr. W. much honour."

Before we pass on to a general review of Wootton's pictures, let us analyse the catalogue of his auction, which was held in London, Thursday and Friday, March 12th and 13th, 1761. There was a sale also of his prints and drawings, but no catalogue having come down to us, we cannot learn what prints he collected or what drawings of his own were sold. Still, we are lucky to possess a catalogue of his sale of pictures. It is easy, and useful, to group under headings lots from the two days. Unluckily, there are no marginal notes giving the final bids; but much can be learnt about Wootton's tastes and limits by studying each group. He had too many copies on his walls, so it seems to me, sometimes after painters no longer accepted as high in rank. Mr. Goulding says of Wootton : " It would seem that he shared the prevalent taste for Italian works; and he probably made purchases at the auctions held by Cock of pictures imported by Andrew Hay. For instance, at the sale of February 1725–1726, he bought a landscape with figures in water-colours by Patel for £2 5*s*., and Cephalus and Procris by Francisque for six guineas." Yes, but to me his auction catalogue is disappointing, like a library that is not well chosen.

[1] I take this to be the portrait referred to by Vertue as painted in 1723, when Wootton was forty-five : " Wootton in a cap by Dahl."

Wootton painted a few seaports and seascapes, like another of John Wyck's pupils, Sir Martin Beckman, and he had a German patron for whom he painted German hunts. For some reason which we will try to find, a good many of his racing pictures, portraits of famous horses, remained in his studio unsold. Then there is Wootton's attitude towards English painters. I hoped to find that he liked Barlow, Cradock, Collins, and Joseph Highmore (1692–1780), whose feeling for paint and colour heralded Reynolds; but his collection was not all patriotic.

III

British Painters.

1. Sketch by Sir James Thornhill for the Ceiling at Blenheim.
2. King Charles the First on a Dun Horse, after Vandyck, by Old Stone.
3. Half-length of the poet Matthew Prior by Hudson.
4. A set of four little seapieces by Peter Monamy (1670–1749).

Monamy is not yet valued as he should be. At South Kensington he is represented by a bold and good picture.

Pictures by John Wyck.

1. The March of King William.
2. Landscape and Figures.
3. Two Small Landscapes.
4. A Battle, and a Small Battle.
5. A Dog.

Wootton After Wyck.

1. Five Horses and Dogs.
2. Four Horses and Grooms.
3. A Greyhound.

In two battlepieces Wyck and his pupil work in collaboration.

Battlepieces by Wootton.

1. The Duke of Cumberland on Horseback. This may be the portrait engraved in mezzotint by Baron, with Culloden dimly seen behind.
2. Two Sketches of Battles.
3. The Duke of Richmond on Horseback at the Siege of Carlisle.
4. Two Sketches, the Battles of Lille and Tournai.
5. Three Sketches, the Battles of The Wood, and Blenheim and Oudenarde.
6. A Battle Sketch in the style of Borgognone.

Horses, Dogs, and Hunting Pictures, by Wootton.

1. Foxhounds.
2. Two Pieces of Dogs.
3. Lord Boyne's Pointer.
4. The Duke of Hamilton's Pointer.
5. The Duke of St. Albans' Pointer.
6. The Earl of Oxford's Mastiff Lion.
7. Two Horses and a Pointer.
8. A Greyhound, and Two Pieces of Birds.
9. Hounds and Horses.
10. Upright View of Windsor Castle, with Figures and Dead Game. A Sketch.
11. Landscape with a German Hunt.
12. A German Hunt, being a Sketch for a Picture painted for Prince Lobkowitz.
13. Four Original Hunting Pictures painted for Lord Oxford, from which prints were engraved. So the catalogue says, and Vertue, as we shall see, gives details of four Woottons engraved by Baron. Still, it is a surprise to find these pictures in Wootton's auction, because we must assume that Wootton bought them back, and it is not known that Lord Oxford in his lifetime sold any of his pictures. Further, they are not found in the sale catalogue of Lord Oxford's collection.
14. View of Northampton and Holdenby Castle, with Figures representing the Death of a Hare.
15. Two Views of Windsor Castle and a Stag Hunt.
16. View of the Rubbing House at Newmarket.
17. A Large Picture of the Bloody-Shouldered Arabian.
18. The Hampton Court Arabian belonging to George the First.
19. The Duke of Wharton's Horse Chanter.
20. The Duke of Devonshire's Horse Basto.
21. The Duke of Devonshire's Horse Scar.
22. The Earl of Crawford's Horse Greyhound.
23. The Duke of Devonshire's Horse Childers.
24. The Duke of Bolton's Horse Sweepstakes.
25. The Duke of Beaufort's Horse Little David.
26. The Duke of Beaufort's Horse Diamond, and Two Others.
27. Lord Crawford's Horse Crawford, presented by his Lordship to the Prince of Wales.

As eight of these thoroughbreds have famous names, we have a right to ask why their portraits remained in Wootton's house. Flying Childers had so great a popularity that no portrait of him, if a good likeness, not a decorative picture, should have remained unsold. Would a very busy painter, with large canvases always on his easels, paint for himself a big portrait of the Bloody-Shouldered Arabian? This famous racer had an equally famous son, Sweepstakes, who appears also in Wootton's auction. He was the sire of O'Kelly's Old Tartar Mare, whose offspring, after she was twenty years old, brought 30,000 guineas to her owner. Her grandsire, then, had his fame increased by his descendants, so he continued to interest country gentlemen who collected portraits of well-remembered racehorses. I have suggested in an earlier chapter that Wootton's horses are pictures rather than likenesses; and this opinion was formed long before I came upon the catalogue of his own sale among the books in the British Museum.

Mr. Goulding suggests that Wootton made duplicates thinking he would be able to copy them for collectors; and he points out, in the final section of this chapter, that as many as nine or ten portraits of one horse, all in profile, but with some variations, have been attributed to Woottons' brush. Are these attributions to be accepted, one and all of them? Can it be true that a man of genius repeated himself so frequently? For several reasons I cannot say yes to this question :—

1. Woottons' racehorses, as a rule, do not look like faithful portraits, because they dominate too much over grooms and stablemen. If their scale were correct, we should be obliged to believe that thoroughbred horses of Wootton's time—and hunters also, note well—were generally taller than their present-day descendants, whereas they were much smaller.

2. A painter who repeats the same portrait many times, even with some variations, acts as a dull tradesman, not as a true artist; he accepts a deadening routine in order to earn money.

3. The variety in Wootton's art—it comprises landscapes, some seascapes, equestrian portraits, a few religious pictures, battlepieces, and a versatile delight in sport—proves not only that drudgery, monotonous routine, was hateful to him, but also that he was too busy as a genuine producer to deaden his mind and hand by trying to turn racehorse portraiture into a sort of factory trade.

4. He had two competitors in the racing world, Tillemans and Seymour, who were influenced by his work, who probably copied from him for practice,

A HUNTING PARTY. *Painter unknown.* JOHN WYCK, WOOTTON S *first master, has been suggested.* $45\frac{3}{4} \times 27$ *ins. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 31

SPORTSMAN WITH DOGS. $51\frac{3}{8} \times 52\frac{5}{8}$ *ins. Painter unknown. Possibly* J. HIGHMORE. *From a photograph lent by Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 32

BONNY BLACK. *By* JOHN WOOTTON, *painted in* 1715 *for* £12 18 0. 40 × 50 *ins. From the picture at Welbeck Abbey. Reproduced by permission of the Duke of Portland.*

THE BLOODY-SHOULDERED ARABIAN, 1724. *By* JOHN WOOTTON. *From the picture at Welbeck Abbey. Reproduced by permission of the Duke of Portland.*

ALTHORP HOUNDS AND THE MAGPIE.

ALTHORP HOUNDS AND THE EARTH-STOPPER.

Reproduced from the Original Pictures at Althorp, by JOHN WOOTTON, *by permission of Earl Spencer.*

Sir Edwin Landseer's favourite Wootton.

PARTRIDGE STALKING. *Reproduced from the original Painting by* JOHN WOOTTON *at Badminton by permission of the Duke of Beaufort.*

JOHN WOOTTON'S VERY LARGE PICTURE, "THE VIEW," *in the Great Hall at Althorp, Northampton. Reproduced by kind permission of Earl Spencer. In the centre Charles Duke of Marlborough rides his favourite grey, and the second grey hunter is ridden by the Duke of Montague. Squire Andrews, right-centre, is hallooing, with his right hand to his ear; and behind, near the wood, his groom has had a spill.*

PLATE 36

JOHN WOOTTON'S VERY LARGE PICTURE OF "THE DEATH," *at the east end of the Hall at Althorp, Northampton. Reproduced by permission of Earl Spencer. On our left the Duke of Marlborough is leaning on Squire Andrews' shoulder, and the Duke of Montague is standing by them. Near the centre, with his back turned, is John Spencer on horseback, with Lord Fane on foot by his side. To right of centre a groom removes a stone from a horse's foot, watched by Mr. William Loftus. The leaping horse on the right is ridden by Col. Fielding. One of the earliest jumping episodes in English hunting pictures.*

LADY HENRIETTA HARLEY HUNTING THE HARE ON ORWELL HILL. *Painted by* JOHN WOOTTON, 1716. 83 × 116 *ins. Reproduced from the original picture at Welbeck Abbey, by kind permission of The Duke of Portland. Wootton's charge was* £53 15 0.

PLATE 38

and who certainly painted from life some of the horses familiarly known to Wootton.

We need an exhibition of these painted racing pictures; then all attributions could be verified with scrupulous care. Who knows the " horses big as the life "[1] that Tillemans painted? Have they been attributed to Wootton? They were commissioned by sportsmen, nobles and country gentlemen. And is it not suggestive that it was Seymour, not Wootton, who appealed to those engravers and printsellers who satisfied the people's fondness for likenesses of celebrated horses?[2]

Other Pictures by Wootton.

1. A Moonlight, and a Landscape with Figures.
2. Four Upright Landscapes with Figures.
3. An Evening.
4. Four small Heads: the Duke of Richmond, Gilbert Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Godolphin, and Lord Mansfield.
5. Two Seaports.
6. Louis XIV and the late Andrew Hay.
7. Two Lots described as " A Riding School."
8. " Perseus and Andromeda," an Academy Figure, and " Pamela."
9. Two Landscapes and a Seaport.
10. Two Landscapes and Figures in the style of S. Rosa.
11. A Seaport, and a View, Italian.
12. A Moonlight, and a View of Canewood.
13. Three Views with Figures.
14. Two sketches of Landscapes.
15. Landscape and a Seaport.
16. Long Landscape and Figures.
17. View of Newmarket Course, a Sketch.
18. A Wannock.
19. A Morning. Two Lots more with this title.
20. An Evening. Three pictures more with this title.
21. His Late Majesty (presumably George II) on Horseback. Writing about the year 1727–28, Vertue made two notes on an equestrian

[1] George Vertue's evidence, about 1723.

[2] Several racing pictures of the Wootton–Tillemans period are illustrated in this book for the purpose of inviting discussion.

portrait of the King painted by Wootton in collaboration with His Majesty's painter, Mr. Jarvis, who, says Vertue with envy, " had the good fortune to marry a gentlewoman with 15 or 20 thousand guineas." Wootton did the horse, and increased his reputation, while Jarvis " lost much the favour and interest at Court." One morning, as the second note relates, the Queen attended by several noblemen went from Kensington to Wootton's fine studio in Cavendish Square, " to see some horses belonging to the Prince and Lord Malpas lately painted by Mr. Wootton, also a great picture of his Majesty painted on horseback, a grey horse, for Lord Hubbard. The face of the King by Mr. Jarvis, and all the other parts by Mr. Wootton. The horse, etc., was very much approved of, but the King's [portrait], not thought to be like, was much spoke against from thence. . . ."

22. View of Oxford.
23. Two Landscapes and Figures. Six Lots more with this title.
24. Upright Landscape and Figures.
25. Land Storm, and a View of Windsor.
26. Small Whole Length of Henry Duke of Beaufort.
27. Three Landscapes with Figures and Ruins.
28. Two " Upright Land Storms."
29. Landscape with Horses.
30. View from Canewood House over London.
31. Upright View of Holdenby Castle in Northamptonshire.
32. View of Chichester.
33. A Sunset.
34. An Evening, with Figures telling Fortunes.

[On March 22nd, 1754, a Wootton landscape, with gipsies telling fortunes, was sold at a London auction for thirteen guineas. Perhaps Wootton bought it because the price was far below his own charge for pictures of the same importance. An artist feels disconcerted and harassed when his current prices are outflanked at public auctions attended by his patrons. I know of only two volumes of eighteenth-century auction catalogues, and Wootton's name appears in them often enough to suggest that he must have had pretty frequent reasons to fear this damaging competition. In Sir George Scharf's catalogue of the Duke of Bedford's collection, among several pictures by Wootton, there is one of gipsies grouped near a lady who is mounted on a white horse, and who

allows her fortune to be told by a Romany woman. A cavalier stands beside his horse and looks on. The composition is remarkable also for an arch of rock that spans a road. This picture is 19¾ in. by 15½ in. It was greatly admired by Scharf, who said: "Painted in rich colours, with figures in the costume and style of Rubens."]

35. Two Oval Landscapes.
36. Upright Landscape with Figures and Horses.
37. A Large Piece of Lions. This comes as a surprise.
38. Piece of Ruins with a Waterfall.
39. Oval Landscape and Figures, and an Upright One.
40. Small whole Length of His Late Majesty (perhaps George II).
41. Landscape with Figures fishing.
42. Sunset with Ruins and Figures.
43. Small Whole Length of the Duke of Richmond.
44. Landscape with Angelica and Medora.
45. Two Pieces of Architecture and Figures.
46. View of St. James's Park, with His Majesty and Prince Edward on Horseback, attended by Mr. Durell.
47. Two Upright Landscapes and Figures.
48. Landscape, with the Flight into Egypt.
49. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Queensberry, and John Spencer, shooting near Windsor.
50. An Upright View with Ruins and Figures.
51. Large Landscape and Figures, with a Sea View.
52. The Spring.
53. Landscape with a Triumphal Arch, a Round Temple and Obelisk, a statue of Flora, and various other Figures.

Copies by Wootton.

1. After Ricci, Our Saviour curing the Blind.
2. After Gaspar Poussin, Eleven Landscapes.
3. After Claude Lorrain, Two Landscapes.
4. After Filippo Lauri, a Landscape.
5. After Nicolas Poussin, The Holy Family.
6. After the picture of Blind Belisarius begging for Alms, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire.

Some Copies by other Artists, Usually Unnamed.

1. St. Cecilia after P. Cortona.
2. The Nativity after Carlo Cignani.
3. Two Pictures of Ruins and Figures, after Francesco Pannini.
4. The Altar Piece at Chelsea Hospital, after Sebastiano Ricci.
5. Aurora after Guido.
6. Galatea after Luca Giordano.
7. A Bacchanal after Filippo Lauri.
8. Madonna and Child after F. Solimene.
9. Several Ruins and Figures after Viviano.
10. Three Goats' Heads, by Dubois after Berghem.
11. Landscape after Bartolommé.

And several other copies, including one after Rubens, and religious pictures after N. Poussin, Carlo Maratti, and Trevisani, either Angelo or Francesco. Both Trevisanis were Wootton's contemporaries.[1]

Pictures by Foreign Painters.

1. Claude, Landscape and Figures.
2. S. Ricci, the Last Supper.
3. Rousseau, Upright Landscape with a Waterfall.
4. Teniers, Landscape and Figures.
5. Van de Velde, Several Sea Pictures.
6. Van der Vaart, Landscape and Figures.
7. Van Zoon, Two Flower Pieces.
8. Berghem, Four Landscapes and Figures.
9. Antonio Pellegrini, Sketch of the Dome of St. Paul's.
10. Van der Meer, Portrait of the Earl of Shaftesbury.
11. Amiconi, Coriolanus.

Other artists: Van Diest, Jacques Carrey, Segers and Bogdani (Flowers and Fruits), and Isaac Gosset, modeller in wax, who is represented by eleven small figures from the Antique, and twenty-four heads of painters, poets, and philosophers. There is a ceiling design by Imperiali (Francesco Ferdinandi); a Landscape with Figures by "Horizonti" (Jan Frans van Bloemen, called Orizonti or Orizonte); and a landscape by "Mille" may have been by

[1] Both Francesco Solimene and Francesco Trevisani are represented at Goodwood, the first by two episodes in the life of Alexander the Great, and the other by two Heads of the Madonna.

Francisque Millet, who died in 1679, or by Jan Meel or Miel, a painter from Antwerp who died at Turin in 1664.

Has this collection any unity? Omit Wootton's pictures, and who would guess that it came from his home in Cavendish Square?

IV

In his time the value of engraving as an advertisement for artists was recognised almost everywhere in Europe. Did it appeal to Wootton, and was he courted by printsellers and publishers?

Publishers came to him once, and a good many small designs were engraved for the first part of the first edition of Gay's *Fables*. As a whole they are much inferior to Barlow's illustrative prints. Wootton liked ample space, and a small page, five inches by eight, cramped him greatly. Still, his wee designs cannot be passed over by students of his lifework. In one print he can be compared with Stubbs. It is No. 37, The Farmer's Wife and the Raven. Stubbs painted this subject in enamel, did not repeat it in oil-colour, and sold the work to a Mrs. Armstead for a hundred guineas after he had engraved it himself on a plate 27 in. by 24 in.[1]

The farmer's wife rides on a poor blind white horse, which is startled by a croaking raven perched on an oak. The horse stumbles, and begins to fall, upsetting the good wife gradually, with her basket of eggs. In Wootton she has had her fall, a mild one, for she turns and looks up at the raven, while her sugarloaf hat spins on its point.

As regards the really important engraved work after Wootton, it produced only a few prints, not enough to be concordant with his fame, which lasted through a century. For a long time it surprised me that the most gifted sporting artist of three Georgian reigns—Stubbs was productive in two, not three—did little by his influence, as a painter and as a man, to benefit engravers and their art. In 1726, as George Vertue relates, Wootton engaged Baron to engrave four of his hunting pieces, paying £50 for each plate. This was a large sum when considered in its relation to its purchasing value and also to the prices received by Wootton for large hunting pictures, 83 in. by 116 in., like two at Welbeck Abbey, which cost £107 10*s.* the pair. I learn, too, from Mr. Goulding, that in 1720 Lord Harley paid Baron for three plates at the rate of ten guineas each, surely not enough. Is Vertue's note on the payment to

[1] May, 1788. The engraving was published from Stubbs' house, 24 Somerset Street, Portman Square.

Baron well founded? I believe so. A noted engraver himself, and knowing that the art he loved was usually underpaid, he would be struck by prices received by fellow-craftsmen. Wootton, then, was a generous paymaster, an artist in his dealings with Baron, and thus very different from the printsellers and publishers, who were Shylocks when they bought or commissioned books and engraved plates. William Upcott, whom we shall meet again in the chapter on Stubbs, collected a great many invaluable documents on eighteenth-century publishing, and everyone can learn from his research that publishers had not even grasped the fact that, always and inevitably, the principal capital in publishing is not money but work done as well as possible by artists and authors. Anyone's money can reprint Shakespeare, for example, while Shakespeare himself is a miracle from heaven, and his capital will endure with mankind and remain unchanged. As Wootton understood these elementary things, he wished to free Baron from financial stress and strain while the four plates were being engraved. That his venture was a serious risk to his own finance is hinted plainly by George Vertue, who says that Wootton, " being well-beloved," a man of " pleasant and engaging behaviour," sought and obtained " a generous subscription from a great number of nobles and gentlemen," among whom Sir Robert Walpole was particularly active.

Though he sold the prints at a good price, Wootton never again endeavoured to improve his reputation by means of engraving. How can this fact be explained? Did he find that the prints were bought by his own patrons only? If they had been really popular, even the publisher of 1726 should have regarded Wootton as a safe investment for their timidity. No such thing happened. Wootton was dead when P. C. Canot, in 1770, commemorated his election as A.R.A. by engraving a set of seven hunting pieces as a tribute to Wootton's memory and genius. These prints have retained their value; they are collected, and look well in simple frames. But we learn from them to like Canot, not to live in close touch with Wootton; because they give only a shadow of Wootton's art, or what Mr. H. G. Wells would call an outline.

One is not surprised. Our painter has qualities which cannot well be translated into engraving. It would take a long time, and great skill, to give a true impression of his big compositions. There are painters who need photography and photographic processes of reproduction, such as photogravure; and if these good things had been discovered in the fifteenth century we should know much more than we do about old masters. A great many noble pictures have altered so much in colour, and have suffered so much from neglect and " restorations," that we have no idea what they were like during

their youth. Wootton is a case in point. We do not see him in his brilliant freshness, when his contrasts of colour would have photographed well. Few of his pictures have been treated with enough care; and their tone, in even the unneglected, has been lowered, and sometimes deadened, by chemical changes. So I regret very much that no engravings after Wootton are masterpieces, like many of those which J. W. W. Turner got from his engravers.

Canot's prints were sold by Boydell at his busy shop in Cheapside. John Boydell was a new and improved type of publisher who helped to start a modern period, and his liking for Wootton passed from Canot to W. Byrne, who engraved for him in 1775 a small picture which had hung in Sir Robert Walpole's little breakfast-room at Houghton Hall. This print has eight hounds with eyes that look misplaced; trees are behind them on our right; and on the left is a magpie perched upon a tree-stump. Beyond is a landscape with trees, and a view of distant hills. A magpie was associated with the Althorp hounds, and this fact is illustrated by Wootton at Althorp.

One of the Althorp Woottons, representing huntsmen and dogs under the lea of a bank shaded by trees, was engraved by P. Poberts in 1827. There is also a Richard Earlom mezzotint of some hounds by Wootton, a middle-sized print, 10 in. by $6\frac{1}{2}$ in.; and the French engraver D. Lerpinière chose several subjects from the famous pictures that Wootton painted for different rooms at Houghton. Boydell was his publisher; and two companion prints, $9\frac{7}{8}$ in. by $5\frac{1}{2}$ in., bear the date 1784, and represent composed or classical landscapes. In one there is a bridge of several arches, and in the other a castle among trees, and a lake and remote hills, with sheep and cattle and their attendants to enliven the foreground.

But the best engraving by Lerpinière is a hunting piece, very characteristic, taken from a picture 6 ft. 1 in. by 8 ft. 5 in. In it there is a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole, who is accompanied by Colonel Charles Churchill and Thomas Turner.

Several modern colour-prints have been done from Wootton's horses, such as The Darley Arabian, one of the three historic sires from whom our most noted racehorses have descended. A colour-print is given in this book of Wootton's Darley Arabian—a more important sire even than his two rivals, the Byerley Turk (called a Turk, I believe, because he was taken at the siege of Buda), and the Godolphin Arabian, admirably painted by George Stubbs. The lines of descent from these great sires cross and blend, and students are attracted and amazed by intricate pedigrees and by vicissitudes of race.

The Darley Arabian, foaled in or about 1702, was a bay horse, not more

than 15 hands high. He was the sire of the two brothers, Flying Childers and Bartlett's Childers, out of Betty Leedes. Flying Childers produced Snip, the sire of Snap, and Bartlett's Childers produced Squirt, the sire of Marske, whose son Eclipse united the Godolphin Arabian strain to his father's direct descent from the Darley Arabian. In other words, Eclipse's dam was a daughter of Regulus, and Regulus was a son of the Godolphin Arabian. No thoroughbred could have had a better lineage, and Eclipse in his posthumous history has been unrivalled. For this reason alone Wootton's portrait of the Darley Arabian, the great-great-grandsire on the male side of Eclipse, is invaluable, though it may be a decorative picture rather than a faithful portrait, such as George Stubbs would have painted had he been born in the same year as Wootton.

Writing in 1894, Theo. Taunton said : " Some few years since the thoroughbred sires of any note in England comprised 260 direct descendants of Eclipse, 60 of the Byerley Turk, and only 36 of the Godolphin Arabian. Of those of Eclipse, 189 sprang from Whalebone, 19 from Whisker, 20 from Hambletonian, 18 from Lottery, and 11 from Liverpool; while of those from the Byerley Turk, 42 were descended from Highflyer, 17 from Woodpecker, and one from Florizel. Equally curious is it that the American stud shows the same state of affairs, with the Whalebones there, as with us, absolutely predominant."

How are these matters to be explained? Has custom attached overmuch importance to the male side of lineage, and much too little to brood mares and their influence on blending strains? It has happened often that genius in men has come from mothers, not from fathers. Taunton was greatly puzzled, because he noted as a fact that, towards the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, the Byerley Turk, through Herod and Highflyer, held a higher place in the esteem of breeders than was given to the Darley Arabian through Squirt, Marske, and Eclipse. Also at one time, as Taunton perceived, the Godolphin Arabian's breed or race was the most successful of all. It was not till Whalebone reproduced himself variously, with incalculable help from the character and lineage of different mares, that the Darley Arabian strain gained superiority over its rivals on the male line of descent.

V

As a rule Wootton's finest work is treasured in country houses. It is difficult to find his drawings. The Print Room of the British Museum has only two, and neither is memorable. There is a hunting scene, $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. by

18½ in., Indian ink wash and penmanship. A number of fox-hunters ride from our right along a glade between trees, and beyond a church spire can be seen in a wooded countryside. The other drawing is only 4⅝ in. by 5¾ in., being a design for Gay's Fourteenth Fable, engraved by G. van der Gucht. The travelled monkey, dressed as a man, poses proudly in the centre, while two other monkeys, mere stay-at-home fellows, sit on the ground and finger his sword and the tail of his wig, paying homage to a vainglorious explorer who has returned in good health from his adventures. On our left a fourth monkey stands up to show his admiration, while on the right some reaction is busy; a monkey crouches under a tree, and another climbs up the trunk to be at ease with his natural surroundings.

This little satire is drawn rather timidly with Indian ink and a brush. Place it side by side with some of Barlow's designs for *Æsop's Fables*, and you will note points of resemblance and also of difference. Barlow's very close and patient care is a rehearsal; he learns a composition by heart, seeking for its essential traits, so that he may etch with freedom and simplicity on his prepared copper plates.

No analysis has yet been made in print of Wootton's painting methods. Sometimes he used several thin coats or layers of pigment, while at other times he worked rapidly with glazes over his lay-in, or " dead colouring " as it was called. Diversity of texture did not attract him much, and he was not really in love with oil-paint, like Reynolds. His earlier work is generally too smooth; some of his life-size horses have been described as " cardboardy "; and in his last period, after his sight had failed, his details are dry and hard. Again, it is always useful to note what foreign critics think of English painters. They are unbiased, and what they like best in English painting is a genuinely English confidence. As a rule, then, foreigners prefer Stubbs to Wootton.

Six of his landscapes went to Blenheim, and the liking he had for hunters gave notable pictures to Althorp and also to Goodwood House. Earl Spencer has three hunters and five hunting scenes, " The Althorp Hounds and The Magpie," " Leaving the Kennel," " The Earth Stopper," " The View," and " The Death."

The hunters at Goodwood are very well described in the private catalogue compiled by Amy Countess of March, and they are fully representative :—

" *Grey Carey, Son of Grey Ramsden.* Hunter in the stable of the Second Duke of Richmond at the time of the famous Charlton Hunt; he is mentioned in the old ' Hunt Letters ' in the years 1738 and 1740; in the latter year there

is a memorandum in the Duke's writing: 'Grey Carey died this morning, Nov. 10th, 1740. A groom in red undress livery is carrying his saddle, and a hound stands beside him; in the background a landscape.

"*Grey Cardigan.* First mentioned in the 'Hunt Papers' in 1739. A groom in the Duke's yellow and scarlet livery holds the reins and a hunting whip, a hound by his side; through a ruined archway, in the background, are seen hunt servants and hounds.

"*Sultan.* Chestnut hunter, first mentioned in the 'Hunt Papers' of 1740; on this picture is the inscription, 'Sultan, given by His Majesty to Prince Charles of Lorraine, 1743.' A groom in State livery holds the reins and a hunting whip; a couple of hounds at his feet; view of Cairney's Seat in the background.

"*Red Robin.* Bay hunter in the Second Duke of Richmond's stable; first mentioned in the 'Hunt Papers,' 1742, and given a year later by the King to Prince Charles of Lorraine. A groom in state livery holds the reins and a hunting whip; a couple of hounds behind; saddle and cloth on the ground; in the background, Chichester Cathedral and harbour, with shipping.

"*Sheldon.* Chestnut hunter, first mentioned in 1743, groom in blue and gold undress livery holding the reins and a hunting whip; a terrier by his side; in the background a view of Goodwood House, with the temple of Minerva and Neptune; dated 1746.

"*Bay Bolton.* Hunter of the same period belonging to the Second Duke of Richmond. A servant in the Duke's livery holds the reins and a hunting whip; a hound leaping up at his side; in the background a view of Halnaker Hill and Windmill; on a stone is the inscription, 'Bay Bolton, got by the famous Bay Bolton.'"

At Goodwood also there is a picture with small full-length portraits of Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox, and her Pony and attendant, dating from 1733. Lady Caroline is standing in a white gown, with pink ribbons and shoes; on her head a straw hat lined with blue; in the left hand a whip, and with the right hand she is feeding a black pony; the saddle is covered with blue, highly ornamented with gold lace. A groom in yellow and scarlet stands behind and holds the pony's reins.

Two hunting scenes by Wootton are in Windsor Castle; the Marquess of Bath has six at Longleat, and the late Sir Walter Gilbey at Elsenham, in a collection now dispersed, had two which Wootton painted for Houghton Hall. One of them, a large upright, represented Sir Robert Walpole standing by his hunter, with hounds in the foreground; and in the other a groom held a crop-eared grey, "Waiting for the Master." Sir Walter was equally proud of a Wootton from the Hamilton Castle collection: a life-size portrait of an

Irish Water Spaniel, " an excellent specimen of Wootton's skill as an animal painter . . . in a quaint wooden frame of the period, with an emblematical female head in a large shell carved on the top."

Mr. Fores has a Wootton portrait of Old Cartouche; Mr. Algernon Dunn Gardner has several Woottons, including portraits of Flying Childers and King Herod; and Mr. Richard W. Goulding has seen several Wootton landscapes that reminded him very much of some Flemish artists : a point worth remembering.

Wootton is very well represented in the Duke of Portland's collection, and the following account of his works there has been written for this book by His Grace's librarian, to whom I am greatly indebted.

VI

John Wootton at Welbeck Abbey.

NOTES BY RICHARD W. GOULDING, F.S.A.

In the collection at Welbeck Abbey there are twenty-one examples of the work of John Wootton, twenty of which have descended to the Duke of Portland from his ancestor Edward Lord Harley (afterwards second Earl of Oxford), for whom they were painted. It is clear that Lord Harley was a great admirer and patron of Wootton, for he purchased about forty of his paintings, and he possessed a portrait of Wootton painted by Dahl (sold March 1742, second day, No. 32).

Lord Harley lived at Wimpole, near Cambridge, and in his Diary for the year 1714 he has made the following notes :—

Oct. 26. Mr. Wotton y^e^ Horse painter came Here.
Oct. 31. Mr. Wotton went away to Newmarket.
Nov. 9. Mr. Wotton came here from Newmarket.
Nov. 14. Mr. Wotton went Hence to London.

Wootton was again at Wimpole in 1716. On the 14th October in that year, Humfrey Wanley writes to Lord Harley : " Mr. Wotton's pieces will be good when finished. He is now gone to dine with Lord Thomond, with design to return to-morrow morning." Four days later, he writes : " Mr. Wotton returned hither on Sonday-Evening : but talks of a journey he must soon make into Norfolk in Order to make Pictures for a whole Pack of Hounds there."

Fifteen of the Welbeck Abbey pictures are charged on existing bills, and, as will be specified later, repetitions of several of these pictures are found in other collections. When Wootton painted a famous horse, or a Newmarket scene, it appears to have been his custom to paint a duplicate for himself, from which he could make repetitions for sale to collectors of sporting pictures. Thus, we find both at Althorp and at Langley Park portraits of the horses Brisk, Sore Heels and Squirrel.

These repetitions were not slavish copies, but minor variations were introduced, as the painter's fancy at the moment suggested. As an illustration of this statement, we may take one of the painter's best-known pictures, namely the famous Bloody-Shouldered Arabian, of which there are two examples at Welbeck, Nos. 293 and 957. No 293 is signed and dated 1724. The animal is a light grey, standing to sinister, with a dull red mark on the point of the shoulder; it is held by an Eastern attendant in red, wearing a turban, and leaning over a low wall with sculptured front. A greyhound is seated in the foreground, looking to the dexter. This picture was repeated by Wootton nine or ten times. In one (the late Sir Walter Gilbey's), the dog looks towards the groom; in a second (belonging to the Duke of Leeds at Hornby Castle), the dog follows the horse; in a third (the Earl of Derby's), the dog jumps up, as if barking at the Arab; in a fourth (Mr. Algernon Dunn Gardner's), there is no dog at all. Others are at Wentworth Woodhouse and Sherborne House, and a smaller version was No. 583 in the Ruxley Lodge sale (Lord Foley's) in October 1919.[1]

This horse, which was of the *Gordeen* breed, was acquired by Nathaniel Harley, who had settled at Aleppo as a Turkey merchant, and was sent by him, in January 1720 (when the horse was seven years old) to his brother Auditor Edward Harley, by whom it was given to his nephew Edward Lord Harley. In the letter, in which he announces the dispatch of the horse, Nathaniel Harley gives an account of the red birth-mark from which the horse acquired its name. He states that the owner of the mare that brought this colt was a robber on the road who, being much wounded, leaned upon his mare's neck, and his blood ran down upon her shoulder. She, being then with foal, when the colt was born he had this mark which, says the writer, " is now much wore out, but when I bought him was as red as blood." In 1729 the Bloody-shouldered Arabian was reported to be " enjoying a comfortable state of health in his old age."

Another famous horse that Wootton painted more than once is Prince

[1] Seymour painted this Arabian for Sir William Jolliffe, as we have seen.—W. S. S.

George of Denmark's *Leedes*, No. 577, 40 in. by 49¼ in., for which the charge was £12 12*s*. This brown horse is walking to dexter, led by a groom, while behind the groom is a man on horseback. In the Earl of Rosebery's variant, the horse is standing, and a horseman is riding away.

A third remarkable horse in the collection is the Duke of Rutland's Bonny Black, painted for Lord Harley in 1715 for £12 18*s*., the canvas measuring 40 in. by 50 in. The horse is led by an attendant, and there are two other men, one with a whip, the other holding in his left hand a gold cup, and in his right a scroll on which is the horse's record. Lord Galway has a variant at Serlby Hall, the gold cup in this case being placed at the top of a weighing machine.

Five of Wootton's bills for Lord Harley's pictures are at Welbeck. From the first of them, it appears that by May 1715, four pictures had been executed. In addition to Bonny Black the three following are charged :

No. 288. The Warren Hill at Newmarket, a landscape with many figures of men and horses, the artist himself being represented in the foreground in the act of sketching. The canvas is 60 in. by 84½ in., and the price was £43. Repetitions are at Castle Howard and at Latimer House (the latter being on a smaller scale).

No. 487. Two Dogs (Gill and Die), 50 in. by 40½ in., £16 2*s*. 6*d*. This is an attractive picture; the trees and luminous sky are brilliantly fresh and charming. A brown and white dog (Die) is faced by the black and white Gill : between them is a dead hare, while an inquisitive jay looks down from the branch of a tree, much in the same position as the raven in Wootton's illustration to the thirty-seventh of Gay's *Fables*.

No. 422. The Sketch of my Lady's Mare, 50 in. by 40½ in., £10 15*s*. This animal is generally called the Countess of Oxford's Dun Mare; it is held by Thomas Thornton the groom, in blue cap, livery and stockings, with a whip in his left hand.

In the course of the same year, Wootton made from this sketch a life-size portrait of the mare, slightly altering the position of Thornton, and omitting his cap. The canvas measures 106 in. by 132 in., and the charge was forty guineas. Writing to Lord Harley's steward, May 16th, 1715, Wootton states that he has not charged the picture on his bill, because he received a great part of the money when he was at Wimpole; he adds that the picture is nearly finished, nothing being " wanting to compleat it but Thomas's sweet Face." This picture is No. 292 in the collection.

In the following year, 1716, Wootton again painted the Dun Mare. This time Lady Henrietta Harley is mounted on her favourite; she wears a long powdered wig, a black hat and a scarlet habit. In front is a running footman in white and blue livery, and behind is a groom in blue livery on a dark brown horse. This is No. 280. It measures 30 in. by 25 in., and its cost was £8 12*s*.

The other pictures charged on the same bill (November 10th, 1716) remaining at Welbeck are :—

Nos. 295 and 296. The first represents Lady Henrietta Harley hunting the hare on Orwell Hill, near Wimpole (83 in. by 116 in.); the second depicts her hawking in Wimpole Park (85 in. by 120 in.). Each of these cost £53 15*s*.

No. 203. A View of Box Hill, 24½ in. by 42 in., £8 12*s*.

No. 287. The Starting Post at Newmarket, 37 in. by 58 in., £16 2*s*. 6*d*. A repetition of this belonged in 1913 to Mr. F. T. Sabin, of 172 New Bond Street.

On the same bill, there are two *Landskips*, and a half-length portrait of Cleveland the poet, this last being charged £16 2*s*. 6*d*. This portrait was sold at the sale of Lord Oxford's pictures in March 1742 (third day, No. 36), and was then mistakenly attributed to Fuller.

Wootton painted eleven pictures for Lord Harley in 1720, and his receipt is dated April 29th, 1721. Only two of these appear to be now at Welbeck, namely No. 270, a landscape with view of a stream and a plain, 68½ in. by 57 in., £21; and No. 276, An Antelope, 49½ in. by 40 in., £10 10*s*. This was one of two antelopes given to Lord Harley by Robert Williamson, of Putney, who had received them from his son, who was then in Bengal.

Four of the eleven were landscapes. One was a Large Battle Piece, £42 (sold March 1742, sixth day, No. 41, when it realised only one-half of its cost). Two were sketches of Arabian horses, costing £12 12*s*. each (sold March 1742, third day, Nos. 15 and 16, when they made only £5 5*s*. the pair). One was a large Sunset, which cost £42 10*s*. (sold March 1742, fifth day, No. 49, when, with a companion picture, it realised thirteen guineas). The remaining picture on this bill was Lady Henrietta Harley on her Dun Pad, £31 10*s*., but this picture I have been unable to trace.

An undated bill gives six additional pictures. Three of them I have not traced (namely A Dog and Buck, £26 5*s*.; a Landscape taken from Richmond Park, £8 8*s*., and another picture of Lady Henrietta Harley on horseback). The fourth, the horse Leedes, has been already mentioned. The fifth is No. 294 in the collection. It represents a Dun Arabian Horse with attendant, a palm-tree and pyramids being in the background. This is 84 in. by 68 in.,

and it cost £26 5*s*. This horse was sent from Aleppo by Nathaniel Harley in 1715. In his letter on the subject of its transmission, Nathaniel Harley tells his brother (Auditor Edward Harley) what difficulties he has had in getting the horse to the coast. The passes of the mountains between Aleppo and Scanderoon were watched, and the marine was strictly guarded in order to prevent its shipment. He says that he believes that " few such horses have ever come to England," and he continues : " I've had so much trouble, expense and difficulty at first to procure, afterwards to keep, and now to send him away, that I think him above any price that can be offered, and am so little of a merchant that I would not have him sold even tho' a thousand pounds should be bid for him." On the 4th December, 1716, Edward Lord Harley, writing to his uncle Nathaniel, says that this Dun Horse " is thought by all that have seen him to be the finest horse that ever came over." In December 1720, a Mr. Rollinson had a great desire to have a copy of the picture, but would not have the copy made without Lord Harley's leave. If leave is granted " Mr. Wootton will set about it." The sixth picture on the undated bill is No. 289, The Watering Place at Newmarket, 38 in. by 61 in., £15 15*s*. This represents a landscape with many horsemen watering their horses at wooden troughs.[1]

Seventeen of the Welbeck examples of Wootton have now been mentioned. The remaining four are : No. 273 A landscape with rivulet and figures; No. 275 A Wolf; No. 425 A View of Castle Hill, Devonshire; and No. 485 A Spaniel called Casey, with two pictures in the background, one of a vase of flowers, and the other of two dogs, Mina and Die.

Twelve of Wootton's pictures were included in the Sale of Lord Oxford's pictures in March 1742. The seven not already mentioned in this account are a Holy Family, a view of Newmarket Course, and five landscapes. Two others were sold when the Portland Museum was dispersed in 1786, namely No. 2927 described as " A pleasing landscape and figures," and No. 2928 " An upright view of a seaport with horses, figures, etc." The former realised £5 5*s*., and the latter £6 12*s*. 6*d*.

[1] The shape of this picture is rather similar to Tillemans' favourite canvases; and it reminds us that Tillemans also painted The Watering Place at Newmarket, with a view of the course and a string of horses belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The print after this picture in the British Museum measures 17½ in. by 11¾ in.; J. Thompson delin. et sculp. Ten horses have been brought through a gap in the long ridge or bank; and, beyond the bank, seven others are seen at exercise. As for Wootton's Starting Post at Newmarket, 37 in. by 58 in., here again he and Tillemans are in competition, since Tillemans painted a view of the Round Course with jockeys and horses preparing to start for a race at Newmarket, the King's Plate. A print after this picture in the British Museum is 16½ in. by 11⅛ in.—W. S. S.

CHAPTER V

GEORGE STUBBS AND HIS INFLUENCE

I

WOULD that a great deal more had been written about Stubbs during his lifetime! No biographer tried to compose a whole-length portrait of him, though he was amazing, not as a man but as a group of uncommon men. A talk between Stubbs and Dr. Johnson would have sounded like a sham fight conducted by two downright believers in frontal attacks; and as a gentleman in art, English through and through, we can place this painter side by side with a great novelist, the genial and candid Henry Fielding. Physically, Stubbs was as powerful as Alexander Dumas' father, whose feats of strength seem mythical. It is said of Stubbs that he carried the carcass of a horse unaided up two flights of stairs to his dissecting-room; and Dumas' father, so gossips believed, lifted up a horse between his legs, while clutching a rafter with his hands. Ordinary men grow myths out of all extraordinary men. It is enough to regard Stubbs as a giant, a Porthos in the history of art. Many dead horses were carried into his dissecting-room; there is no doubt at all on this point; and we may be certain also that the carrying was done *mainly* by himself, as he disliked and scorned helpers, whether paid or voluntary. Self-dependence was as natural to him as it is to birds and wild beasts. It wasted a good deal of his time and energy, as we shall see, but, usually, it suited the man's own methods as a careful innovator. Stubbs was rarely a borrower, and, though he worked radical changes in both science and art, he never paused to talk about his newness.

Only one Englishman of the eighteenth century had a genius at all akin to his; it was Erasmus Darwin, born in 1731, a physiologist *and* a poet. If Stubbs had been born at the beginning of the nineteenth century, like Charles Darwin, and Richard Owen, and Thomas Henry Huxley, art might well have been his hobby, and science his profession. His work in anatomical research has been invaluable to artists; and he was very keen as a naturalist, and also original.

At the age of eighty-two his mind was occupied still with science,[1] and Stubbs enjoyed his work so much that he did not feel busy enough. Excessively long walks amused him, and at last he took one too many : his great heart rebelled, and stopped all at once, like a tired hunter at a high fence. I should have wished to be this big man's Boswell !

At the close of his long life he met and liked a very clever young fellow named William Upcott, who had a passion for collecting and research, and who would win fame by discovering John Evelyn's *Diary*, and the *Confidential Despatches of Dayrolles*, and a great many other historical documents, including the Clarendon Correspondence.

Upcott was an Oxfordshire man, born in 1779. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a bookseller in Pall Mall, and about twelve years later, in 1808, he became sub-librarian under Professor Porson at the London Institution, where he remained till 1834. As old Stubbs died in 1806, it is easy to put a date on his intimacy with Upcott. Three numbers of his new book had been published by 1806, and the fourth, fifth and sixth were nearly ready for the press; so that Stubbs had need of booksellers. On August 24th, 1803, Upcott called to see Stubbs with Samuel Daniell, brother of William Daniell, R.A. " We found him engaged," writes Upcott, " in engraving his series of anatomical plates, of which he had just completed his first number. This day he will have attained his seventy-ninth year, and still enjoys so much strength and health that he says, within the last month, having missed the stage, he has walked two or three times from his own house in Somerset Street to the Earl of Clarendon's at the Grove, between Watford and Tring, a distance of sixteen miles, carrying a small portmanteau in his hand." And Ozias Humphrey, R.A., who was Upcott's godfather, speaks of the same feat, and says that it was performed before ten in the morning !

Only the day before his death he walked eight or nine miles, and no reaction began till 3 a.m. on the following day, July 10th, when he awoke and sat up in bed. Then a dreadful pain seized his chest. Yet he dressed himself and went downstairs; caused no alarm to his household, but died silently and alone at nine o'clock, seated in his arm-chair, with his gown wrapped around him.

But for Upcott we should know very little about George Stubbs. He began to make notes from the old man's autobiographical talk, and his manuscript found its way somehow to the library of Mr. Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., of

[1] *Comparative Anatomical Exposition of the Structure of the Human Body, with that of a Tiger and a Common Fowl, in Thirty Tables.*

Bebington, who happened to be a great admirer of Stubbs at a time when Victorians were passing into that Æsthetic Period which W. S. Gilbert ridiculed in *Patience*.

It was almost a crime then to make any reference to an eighteenth-century sporting artist. Stubbs had suffered such a complete eclipse that even historians of art either omitted him from their books, like Louis Fagan in his official *Handbook to the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*,[1] or made misstatements about him, like Redgrave in *A Century of Painters*. Redgrave confessed that " little is known of Stubbs' early life, or even whether his original bent was to the arts."

Joseph Mayer was annoyed by this ignorance, and also by the fact that even when Stubbs was remembered the variety of his work was never known. A person here and there would say, " What? Stubbs? Ah, yes, of course, a man who painted racehorses! " Sir Joshua Reynolds' great admiration for Stubbs was forgotten. It was into Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Square that Stubbs drove the chariot of the sun across the heavens with Phæton. No painter of his time was more various than he, and only two or three had a diversity of appeal equal to his. True genius never cultivates only a few fields or a single province; it forms colonies and binds them into a kingdom. Stubbs was the only painter of his day who composed some pictures of harvesting without being either too idyllic or prettily sentimental; and his whole attitude to country life was manly, sincere, and English, whether his chosen motif was a bull-baiting, or some gamekeepers, or two horses fighting, or a set of shooting episodes with ample landscapes always ennobled by fine trees. Or consider side by side a masterpiece of equestrian portraiture and one of his finer studies of big game, tigers and lions. In these completely opposed phases of art Stubbs at his best had no rival among Englishmen of his period. No one else could have painted his William Bentinck Third Duke of Portland, illustrated here; and though his lions and tigers invite criticism when their painter tries to represent what he has not seen, has not studied from nature, his big game studies from life are very good, and good sometimes as dramatic realism. The best were engraved. Lucky is the collector who has a rich impression of John Dixon's mezzotint after the Tigress lying below some rocks! She has just washed her face and ruffled the moist hair a little. A wonderful elastic grace and power is expressed in her lazy body. She takes her ease luxuriously, a queen among carnivorous and shrewish beasts. I have no wish to see the original picture, for it may have changed colour. There are two

[1] Published in the autumn of 1876.

mezzotints of it, both fine, but the later one by John Murphy, dated July 27th, 1798, is rather less desirable.[1]

Joseph Mayer, in his final remarks on Stubbs as a great student of animals, raises points which are very useful as a preface to the artist's methods and biography. Let me sum them up as follows :—

1. " To admit that Stubbs' paintings mostly disappoint the crowd is no disparagement of the artist. Quite the contrary; for he who knows what manner of beast was given Englishmen to admire before Stubbs' day, best recognises what we owe him. His obstinacy in rejecting the models of other men, saved him from falling into the exaggerations of any school. *Because* his horses and his [other] animals are correctly drawn, *because* they have that expression, and no other, belonging to their kind, the unthinking pass them with a glance, and call them commonplace. . . . Stubbs was the first to paint animals as they are. No temptation led him to invent a muscle, nor did he put his creatures into an attitude.[2] They are always as Nature made, with their own shapes, gestures and expressions—often ugly, but always true. This old-world painter would have refused to illustrate a human feeling, a drama of human interest, in pictures of animal nature. He painted what he saw, and never showed an immortal soul in a poodle's eye."

True, Stubbs and his naturalism had been displaced for a time by Landseer's pretty and romantic sentiment; but Landseer himself valued Stubbs, bought his drawings, and consulted them as guides. As a naturalist Stubbs had no patience with anything at all far-sought and dear-bought; and the best æsthetic truth being tranquil, never fussy or noisy, as facts are often, he seldom let himself go. Dean Swift's clear and lucid prose and a fine picture by Stubbs have a similar reserve and vigour; only the painter's mind is never a rebel against God and mankind, like Swift's in morbid hours. Reactions from Puritan rigour had varying effects, usually bad. Stubbs reacted, but his art shows no bad results. It has no sentimentality, no coarseness, not even in his picture of a thoroughbred stallion trying to attract a mare, though this subject would not be chosen to-day, and no melodramatic violence. Had Stubbs enough poetical or imaginative feeling ? Joseph Mayer tried to answer this question :—

2. " Declining . . . to dramatise his beasts, or even to idealise them overmuch, of necessity he circumscribed his sphere of art, according to modern

[1] The Dixon mezzotint is dated February 1st, 1773. But the big-game period began ten years earlier, when " The Horse and Lion " was exhibited at the Society of Artists, a predecessor of the Royal Academy.

[2] Mayer means a false attitude, not one that comes naturally from a given emotion as in Stubbs' picture of Bulls Fighting, mezzotinted by G. T. Stubbs.

notions. Of each expression properly belonging to an animal—and coming in the range of his experience—he was master; but he created none, nor conceived what he had not beheld. . . . His animals have no appropriate scenery of their own. . . ."

In Mayer's view Stubbs was a realist without enough dramatic power. " He knew the attitude and cruel eye of a lion crouching for the spring "; knew each vein that swells, each muscle that relaxes or distends, when a horse meets a lion, and is struck motionless with quivering fear. " But he did not know how lion meets tiger across a prey, having no advantage over Snyders in such work, saving correctness of anatomy. For which reason his pictures of the kind are less satisfactory, wanting as he did the great Dutchman's imagination . . ."

Is this a fair estimate? Does it come from a man who understood art as an artist? In the first place, to strike a comparison between Stubbs and Snyders is useful for one reason only, and this reason Joseph Mayer did not see. Snyders learnt in youth how to paint confidently and powerfully, while Stubbs was entirely self-taught, his command of the brush being a record of what he gained slowly from Nature by unguided practice and observation. Every bit of his enterprise—in drawing, painting, etching, engraving, enamel, anatomy, and his work as a naturalist—was a conquest. Inevitably, then, he valued most highly those things which aided him incessantly—exact observation, cool and serene judgment, and a searching thoroughness. A giant in physical strength, he drew and etched with a minute precision that will take you by surprise whenever you see its delicate truthfulness. The Print Room in the British Museum has one of his anatomical drawings of a horse, done with a very fine brush. Its technique says as plainly as words would say: " An error in this work will be as bad as a lie, and unpardonable." A training of this order had lasting effects on the artist's attitude towards his profession. Snyders felt and enjoyed technical inspiration; he painted so easily that colours and brushes were to him what words and phrases are to a born orator. They carried him away from himself, sometimes too far! From Stubbs, on the other hand, we must not expect impulsive technique, an emotional handling, since his best qualities are quiet and concentrated earnestness and realness, with a well-bred manliness. These are the qualities which Mr. Munnings loves in George Stubbs.

In order to see a typical Stubbs, with its honesty, concentration, good breeding, and virile reticence, study his portrait of The Third Duke of Portland, reproduced in this book. This picture was painted and signed in his forty-

third year, 1767, twelve months after his *Anatomy of the Horse* was published by subscription. Stubbs desired to make himself known, and, as he admitted candidly to William Upcott, publishing a book of his own etchings from his anatomical studies seemed the best means of introducing himself to London. " More than anything else," he added, " the book tended to throw me into horse painting, and to this I ascribe entirely my being a horse painter."

Artists rarely judge themselves correctly, and that Stubbs could paint dogs as well as he painted horses, and could place a gentleman in the saddle as a good rider, all this we find illustrated by his portrait of the Third Duke of Portland. Those dogs on our left are fully and frankly natural, like the grey horse. How simply and powerfully they are modelled ! They have muscles under their coats and bones under their muscles. Look, too, at the background. Is there not something almost photographic in this representation of architecture ? The house was there, behind his sitters, and Stubbs, who knew no more about architecture than I do about Chinese, felt bound by honour to portray it faithfully. A master of perspective would find some faults with his weighty precision, but the general effect of detailed mass and strength do what Stubbs desired. And I believe that he is more sportsmanly in pictures of this difficult sort than in those which caused him to be called a painter of racehorses. He defies convention deliberately, breaking the old stock rule of composition that ordered him never to place principal figures in the middle of a picture. With his grey horse, and the pinacled fountain behind, Stubbs divides his canvas into halves, and then proves that a discord employed with skill is right in painting as in musical composition.

Another portrait composition at Welbeck Abbey is equally notable as an introduction to this painter's tranquil and yet virile realism. It has in its background his passion for trees; portrays the same Duke and his brother, Lord Edward Bentinck; and belongs to about the same date, apparently. The timber leaping-bar resembles the one used to-day. One hunter is a weight-carrier, while the other is a small horse, a boy's hunter, perhaps, and in the act of being taught to jump.

Lord Crewe, at Epsom, has two hunting portraits by Stubbs, one a very typical picture, and the other with qualities that are new to me. There are two hunters in the typical picture, and one of them is ridden by John Crewe, M.P. for Stafford and for Cheshire, who was created Lord Crewe in 1806, and who died in 1855 at the age of ninety-three. The other picture is a portrait of a short-lived man, Richard Slater Milnes (1759–1804), M.P. for York, riding

a black horse, and dressed in the Raby colours, a red coat with a black collar. He rides uneasily and very high, his body has no substance, and his outstretched hand is too small. A landscape background with hounds in the distance, right, but too conspicuously shown. It is a picture with mixed technical qualities; its background, very sketchily rubbed in, seems to be by another hand; and the black hunter is silhouetted. Did Stubbs himself paint Milnes, whose complexion and expression have a translucency that looks like a forewarning of phthisis? If so, he was influenced by Gainsborough, and as a rule he preferred frank collaboration to the act of taking hints from other painters whose work he admired. Sometimes he and Amos Green worked together, but not by any means so often as some persons have believed; and sometimes the owner of a thoroughbred wished another part of the picture to be painted by someone else. For instance, here is a story told by Stubbs to William Upcott, and retold by Joseph Mayer :—

"For the Marquis of Rockingham, at Wentworth House, Stubbs painted a life-size portrait of Whistlejacket, a yellow-sorrel horse with white mane and tail. The Marquis had intended to employ some eminent painter of portraits to add a likeness of King George the Third sitting on Whistlejacket's back, and some landscape painter of equal excellence to execute the background. He designed, in fact, to have a pendant to the picture by Morier [1] and others hanging in the great hall at Wentworth House. This idea, however, was abandoned under circumstances very flattering to the artist. Whistlejacket had a temper so savage that only one man could be trusted to take him to and from his stable. The last sitting proved to be shorter than Stubbs had expected, and his work was finished before the time fixed for this man to come as usual, and lead the horse away. Whilst the boy in charge of him waited, Stubbs put his work in a good light and observed its effect, as artists do. The boy, who was leading Whistlejacket up and down, called out suddenly, and, turning, Stubbs saw the horse staring at his own portrait and quivering with rage. He sprang forward to attack it, rearing, and lifting the boy off his legs. Very hard work they had to preserve the picture. When the Marquis heard this story it pleased him so much that he would not allow a single touch to be added, but framed and hung the painting without a background. For the

[1] David Morier, a Swiss painter of horses, dogs, battlepieces, and royal equestrian portraits, who lived from 1704 to 1770, and whose skill at one time was greatly valued by the British Court. At Cumberland House, near Windsor, he can be studied in representative work. He came to England in 1743, and received a pension of £200 a year from the Dettingen Duke of Cumberland, which went on till the Duke died in 1765. Four years later Morier was imprisoned in the Fleet for debt, and he died so poor that he was buried by the Incorporated Society of Artists.

King's likeness another horse was chosen, a dark bay with black tail, named Scrubb. . . ." [1]

This anecdote is all the more interesting because Lord Crewe's picture at Epsom shows clearly that the black horse was finished by Stubbs before any work was done on the rest of the picture. Foreground and background were brushed in fluidly after his last touches on the horse were dry and hard. This method of work is not one that artists should choose voluntarily; it is certain to give a detached look to the principal part of a composition; for portraits and their surroundings ought to be painted concurrently in order that they may be subject to the same light and the same atmospheric conditions. Stubbs, then, ran a great risk of becoming false whenever he finished a horse on a canvas otherwise bare, regardless of the animal's relation to a background.

As for the Gainsborough influence, there were painters who, like Peter Toms, R.A., helped the very busy masters, and one of them may have worked upon this picture, perhaps without leave from Stubbs. On the other hand, I remember that Morland was fond of Gainsborough's work, copying a Gainsborough horse in a series of clay models, and making a sketch of Gainsborough's "Fighting Dogs." This being true of Morland, one cannot say that Stubbs never tried to imitate the elusiveness of Gainsborough's thin and swift brushwork. Then there is the feeble drawing in the rider's extended arm and hand, and also in his legs. Does it illustrate the known fact that Stubbs, a zealot of thoroughness, did recoil sometimes into slovenly inattention? Action and reaction being equal and opposite, the most patient and researchful students have to be on guard against sudden recoils into blunders, bad enough to be called howlers. Stubbs did not always remain on guard; some of his backgrounds are almost absurd, like the paltry one in his picture of The Godolphin Arabian. The great sire and his favourite cat are worth an inspiriting background, such as a fine landscape notably patterned with sunshine and shadow. Instead, there's a very neat brick wall, with a stretch of tame sky beyond, and a few slim branches of a tree thinly leafed; and the cat keeps away from its friend, over there on our right, within the doorway of a timber loose-box. In another famous horse-portrait, the grey sire

[1] This second picture caused some difference of opinion between Stubbs and the Marquis. The painter took it away, and sold it to Mr. Ryland, who sent it, with others, to India. But this cargo was never landed, for some reason now unknown. "On the vessel's return the painting was found to be so much damaged that the artist took it back again in part payment of his account with Ryland. After repainting, it was sold to Miss Saltonstale, and, many years after, she had it at her house, Hatchford, near Cobham, Surrey." The present owner of this picture of Scrubb may be glad to have this true story.

Mambrino, there *is* a landscape background of some importance, but inferior to those that Stubbs painted for five or six of his shooting compositions.

II

Enough has now been said to introduce this very big man's work, whose vigour and variety of appeal should be much better known than they are to-day. Most of his biography comes from Joseph Mayer's brief memoir, which gathers into connected form the notes written by William Upcott from the painter's lips. If Mayer had been a historian he would have printed as an appendix the whole of Upcott's notes, since their main value is disconnected from literary composition : it is found in the fact that Stubbs himself related them, and no doubt would have related many more if he had lived a few years longer.

Amateurs having a wonderful self-assurance, Mayer quotes very little, preferring his own choice of words and phrases to Upcott's transcript of the artist's reminiscences. Only a few quotations are given, just two or three; then one hears the deep-chested vigour of the old man's voice; and one is certain that the portrait drawn in crayons by Ozias Humphrey, R.A., did a good deal of justice to the old man's vitality and massive character. Joseph Mayer had this crayon portrait modelled into a marble bust by Giovanni Fontana; but he did not learn from this hero-worship either to value the hero's own words, or to see in the large head, and big stern eyes, the heavy double-chin, and high nose broadly made, with nostrils rather compressed, that Stubbs required all the self-control that steady practice could improve. A volcano slumbered in his physical and temperamental power. When he refused to obey the hard-drinking vogue of his time, and became as temperate as a Quaker, Stubbs was wise indeed, his energy needing no stimulant. During the second half of his life he drank water, and nothing else.

To know precisely how he talked about his boyhood would be very entertaining. He related to Upcott with pride and pleasure a boyish story about himself and his father that he liked very much, and Upcott wrote it down; but Mayer——! Well, Mayer had views of his own about biography. With cool self-assurance he said : " A little tale which the son has preserved for us gives a pleasant picture of the elder Stubbs. It is not worth telling in detail, a century and a half after date, but we can see how it dwelt in the painter's memory." No good stories of youth could be told in books if historians and novelists were dull enough to think like Joseph Mayer, who cut out all early

eighteenth-century life from an episode which Fielding would have used gladly in a first chapter :—

" Young George goes for a Sunday walk, meets a party of his father's men, and gives an unlimited order for their entertainment at the Half-Way House, by Liverpool. The father hears of this generosity, and hastens to the inn, not to make a scene, but to satisfy himself that the score is honourably settled. On finding that George's own resources have sufficed, he ' never from that moment mentioned a word of it.' "

Only nine words quoted from Stubbs, and a lively anecdote turned into a cablegram ! " George's own resources " ? Mayer means pocket-money, and a great deal more of it than boys of the middle class carried about with them. But George was an only son, and that Sunday may have been his birthday, August 24th, when tips came to him freely. Besides, his father, John Stubbs, prospered in Liverpool as a currier and leather-dresser. Neither father nor son acted as a strict Sabbatarian, a point worth noting. Perhaps the seaport air of Liverpool had relaxed the old Puritan discipline. And the cake and ale must have occupied a long time, since news of them was taken into Liverpool from the Half-Way House. If Stubbs described the workmen, one would be glad to know how he summed them up. Still, though the story is maimed we see tactful management in the father and unlimited self-reliance in the son.

It may have been his father's business, with its thousand skins and its leather-dressing, that gave a bias to George's mind, for in 1732, when he was only eight years old, he began to learn anatomy, of all things in that bemuddled mystery called the great human drama. Eight years old and anatomy ! A neighbour named Dr. Holt, a medical man, not a Doctor of Divinity, lent him bones and prepared subjects; and the boy pored over them and made drawings. What Mrs. Stubbs thought of this hobby we are not told; and when George passed from this drawing into the belief that he must be a great artist, and nothing less, a very singular thing happened. John Stubbs did not bully his son, did not threaten to cut him off with a shilling rather than allow him to enter a profession condemned by all parents who had common sense. In those days fathers and mothers feared painting as a profession almost as much as they feared smallpox as a disease which their children might catch at any moment. Since then, slowly and gradually, a change has come, and has gone much too far. For about fifty years our country has tried to be patient with a plague of painters, amateur and professional. Mr. Stubbs looked from his prospering trade into the artistic aims of Liverpool, and saw clearly that if any such aims

existed they were too young and weak to be trusted. Liverpool being a small town then, a comfortable income was a good thing, and why should his boy let a business die? It was ready for him, and he could step into it whenever he liked.

While encouraging his son's drawing, Mr. Stubbs tried tactfully to get this view accepted, and George stayed at home, and for a time was busy at leather-dressing. Then, in his fifteenth year, 1739, several things happened. The father's health gave way; leather-dressing, if it made his boy unhappy, or discontented, seemed a poor thing to occupy a lifetime; and yet a thorough training in art was necessary, and hard to find. If George could find a competent master!

" Honest John Stubbs," as neighbours called him, asked the boy to look for a master. " Thereafter he died, leaving his widow in comfortable circumstances," says Mayer, as though the word " thereafter " were as definite as a date. It does not let us know if John Stubbs lived to hear about George's quarrel with Hamlet Winstanley, a Liverpool artist who for many years had been copying pictures at Knowsley Hall, in the Earl of Derby's collection.

George Stubbs copied an etching which Winstanley had made from a picture at Knowsley, and with this flattery as an introduction he called on Liverpool's one artist of note and tried to make friends with him.

George Vertue noticed Winstanley's etching, and thought it worthy of two notes. The first one says :—

" A book of prints. The Rt. Hon. James Earl of Derby's collection of Paintings at Knowsley in Lancashire engraved and etched and published by Hamlet Winstanley, painter; many are large sheets. The title is written in Latin verse. From no. 1 to 22 plates, big and small. This work was begun before 1727 and finished 1728." [1]

The second note by Vertue says that Winstanley studied in Kneller's Academy, was very ingenious, went to Rome where he stayed not long, returned home, and prepared his prints at Knowsley, promising " a further continuance."

He was busy on this " continuance " when George Stubbs picked a quarrel with him. The circumstances were funny. Stubbs was not yet sixteen, and when Winstanley accepted him as a sort of apprentice, with a shilling a day for pocket money, he had good reasons to be satisfied. But Winstanley

[1] Finished when George Stubbs was only four years old; so the work at Knowsley lasted a long time. Recently I saw one of Winstanley's etchings, a hunting scene after Snyders; firmly touched and not overdone.

was good-natured, and talked too generously, saying that his pupil should make his own choice of pictures to be copied. This concession was fatal :—

" George Stubbs cast his eye upon the celebrated ' Cupid,' by Vandyck. In this admirable picture the son of Venus is represented of an age more advanced than is usual. Around him lie various symbols, emblematic of War, Painting, Architecture, Music, etc., drawn by Snyders, with his utmost skill. It is evident that George Stubbs must have worked very hard, to think of venturing upon a copy of this masterpiece.[1] But Mr. Winstanley objected, remarking that he wished himself to undertake that picture. We are told, quaintly, that Stubbs ' paused and considered this refusal with surprise and some concern.' He then desired to copy the ' Ruins of Rome,' by Paolo Veronese, another *chef-d'œuvre* of the Knowsley collection. But it appeared that the master wished this also for himself, whereupon, without either pause or consideration, Stubbs recommended him to ' copy them all, if he would, for, since neither his word nor his engagement could be depended on, he would have nothing further to do with him. Henceforward he would look into Nature for himself, and consult and study her only.' "

And he kept his vow throughout his life ! Winstanley would have helped him in a great many ways; but if Stubbs had vowed that he would walk from Liverpool to London with unboiled peas in his boots he would certainly have reached Charing Cross after a pilgrimage of pain entirely unique in courage and bad language.

It seems to have been in 1743, when he was nineteen, that he left his mother's house at Liverpool and took the coach to Wigan, where he remained seven or eight months, lodging with a Captain Blackbourne, who had just lost a son, and who perceived in George a strong likeness to the dead boy. From this new friendship into portrait painting at Leeds was the next move. A Mr. Wilson became an active patron, and Stubbs for some months was busy. Who owns the work of this first period ? I have searched vainly for an example. But it is useful to know that Stubbs, entirely self-taught, got commissions for portraits before he was twenty.

Presumably one of his clients at Leeds had friends or relatives in York, who liked his work, for he visited York in 1744 to carry out some commissions. The little city pleasing him, he set up his home there, remaining about eight years; and when he moved on to Hull in 1752, Yorkists had many reasons to miss him greatly, for he had enlivened their dullness. His *rencontre* with

[1] Ingenuous Mr. Mayer ! The cockiness of youth learns discretion by trying to copy masterpieces.

a dancing-master named Wynne, whose portrait he had painted, is an item undescribed by Upcott's notes; but Stubbs referred to it, so we may believe that Wynne lost. At York, too, he made a name as a keen anatomist, acquiring so much knowledge by dissecting bodies, and by illustrating what he had learnt, that medical men invited him to lecture privately before pupils of the hospital. In those days, and long afterwards, hospitals were such abominable places that we must not view this episode as a proof that York was badly governed. It proves, indeed, that York was eager to learn from anyone who had something useful to teach. Medicine and surgery were primitive, and a young painter with a first-hand knowledge of anatomy, who sketched correctly from dissected bodies, was a new sort of lecturer who attracted students of his own age.

A surgeon at York, named Atkinson, was friendly to Stubbs and procured for him his first body for dissecting; and another medical man, physician and midwife, John Burton, finding much merit in his anatomical sketches, asked George to illustrate a treatise on midwifery. Burton would make special studies and Stubbs would illustrate the dissecting. A poor woman had died in childbed and had been buried some fifteen miles from York, and the hospital students, whom Stubbs regarded as his " pupils," broke up her grave at night, and hid the corpse in a garret, chosen to be the dissecting-room.

Who accompanied the " pupils "? Stubbs? We are not told; but can you believe that he waited in the attic biting his nails and fearing that his young ghouls of science would be caught? At all events he approved body-snatching; and if the police looked for clues they did not disturb the attic, for Stubbs made a set of drawings, and Dr. Burton was very pleased. But drawings would be useless if they were not engraved. Would Stubbs try his hand at engraving? He had never seen anyone engrave, and knew nothing as a reader about the art. Dr. Burton listened to these explanations, smiled, and said with confidence that if Stubbs put his heart into the job, talent and perseverance would carry him through.

Presently Stubbs remembered that a Leeds house-painter had engraved a little from time to time. This man he consulted, and found him " a very rough instructor," who " taught him to cover a halfpenny with etching varnish and to smoke it; afterwards, with a common sewing needle stuck in a skewer, to etch after a fashion. Nothing beyond this could the house-painter impart, and Stubbs had no further tuition. Carrying the experiment into practice on his own account, he found the varnish so hard that when he crossed his lines the wax flew off. A first attempt thus failing, he covered the plate with wax a second time, after warming, and held it to the fire till the wax ran off, leaving

a smooth surface. After smoking this at a candle he etched his figures on it." Carefully, and always dissatisfied, he made eighteen illustrations; and the plates being of a small size, he retouched them with a graver borrowed from a clockmaker. And Dr. Burton? He accepted the plates with pleasure, finding them exact anatomically, and good as illustrations.[1]

Another project might have been carried out at York if Stubbs had remained there a little longer. It was an illustrated study on the anatomy of horses, in which Stubbs was to be aided by his friends. But this great work was postponed, and York had nothing at all to do with its later history.

Stubbs was about twenty-seven when he left York. His rule of life there, and later, rarely allowed anatomy, or any other work of research, to break in upon the number of hours that he devoted to painting. It is to be assumed that as his father died well-to-do, he received money enough from his mother to save him from the purgatory known as a hand-to-mouth struggle. No sister appears in his life, and no brother. There is also a tranquillity around his attitude towards artistic and scientific projects that suggests a private income, a steady anchor.

We are not told whether he painted animals at York, but may assume that he did, since he studied their anatomy. At Hull he painted portraits and continued his anatomical studies. Then came a visit home to Liverpool; and next, about the year 1754, he set out for Rome.

Why? He gave his reason to William Upcott. He wanted to convince himself that Nature is greater than all art, whether Greek or Roman, Renaissance or contemporary; and this means that he desired to see whether his own methods should be approved by himself at the age of thirty. It did not occur to him that he had formed for himself a custom, and that every custom had a bias of its own. Finding what he wished to find, he was convinced, and " immediately resolved to leave Rome," after meeting young William Chambers and Richard Wilson, future foundation members of our Royal Academy.

Did he return at once to England, or did he make friends with an educated Moor, who took him home to Ceuta? This item about the Moor is accepted by the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and we are told also that from the walls of Ceuta, or of another African town, Stubbs looked on while a lion stalked and seized a white Barbary horse some two hundred yards from the moat, and was greatly impressed. Where was his good sportsmanship? The *D.N.B.* adds: " This incident formed the subject of many of his pictures."

[1] John Burton's *Essay towards a Complete New System of Midwifery* was published in 1756, and a few copies have come down to our time.

Yet no reference to it is made by Mayer, whose facts come from Upcott, who obtained them from Stubbs himself. An episode of travel that influences an artist's outlook and style seems an unlikely thing for the artist to forget in his autobiographical talk.

Stubbs told other travel stories, as in this quotation from Upcott : " Whenever he accompanied the students in Rome to view the palaces of the Vatican, Borghese, Colonna, etc., and to consider the pictures there, he differed always in opinion from his companions, and when it was put to the vote, found himself alone on one side, and his friends on the other."

What if old John Wootton had been present ? The contrast between him and Stubbs would have been amusing. The veteran of tradition, courtly, eager, persuasive, and the young rebel with countrified manners, a deep and loud voice, and immense physically ! It has been England's happy lot to breed varieties of men, not a male population; but this gift was most active and noticeable when her towns were small, and her principal industry was farming, and the hysteria of newspapers was unknown. A man like Stubbs needs abundant elbow-room. He wastes productive power when he has to make his way through a perpetual crush. Since his time humanity has become so numerous that it is really a plague, spreading with jerry-built streets over invaluable fields, and becoming dangerous to the State when trades are inactive.

London was a small place when Stubbs, after his Roman experiences, landed there, and remained for a week. His mother longed to see him; and he passed about eighteen months with her, always busy with commissions, and also with anatomy. The mother died, and the settlement of her affairs occupied some months.

At this period we hear for the first time that he had a horse of his own, a grey mare. Stubbs painted her, and the picture made a hit. Among its admirers was a Mr. Parsons, a dealer from London, who declared that its painter would win a fortune if he moved to the capital.

Some time ago Mr. Ackermann had an early Stubbs, 42 in. by 36 in., representing a groom in charge of two saddled horses, a grey and a bay. On my table is a photograph of this picture. The handling is too laboured and too hard, but the heads are good, and the picture has " style." Behind, on our right, is a gabled house with a hedge before it; and on the left Stubbs has obeyed an old convention by introducing the stump of a dead tree.

From Liverpool, in 1756, he travelled into Lincolnshire, to do a series of portraits for Lady Nelthorpe; and it was in this county at a farmhouse, near Horkstow, that he made finished drawings for his great book, his *Anatomy of*

the Horse. The farmhouse was engaged because of its loneliness. If it had been close to a village, Stubbs would have annoyed his neighbours by his work, the stench from which was horrible. Somehow he was never sickened by the odours of putridity; and another person pretended not to mind them, a lady, Miss Mary Spencer, who lived through eighteen months with decomposing horseflesh.

In Upcott's notes Miss Spencer was first described as the painter's aunt, then as his niece; but, as Mayer points out, nothing is said about any brother or sister of Stubbs. There seems to be no doubt at all that he had a natural son, George Townley Stubbs, who became an engraver of merit, and also a collaborator. It has been suggested that Miss Spencer was Stubbs' mistress, and George Townley their son. But I do not know, and why should anyone guess? She was the posthumous child of a captain of the Guinea trade, who was killed in a mutiny by his favourite slave. Born near the painter's home in Liverpool, she had been attracted by his character as by his art; through more than fifty years she lived with him as a companion; and it was she, and not George Townley, who inherited all his property.

In his conversations with Upcott, Stubbs described his methods of work at Horkstow. His first horse was bled to death by the jugular vein, and the arteries and blood-vessels were injected. Next, after dissecting and drawing the abdominal muscles, he removed layer after layer of muscle till he came to the peritoneum and the pleura. Infinite care was given to each drawing. The bowels were taken out and thrown away. Then the head was dissected, first by stripping off the skin, and by cleaning and preparing the muscles, etc., that he might draw them faithfully. As a rule it took a whole day to make a thorough design correctly annotated. Every part of the horse received the same untiring examination, and we are told that, the injection being well done, blood-vessels and nerves retained their form through six or seven weeks. Then, the stench becoming worse and worse, almost unbearable, a new carcass was hung up by a teagle and hooks to an iron bar fixed across the ceiling, the animal's feet resting above the floor upon a suspended plank about eighteen inches wide. Remember, antiseptics were unknown; the suspended horse filled a great deal of space in the room; ventilation through windows of a farm was bad; and these conditions lasted through a year and a half, while the countryside hummed with gossip about a wonderful strong man, all right when spoken to, but mad, and surely dangerous, for he'd lift a dead horse as easy as a miller a sack of grain. This local gossip lasted for many years, changing its character as it passed from generation to generation. Recently I was

told that some Lincolnshire myths claim George Stubbs as a native of humble origin, very fond of rough carpentry, who left somewhere in his native county a very large number of his drawings and paintings.

In eighteen months a great many anatomical sketches must have been made, and Stubbs painted his allotted number of hours.

At last he was certain that eighteen Tables, in folio, illustrated by twenty-four large etched plates, were good enough for his purpose. There were six tables of the breast view, six of the posterior view, and six of the side view, whole length from tail to nose. In two plates horses are in the act of trotting. He did not endeavour to criticise the false movements that painters employed as a routine when they drew horses in the act of galloping.[1]

Great workers are usually self-centred, and Stubbs believed that he passed unaided through his hard labour single-handed, entirely at his own expense. He forgot Miss Spencer, who attended to all his wants while bearing horrible discomforts. What other collaborator could have done so much?

About 1759 they went to London with the drawings, bent on publication; but no competent engraver was willing to accept a commission so far outside their vogue. Mr. Grignion seems to have been scornful, like Mr. Pond. What could be done? Stubbs decided that he would practise etching without interrupting his profession as a painter. He got up early and etched, or stayed up late and etched, as the mood took him. This part of his life, and his later experiments as an engraver, are full of pluck and ability. Disappointments were many, but in 1766 his *Anatomy of the Horse* was published by J. Purser, with support from many subscribers.

If you consult the *Medical Review* of the next year, you will see how English experts admired its thoroughness; and some famed men of science on the Continent admitted that it was a masterpiece within its range of original research. Petrus Camper, of Groningen, was nearer to Stubbs than anyone else, for he had made preparations for a similar work, dissecting many horses, making figures as large as life, and saying to himself: "I will have them engraved reduced to one-eighth." But as soon as he had studied the work of Stubbs, he gave up all hope of succeeding, and wrote to Stubbs with manly admiration. His English, as quoted by Joseph Mayer from Upcott, is quaintly expressive:—

"If ever I was surprised to see a performance, I was it surely, when I saw yours on the *Anatomy of the Horse!* The myology-neurology, and angiology

[1] At this period of his career, indeed, he painted a pointer running at full speed with the hind legs pressed hard against the ground, rather like the action of a hare or rabbit when it begins to move.

WILLIAM POYNTZ, *of Midgham, with his dog Amber. Painted by* GAINSBOROUGH. 90 × 60 *ins. Reproduced from the Original Picture at Althorp by permission of Earl Spencer.*

PLATE 39

THE THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND, *painted in* 1767 *by* GEORGE STUBBS, *and now in the Duke of Portland's Collection at Welbeck Abbey. Reproduced by permission from a photograph lent by Richard W. Goulding, F.S.A.*

JOHN CREWE (*b.* 1742–*d.* 1835); *M.P. for Stafford and for Cheshire; created Lord Crewe in* 1806. GEORGE STUBBS. *Reproduced by kind permission of the Marquess of Crewe.*

RICHARD SLATER MILNES (*b.* 1759, *d.* 1804); *M.P. for York*
GEORGE STUBBS. *Reproduced from the original picture by permission of the Marquess of Crewe. Notice the influence of Gainsborough.*

PLATE 42

MR. WILDMAN AND HIS SONS WITH ECLIPSE. *Reproduced from the Famous Picture* (40 × 50 *ins.*) *painted by* GEORGE STUBBS. *Today it belongs to Walter Raphael, Esq.*

PLATE 43

"REAPERS," 1783, 36 × 54 *ins. Painted by* **GEORGE STUBBS.** *Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 44

THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND AND HIS BROTHER, LORD EDWARD BENTINCK. GEORGE STUBBS. *From the picture at Welbeck Abbey.*

"HAYMAKERS." 36 × 54 *ins.* GEORGE STUBBS, 1783. *By permission of Messrs. Knoedler.*

MR. POYNTZ OF BATH LOADING HIS GUN. GEORGE STUBBS. *Canvas* $28\frac{1}{4} \times 36$ *ins. By permission of Messrs. Agnew.*

FREEMAN, KEEPER TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON. GEORGE STUBBS. *Canvas* 40×50 *ins. Engraved as "The Death of the Doe." Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew.*

of men, have not been carried to such perfection in two ages, as these horses by you. How is it possible a single man can execute such a plan with so much accuracy and industry? You have certainly had before you the scheme of the great Albinus, but even his plates have not that delicacy and fullness, nor the expression of yours. Give me leave to ask you, were you the engraver? for you do not mention the engraver's name. . . . This favour I hope you'll grant me, to inform me whether you still go on to finish this beautiful undertaking, and whether or not we may flatter ourselves to see the internal parts of this useful creature, and something about the disorders and internal diseases of the horse.

" You will be curious to be acquainted with a Dutchman who admires with so much ecstasy your Tables. I am public professor of Medicine, Anat., and Surgery at Groningen; and I have published some figures of the human arm, pelvis, etc. I am actually publishing the Brain and the Organs of Hearing, Smelling, etc., in different animals. I dissect, but I do not love horses, though I keep them for proper use and for my family. I am sure my acquaintance can be of little use to you, but yours to me of great consequence. I desire to have two copies of your performance, one for me, and one for a gentleman who admires as well as I your book. . . . I'll get you payed by my banker in London, Mr. Andrew Grote and Co.

" Nothing shall be easier than to establish a correspondence with little or no expenses on both sides between us,

" I am, with the greatest veneration, Sir,

" Your most obedient and humble servant,

" Petrus Camper, F.R.S.

(Member of the R. Acad. of Surgery of Paris, of Edinburgh, and of the Societies of Haerlem and Rotterdam.)

" *At Groningen, 28th July*, 1771."

A year later Petrus Camper wrote again, regretting that Stubbs did " not like to pursue the viscera of this useful animal," and saying how amazed he was " to meet in the same person so great an anatomist, so accurate a painter, and so excellent an engraver." And other experts expressed the same amazement. The *Medical Review* said : " We are at a loss whether most to admire the artist as a dissector or as a painter of animals. Of his excellence in the last-mentioned capacity, few of our readers who have any pretensions to connoisseurship can be supposed ignorant; especially as some of his admirable pieces have appeared at the public exhibitions. His pictures of the ' Lion and Horse,' and ' Lion and Stag,' in particular, were deservedly applauded by the best judges; nor were his ' Brood Mares ' less excellent, though in a

very different style of painting; yet we think we have seen some of his animal portraits, both of wild and tame subjects, that are, if possible, superior to those above mentioned."

Stubbs, in fact, made his mark rapidly after he set up his home among the London painters. Sir Joshua Reynolds helped him greatly by paying a high price for a picture of a War Horse;[1] and animal painters perceived that their art had been revolutionised by a fellow-artist's great book. In future no man of sense would venture to paint horses without having mastered their anatomy by studying the unrivalled plates drawn and etched by Stubbs. Painters either copied the plates like young Morland, or treasured them for constant reference, like Ward, Alken and Herring; and Sir Edwin Landseer bought the original drawings and prized them highly. They passed to Thomas Landseer, who bequeathed them to the Royal Academy. To-day, as in the past, painters of horses accept Stubbs as their master. Mr. Munnings never rested till he had found and bought a copy of the invaluable book. And he loves George Stubbs as a painter whose vigour is generally well-disciplined, and whose variety has no weak sentiment.

But Stubbs has been harmed so much partly by changes of colour, but mainly by neglect and by " restorers," that students misjudge him till they come upon some of his uninjured pictures. To-day, happily, collectors and art dealers are careful towards that noble remnant of his output which keeps us intimately in touch with eighteenth-century sport and country life.

III

Some of his admirers are sorry that beasts of prey, after his arrival in London, began to turn his attention from English horses and dogs to lions, and also to tigers and lions fighting over the body of a stag, a dramatic piece that found its way at last into Joseph Mayer's collection at Bebington, where it hung with another Stubbs, " A Horse Frightened by a Lion in a Cave." Well, it is

[1] Later exchanged for the Fall of Phæton, to which I have already referred (p. 116). Stubbs painted two pictures of Phæton, the first with roan horses, and the second with white. They were exhibited at the Society of Artists, 1762 and 1764. It was Colonel Thornton, a fine sportsman, and a patron also of Gilpin and Reinagle, who commissioned the second painting, and found in his stables a good model for the white horses. Connoisseurs were troubled by these works, believing that Stubbs had made a controversial success by producing rival masterpieces. Thornton's Fall of Phæton was preferred by some judges, and Sir Joshua's by others. What Reynolds thought we are not told. Stubbs gave his vote to the white horses, and repeated them in gemlike enamel, on a copper plate 18 in. by 15 in.

impudent, and also futile, to be sorry when a man of genius adds a new province to his own familiar kingdom. Friends may have said to Stubbs: "Your pictures have a tranquillity which isn't appreciated, and it causes people to say that you are afraid of dramatic action. Just show them what you can do when you let yourself go." Friends do speak in this way, and Stubbs was easily influenced when something difficult and hazardous was put before him as worthy of his attack. Some cause or other took him away from tranquil pictures. It may have been a natural reaction against that minute observation which had been turned into a laborious routine by his anatomical studies. If we view this period in his life and work as a reactionary amusement, I think we shall be near to the truth. The pictures of "Bulls Fighting" and "Stallions Fighting" come from the same unrest as the dramatised beasts of prey. It must have been a holiday to attack these subjects after etching his anatomical plates in lines always delicately correct, and so thin and close together that infinite care was necessary when the copper plates were bitten, and also when prints were pulled from them.

Again, variety being a natural thing, artists progress by withdrawing their attention as a recreation from customary work. As for the Barbary horse incident, if it occurred it had no immediate influence; it happened in 1754, and the first of the lion pictures was exhibited in 1763 at the Society of Artists. Further, Stubbs told Upcott where he studied his beasts of prey. It was at Lord Shelbourne's villa on Hounslow Heath that he made from nature his first drawing of a lion. The animal's cage stood in a corner of the garden, with a gravel walk passing before it; and when people walked by the lion roared with anger. "Stubbs profited by these fits of passion. The famous pictures of a lion devouring a stag, and again, of a lion devouring a horse, were drawn on this model for the Marquis of Rockingham. Besides oil pictures, we learn that Stubbs made many studies in pencil and black and white chalk, employing himself thus whilst waiting for favourable attitudes. The lion at Lord Shelbourne's sat for most of his paintings,[1] but he constantly visited the Tower for observation and comparison among the animals kept there."

I quote here from Joseph Mayer, but the facts come through Upcott from Stubbs himself, who remained very proud of his dramatic pictures. This pride is preserved in the prints that were published under his supervision

[1] For instance, "The Horse Affrighted by a Lion," painted from a white horse belonging to the King. "The expression of terror was produced by pushing a brush towards him along the ground."

from his most animated and popular compositions. Let us glance at these prints in their chronological order :—

1. Lion and Stag. Mezzotint by Benjamin Green, 22 in. by 17¼ in., published by Green himself on October 1st, 1770. A frowning landscape with rocky hills, and two trees in the middle distance on our right. The stag is pulled down and lies in his death agony on his left side, with the belly towards us, and the hind legs convulsed. A lion crouches behind, ready to feed upon his prey. Green has overdone the play of light on the stag's head.

2. Tigress lying below rocks in the shade, a very noble mezzotint by John Dixon, dated February 1st, 1773. John Murphy's mezzotint of the same beautiful picture was twenty-five years later, July 27th, 1798.

3. Lion and Lioness, mezzotint by Richard Houston, published November 18th, 1773, by Carington Bowles, 69 St. Paul's Church Yard. The lioness, claiming the privilege of her sex, turns to snarl at a lion that advances towards her, with some irritation in his nagged and furtive humility. Another lion looks over a rock, high up.

4. Lion crouching by a riverside in the gloom of shelving rocks. Mezzotint by G. T. Stubbs, dated August 12th, 1776.

5. White Horse frightened by meeting a Lion in a rockbound country. Mezzotint by Robert Laurie, 21¾ in. by 16 7/16 in., published on June 20th, 1788, by Robert Sayer, 53 Fleet Street.

Earl Fitzwilliam owns two pictures by Stubbs in which a lion attacks his prey, a stag in one case, a horse in the other.

" Stallions Fighting " is an impressive mezzotint by G. T. Stubbs, 23 in. by 17¼ in. On the right, under a fine tree, a white stallion is very pugnacious. The companion engraving represents fighting bulls, another mezzotint by G. T. Stubbs, published by Benjamin Beale Evans in 1788. It is worth while to give the publisher's name because Stubbs and his natural son put their names under several prints published from a place of business which may have belonged to them, at least for a time. Thus a print of the hunter-like racehorse Pumpkin, with jockey up—an engraving by G. T. Stubbs, 19¾ in. by 15¼ in. —bears the imprint of " Messrs. Stubbs, Turf Gallery, Conduit Street," and the date 1794. This applies also to several other prints of the same year. One of them is a portrait of Protector, and another of Mambrino, and a third of Anvil by Herod, 19¾ in. by 15¼ in., of the same year. Anvil belonged to the Prince of Wales, like Protector. He is shown in a paddock, with a glimpse of landscape behind, left. Mambrino, a white racehorse, stands out of doors,

full of alertness, his nostrils extended and his eyes hot with passion. The print is engraved in a mixed style showing that Stubbs and his son were testing new ideas.

Stubbs, indeed, engraved eighteen of his own pictures. One of them, the large print named Reapers, $26\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $18\frac{3}{4}$ in., was published from his house, 24 Somerset Street, Portman Square, on January 1st, 1791. It is a very pleasant work, with a pale mezzotintish effect. On our left is a farmer on horseback; his pretty daughter, with corn in her hands, faces us, with four men reapers behind; and another woman is on our right. A background of trees and low hills. Among the prints engraved by Stubbs let me note " Tigers at Play," " Two Tigers," " Haymakers," " Labourers," 1789,[1] " The Farmer's Wife and the Raven," " A Lion devouring a Horse," " A Lion devouring a Stag," three small prints of single dogs, a lion crouching on rocks, a leopard lying in the open under a tree, and a leopard asleep in a wood.

Stubbs told Upcott that his arduous researches as an enamel painter, which began at the suggestion of Richard Cosway, R.A., in 1771, put into his mind the idea that he would be able to engrave on sheets of enamel the whole of his principal pictures, and in the same size as each painting. Then he remembered that very large glasses would be necessary, and glass at the time being very expensive, he feared that his prints would not sell; so he abandoned the idea.

Enamel painting occupied much attention during the eighteenth century. George Vertue refers to it, and George Stubbs made chemical experiments for two years, and kept memoranda of all his attempts. At last he got nineteen different tints that satisfied him, and he told Upcott that 100 lbs. weight of ordinary colour produced 81 lbs. some ounces of the improved material. For his first enamels he used the largest copper plates that he could buy, about 18 in. by 15 in.; and this being too small a size for his ambition, he sought help from the famous potters, Wedgwood and Bentley, who in 1778 made for him some plates of thin earthenware 42 in. by 40 in. " Nothing to approach these dimensions had hitherto been used by enamel painters. Thereafter, Stubbs worked in oil colours or enamel, according to the fancy of his patron. The first picture he sold in enamel represented a lion devouring a horse. It was an octagon, on copper, and Lord Melbourne paid one hundred guineas for it." Eight of his enamels do not exist also in oil colour :—

1. His own portrait on a white horse.
2. Another portrait of himself commissioned by Mrs. Therold.

[1] The composition of this picture differs from that in the mezzotint after Stubbs by Earlom, published by B. B. Evans in 1790. Both compositions are very interesting.

3. Portrait of Dr. Hardy, M.D., for the same lady.
4. A small rough lapdog, life-size, painted for Mrs. French.
5. Portrait of William Shafto, a young man.
6. Portrait of Miss Saltonstale in the character of Una.
7. Stallions Fighting.
8. Farmer's Wife and the Raven, an oval plate, three feet wide.

It was this enamel work, with its brilliant and gemlike colour, that brought Stubbs into conflict with the Royal Academy. In 1780 he became an Associate, and next year an Academician elect; but, before his election could be ratified by the King, certain things had to be done. Well, Stubbs was very sensitive about his enamels; his researches had been costly and laborious; and the colour effects that he produced, after many a failure, made him proud as a man of science and as an artist. But, naturally, the Royal Academicians had their own reputations to protect, and when they found that their own pictures, placed side by side with Stubbs' enamels, looked heavy and dull, they acted in self-defence by skying the large enamels. Placed on the top line, they could not be "praised to the skies." As a consequence, Stubbs was furious, and never pardoned what he believed to be an act of jealous hostility. He spoke about it with much vigour to Upcott, and Upcott wrote down the story :—

"The elections of Royal Academicians always take place on the 10th February, and it is necessary, after the choice made, for the successful candidate to send a picture for His Majesty's approbation, previously to the diploma being signed. This completes the honour of the election, and qualifies the new member for all duties required by the institution.[1]

"Whilst Stubbs was considering what picture he should present, whether in oil-colours or in enamel, the season of the annual exhibition arrived, to which many of his works were sent in both styles of painting. He had annexed a suitable explanation of the subjects, in the manner usual; but his mortification was great to find almost every picture so unfortunately hung, particularly those in enamel, that it seemed like an intentional affront. Most of the quotations sent in were omitted. This treatment was much resented by Mr. Stubbs, and by those patrons for whom the pictures had been painted. He felt it with particular sensibility, and to the time of his death considered it cruel and unjust, as it tended more than any other circumstance could have done to discredit his enamel pictures, and to defeat the purpose of so much labour and study, not to mention his loss of time and great expense. This unkind

[1] One duty in those days was complete devotion to the Royal Academy. No member was allowed to be president of another institution, for example. This duty has been cancelled, somehow.

conduct in the members of the Academy, added to the original reluctance with which he suffered his name to be entered among the candidates, determined him with an unconquerable resolution not to send a picture to be deposited in the schools, and more especially not to comply with a law made the following year, obliging every candidate elected to present the Academy with an example of his skill to be their property for ever. Mr. Stubbs always averred that he considered this law unjust, and thought he had reason to suppose it levelled particularly against himself. He regarded it, moreover, as an *ex post facto* law, calculated to punish an offence committed before the making of the law. Mr. Stubbs, on this account, would never allow that he was less than an Academician elect, waiting only the royal signature; and he was satisfied also to continue in that state."

Stubbs forgot, and this point is important, that he could not quarrel with the R.A. without being rude towards the King, who was outside the whole disturbance, and friendly towards him. He might have made an appeal to the King, who followed the fortunes of his Academy with affection and judgment. But men of uncommon vigour, when they swell out a grievance with hot self-pity, are like the wind, their anger blowing " where it listeth." Stubbs lost dignity; and I dare say he chuckled when the Royal Academy, the year before his death, placed him in a printed list among the Academicians, as though tired of a long dispute. Hitherto he had been catalogued as A.R.A.—a challenge that kept his temper too indiscreet.

IV

Stubbs had many patrons, the most notable being the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord Grosvenor at Eaton Hall, the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood, Viscount Torrington at Southill, the Marquis of Rockingham at Wentworth House, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Newcastle, Earl Spencer, the Nelthorpe family, Lord Gormanston, Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Colonel Thornton, and others, including Erasmus Darwin and Wedgwood.

When Gustav Waagen, the famous German art critic, made his pilgrimage through England's private galleries, collecting notes for his book, he paid little attention to sporting pictures; but at Althorp in the great hall he was impressed by two pictures by Stubbs, preferring them greatly to much larger canvases by Wootton. His note runs : " The hall is decorated with very large hunting-pieces, and portraits of horses, most of them the size of life, of which, however, only two small pieces by Stubbs, in point of animated conception and refined understanding of all the parts, can be placed in the ranks of real works of art."

The two small pieces are portraits of hunters, Romulus and Scapeflood, belonging to John, First Earl Spencer, and painted in 1777. Visitors compare them with hunters by John Wootton: Brisk, Squirrel, Craftsman, and Sore Heels. Though Waagen is pedantic and narrow towards Wootton, it is certain that sporting pictures are generally weakened by a vast spread of canvas. Stubbs was harmed several times by commissions for pictures that were too large for ordinary big rooms, and also for its appeal as decorative art; but Wootton was handicapped more frequently.[1] Still, we are studying an evolution, and must not complain over its earlier phases and fashions.

At Eaton Hall the pictures by Stubbs include the racehorses Mambrino and Sweet William, "Mares and Foals" under massive oak trees, and a stag-hunting picture, with portraits in it, painted in 1760, and very notable as a spacious work full of observed movement. The "Mares and Foals" has been illustrated a good many times; it is a fine thing, with quiet and truthful modelling, a point worth noting as the painter was then obsessed by his anatomy studies and might easily have become too "mappy."

Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild owns a very good Stubbs which may be set side by side with "Mares and Foals," for it comes from a similar mood of technical inspiration. Nothing is overdone, and the five horses are composed with decorative care and tact into a sort of tranquil frieze. The sky is filmed with warm clouds that give to a very reposeful composition a luminous background. A stretch of shadow across the nearest part of the foreground has darkened, but no harm has been done by this chemical change of colour; indeed, it helps to concentrate one's attention on the frieze.

A fine old tree grows in the middle distance, well placed, dividing the design unequally into two parts; and under this tree as a central interest is a white horse, whose head is in correct relation with the light warm sky. To right of this white beauty is a dark brown one that turns her head with some ill-humour to nose a much bigger companion whose body silhouettes not too sharply against a tree-fringed lake and the sky.

On the other side of the white horse are two fillies. The nearer one, a pale chestnut, is in the act of grazing, while the other has raised her head—in a delicate and winsome movement—to nibble some leaves; she may be called, perhaps, a very delicate and subtle iron-grey. Who can put correct names on the varying tints that the play of light out of doors gives to the coats of horses? In this picture the harmony of contrastive coats is impossible to describe,

[1] To keep vast pictures dusted is extremely difficult, particularly in private houses. Some of the Woottons are filthy.

THE VILLAGE HUNT. *Reproduced from an original sketch by* ROWLANDSON *lent by Messrs. Pawsey & Payne.*

PLATE 47

FULL CRY—AND A FALL. *Reproduced from the Original Painting by* GEORGE MORLAND *in the Victoria and Albert Museum*

GOING TO COVER. *Painted and Engraved by* SAMUEL HOWITT
from a print lent by Mr. W. T. Spencer

PLATE 49

THOMAS OLDAKER ON PICKLE WITH HIS HOUNDS *by* BEN MARSHALL. *Reproduced from the Original Painting by permission of Mr Frank T Sabin*

for the white is not white, and the pale chestnut is something else also, like the iron-grey toned with purple. Mr. Munnings has placed this painting among his favourite works by Stubbs, like the big hunting piece at Eaton.

Hunting pictures by George Stubbs are uncommon. At Goodwood, where he remained nine months, he painted one for the Duke of Richmond, and also two more very notable pictures. These three pictures are :—

1. The Third Duke of Richmond, with his brother, Lord George Lennox, and General Jones, riding. The Duke, on a dark-brown hunter, is in the centre of the picture, and Lord George advances towards him on a bay, left; while General Jones, on their right, jumps his grey hunter over a gate. Between the General and the Duke is a hunt servant on a black horse, dressed in yellow and scarlet livery, and a hunting horn around his body. With the right hand he touches his cap. A gentleman on a chestnut canters towards the group; and in the foreground, ready to mount a grey, a huntsman in yellow and scarlet stands among his hounds, which are accompanied by a terrier. As for the background, it is lively with mounted sportsmen and with hounds apparently running. 6 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.

2. Racehorses training, with portraits of the Third Duke of Richmond, Mary his Duchess, and Lady Louisa Lennox, all riding. "The Duke and Duchess on grey horses are in the centre of the picture; Lady Louisa Lennox on a chestnut; close to them on the Duchess's left, and following them, a mounted groom in yellow and scarlet livery. The two ladies wear dark-blue habits with gold buttons, the waistcoats of a lighter blue, and the skirts so short as to show the foot; blue velvet hunting caps; the Duke is also dressed in dark blue, with gold buttons and a three-cornered hat. He is pointing to three racehorses, a grey, a chestnut, and a bay, which are being galloped with clothing on; boys riding them, wearing the yellow and scarlet livery and hunting caps. On the left of the riders, standing at a stable-door, is another racehorse, being groomed by three men in undress liveries, and a boy, in yellow and scarlet, is bringing an armful of straw. In the distance, behind, on their right, is the spire of Chichester Cathedral. A good many dogs of different kinds are about in the foreground of the picture."[1] 6 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.

3. Lord Holland and Lord Albemarle, Shooting at Goodwood. The same size, and animated in composition.

These pictures by Stubbs are little known. Racing and shooting were his favourite sports, apparently; and note, in this connection, that his largest

[1] From a private catalogue composed in 1879 by Amy Countess of March.

picture—a canvas 13 ft. 7 in. by 8 ft. 2 in.—was a racing piece owned by Lord Fitzwilliam, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1800, the painter's 76th year. It represented the defeat of Diamond by Hambletonian. At the age of sixty-six George Stubbs accepted from *The Turf Review* a racing commission out of which he hoped to earn much money. He related to Upcott the story of this big scheme, and Mayer summed it up as follows :—

" It was proposed to him to paint a series of pictures, portraits of celebrated racers, from The Godolphin Arabian to the most famous horses of his own day.[1] The pictures were to be exhibited first, then engraved, and finally published in numbers, with a letterpress which should contain, besides a history of the Turf, the races and matches of each horse depicted, a description of it, and anecdotes. The sum offered for his commission was £9000, deposited in a bank, whence the artist could draw it as his work progressed. It appears that Stubbs completed a great part of his engagement, but the outbreak of war ruined the enterprise. Sixteen pictures were painted, exhibited, and engraved; fourteen, if not all, in duplicate, large ones for framing, and small to accompany the letterpress. Thirteen of the latter were engraved. After Stubbs' death, his executrix, Miss Spencer, before mentioned, kept possession of them. They were disposed of at the sale of his pictures." [2]

Now it has happened that these racehorses, and others, are the only important works of the artist's varied output which have remained well known; and though they set an example that greatly improved the art of horse painting, yet their active influence caused a reaction among painters and critics who feared and disliked the competition of their popularity against other phases of art, which were summed up as " historical." It was regarded as ridiculous that Stubbs, " a mere painter of racehorses," as he was miscalled, should be allowed after his death to draw attention away from the sacred thing named " the Great School," which tried to be biblical, mythological, allegorical, and historic, with magical help from a very imperfect knowledge of ancient customs, costumes, and other essentials. To-day it is very hard to understand this craze, but it is amusingly illustrated by a good story. Constable used to relate how he " was made to smart " after his election as R.A. in 1829, his fifty-third year. An insult came to him from the P.R.A., Sir Thomas Lawrence, who told him that he was " peculiarly fortunate " to be honoured " at a time when there were historical painters of great merit on the list of candidates." Well, those painters of great merit are exploded reputations, while Constable remains

[1] The year 1790, that is to say.

[2] The exhibition was held at the Turf Gallery in Conduit Street, 1794. Among the horses were Eclipse, Pumpkin, Anvil, Gimcrack, Baronet, Mambrino, Protector, and Shark.

as art and also as English history. Stubbs, too, remains, but not yet as a master of variety, a herald who drew inspiration from different aspects of England's country life.

Even the Sports Exhibition of 1891 proved that its directors did not understand sporting artists; they disconnected sport from other great phases of historical country life. Though fifteen pictures of Stubbs were chosen, no attempt was made to represent what he valued most of all—diversity, a wide range of appeal. His Gamekeepers,[1] in the noble mezzotint by Henry Birche, a name used by Richard Earlom, belongs to sport as intimately as one of his racehorses; his tigress reminds us of big-game shooting; and if anyone had told him that his charming harvest scenes were unsportsmanlike, he would have answered with Johnsonian vigour that sportsmen who didn't like haymaking and reapers had no right to keep horses. The Sports Exhibition hung eight racehorses by Stubbs: Molly Long Legs, a bay filly by Babraham out of a fox-hunter mare, bred in 1753:[2] Shark (1771–1796), with his trainer Price, painted in 1775; Eclipse, the sire of 334 winners, a chestnut horse with one white hind leg, foaled while the eclipse of April 1st, 1764, was taking place; the grey Mambrino,[3] painted in 1779, foaled in 1768, by Engineer out of a Cade mare; Brood Mares and Foals, from the Westminster Collection at Eaton Hall; Jupiter, a chestnut son of Eclipse, dated 1789; and two portraits of the Godolphin Arabian, a brown stallion about 15 hands high, who lived from 1724 to 1753. Now it is plain that eight pictures of racehorses among a selection of fifteen works are too many. Stubbs, with good reason, valued his shooting pictures, and the Sports Exhibition chose only one, dated 1772, and representing Sir John Nelthorpe with a brace of favourite pointers, Tinker and Hector.

Again, as a painter of dogs George Stubbs was unrivalled for several generations, and in two qualities—construction and weight—he is still unmatched by English artists. Yet the Sports Exhibition failed to do justice to these facts. One portrait of a dog was chosen, a spaniel, painted in 1778, and inferior to the picture known as a "Spanish Pointer."[4] Still, the arbitrary

[1] Stubbs told Upcott that "The Gamekeepers," like his picture of "The Bricklayers," was painted at Lord Torrington's. He used enamel on copper.

[2] Molly is held by a jockey who wears a black cap and a blue jacket; landscape, with water; saddle and clothes on the ground, right.

[3] Painted in 1779. Mambrino was the sire of Messenger, and Messenger, who was exported to the United States at the close of the eighteenth century, became very famous. From his blood all the finest American trotting horses are descended.

[4] There is an engraving of this work by Scott, 1801. Stubbs himself engraved and published, in 1788, his picture of "Two Setters."

directors did well to choose " The Grosvenor Hunt," painted in 1762, and two fine pictures from the Duke of Portland's collection.

It is interesting to note that Sir Theodore Cook, in his great history of The English Turf, illustrates twelve of Stubbs' horse pictures, choosing Brood Mares and Foals, Mambrino, Prospero by Merlin, from Lord Rosebery's collection, Marske by Squirt, Protector, Dungannon and the Lamb, Anvil by Herod, Eclipse, 1764, Hambletonian, and three pictures from Cumberland Lodge, near Windsor.[1]

V

In my notes on Cumberland Lodge there are fourteen canvases by Stubbs. Some have lost much of their original freshness. Under the late Prince Christian every picture in this house of old sport in old art was treasured with a fine sportsman's affection, but *Tempus Edax* devours imperceptibly, and the paintings were old when the Prince saw them for the first time. Oil paint, very often, changes early, as in the case of Turner; and when dust collects over it in a damp climate and professional " cleaning " is employed, woeful mischief may be done before a fine picture is fifty years old. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, and earlier, the preservation of oil-paintings received very little attention, and Stubbs was among the painters who ran the greatest risks, because he studied from Nature and often in high keys of colour. If a dark picture becomes a little darker no great harm may be done; but when a light one depends on subtle contrasts and relations, the toning effects of time and change may be very disenchanting. No pictures of recent date have suffered more than those of the first French Impressionists, for example.[2]

Several pieces by Stubbs at Cumberland Lodge have altered unharmfully, like the one of Grey Trentham, bred in 1788 out of a mare by Herod. One small work, 15 in. by 19 in., has a curious history. It represents a dark brown horse in profile, with a long tail; and inscribed on the frame are four names : " Hollyhock." G. Stubbs, C. J. Vernet, F. Boucher. It is astonishing to see these three painters united. To find room for them on such a small surface was an achievement; and how and when were they brought together ? François Boucher died in 1770, and behind the picture are two paper labels giving

[1] The *Old Sporting Magazine* illustrated thirteen pictures by Stubbs : Vol. 9, Otho; Vol. 21, Colt bred by Lord Bolingbroke; Vol. 31, Ambrosio, a Stallion; Vol. 32, Horse and Lion; Vol. 33, The Godolphin Arabian, also Dungannon; Vol. 37, Baronet; Vol. 56, Marske; Vol. 57, Mambrino; Vol. 60, Shark; Vol. 61, Eclipse; and Vol. 62, Gimcrack.

[2] *E.g.* : the Impressionist pictures in the Luxembourg, Paris, which have altered astonishingly.

a story written in French. "*Ce tableau a été donné à M. Moret dans un dernier voyage en Angleterre dans l'année* 1766 *par Lord Boolenbrock. Le cheval a été peint par Stubbs actuellement à Londres, le fond du tableau par Vernet célèbre peintre de marine, et les deux figures et les moutons, par Boucher, premier peintre du roi de France.*"

An incomplete story. Did Stubbs paint the horse on a bare canvas in order that M. Moret, on his return to Paris, might employ two very noted French artists? And when did the picture return to England? Boucher's work, in the middle distance, represents two young girls with a dog tending sheep.

Some other Stubbs pictures at Cumberland Lodge :—

1. A Buck and Doe in a Park, 40⅜ in. by 50⅜ in.

2. Equestrian portrait of a formalist, a dapper semi-courtier, Sir Sydney Meadows, in a prim green coat and a buff vest and breeches. A three-cornered hat rests austerely over a grey wig, and his grey horse, with a long showy tail, looks equally unfit for hard exercise. A landscape background in which are some high rocks. Dated 1778. 32¾ in. by 40 in.

3. Sir William Meadows in a riding house or school; another grey wig, and another green coat, but grey stockings with white clocks, shoes with silver buckles, and a black hat. A bay charger. Dated 1791. 50⅝ in. by 40⅜ in.

4. Portrait of Lady Ladd mounted on a restive chestnut horse. She wears a blue habit relieved by gilt buttons, a white shirt frill and necktie and a high black hat adorned with a rosette and an ostrich feather. The background is a landscape with trees and a pond. 40¼ in. by 14½ in.

5. Bay Horse in a paddock, and Gascon the groom carrying a sieve of corn. Large trees behind, and a stable in the middle distance. 40⅛ in. by 50½ in.

6. Two chestnut saddle-horses belonging to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. One of them is ridden by Anderson their groom, who is dressed in scarlet, and leads the other. 40½ in. by 50½ in. Dated 1793.[1]

7. Portrait of Mr. Sontag or Sontague, Page to the Prince of Wales, in a drab coat, buff breeches and vest, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, black hat, low-crowned, walking with three dogs, a stick in his right hand. Landscape behind, with water and a wood. Dated 1782. 36 in. by 54¼ in.

8. The Prince of Wales' Phæton, with a pair of black horses harnessed. Thomas the State Coachman holds a horse by the bridle; and a pet dog leaps

[1] Note the dates. In 1793 Stubbs was sixty-nine.

up towards the other. A boy carries on his shoulder the phæton's pole. 40 in. by 50½ in.

9. Portrait of the brown racehorse Pumpkin, with his jockey up, and a hill behind left. The jockey wears a blue and white striped cap and waistcoat, and leather breeches and boots. 32¼ in. by 39 in.

These nine pictures, when their freshness had undergone no change at all, must have been greatly admired for their variety. Several would please their painter now if he could revisit them, while others would not. He would insist upon repainting them at his own cost, and in the manner of his best period. Ideal restoration! Has it ever occurred to you that we could lose without regret some 94 per cent. of to-day's artists if the old dead masters could return for twenty years or so to rescue their best work from damaging time and change? Turner would be prodigiously active, Reynolds also; and Stubbs, I think, would have so much repainting to do that he might forget his unfinished book, *Comparative Anatomical Exposition of the Structure of the Human Body, with that of a Tiger and a common Fowl*, begun during the year 1795. Or, perhaps, fascinated by the researches of Darwin, and of many others, he might lose touch with art by talking all day long with naturalists and physiologists.

CHAPTER VI

MORLAND, ROWLANDSON, AND IBBETSON

I

One curious fact in English biography is the moralising tittle-tattle set astir by Morland's misadventures with debt and with too much drink. He lived at a time when bibulous habits, inherited with gout, were as popular as tobacco is to-day. Yet it was regarded as very odd that he, a youngster of genius, merry and excitable, should follow a bad vogue, " choosing wine instead of water, and gin instead of tea." In 1785, at the age of twenty-two, he went to Margate, and wrote as follows to a friend :—

" Last Monday week almost everybody in Margate was drunk, by reason of the Freemasons' meeting and fox-hunt, and all my male sitters disappointed me. Some sent me word they were engaged; some not very well; others could not get their hair dressed. But I found it was one general disorder. This was next morning. . . ."

All classes alike drank hard, as if eager to outdo all that history and tradition had to say about earlier generations. A cargo of lemons arriving at a port was a great event, as toddy tippling with a complete flavour would break in upon the monotony of wine and cause a different sort of morning headache. Sir Walter Besant, after studying this period, said that crescendo drinking began about 1730, and that it went on with great spirit for a hundred years.

If we say that a depraved thirst was often congenital, and always easy to acquire, we shall be correct. Morland acquired it with ease and pleasure, finding at first, after his Puritan upbringing at home, that wine and jolly companions went together everywhere. Handsome, merry and clever, he was full of his fun, but, unlike Sir Walter Scott when revelling in Liddesdale, he could not say " I am making myself all the time." Though his case should have been easy to understand, fellow-artists belaboured him ungrudgingly because he sought a gradual suicide in tipsiness; and no fewer than four gossipy books were published on his life shortly after his death. Four books in three years !

Compare this fact with the neglect which had settled around the lives of other artists. Poor Morland was Byron's rival in the circulating tattle that was never entirely true.

William Collins hurried into print first (1805); then, next year, J. Hassell published, in quarto, the *Memoirs of the Life of George Morland*, while F. W. Blagdon prepared an oblong folio of twenty full-page engravings, with an introduction of fifteen printed pages. These books exciting controversy, a fourth appeared in 1807, written by George Dawe, who rose to be a Royal Academician (1814). Charles Lamb wrote an essay ridiculing Dawe, some touches of malice finding their way into Elia's fun and wit. As a painter Dawe is forgotten, but his engravings are good; and though he does not see that Morland's pictures are far and away better than his own, yet, after all, his book is worth reading and worth keeping. Its 238 octavo pages are clearly printed, they can be read in two evenings, and their author certainly tries to draw a whole-length portrait without overdoing its darkening shades. There are occasional notes of genuine pity, and these good things would be frequent but for the Puritan in Dawe, who forgets that action of every sort produces a reaction against itself equal to its own vigour; with the result that when persons of genius do become active in popular vices, their nervous energy and their sensitiveness govern their misdoing, and bring about reactions more intense than those that come to downgoing men whose temperaments are ordinary or humdrum.

Medical men know that it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to rescue women who have given themselves up to either drugs or spirits. Now genius has a double sex, it is partly feminine, partly masculine; and the female qualities in men of genius are always incalculably alert during stresses of action and reaction. In our own days several poets and painters, men of genius, have committed suicide in the unoriginal manner chosen by Morland. Did the newspaper press make much ado about their fall? No, it declined to employ its routine, that ransacks the world's bad news for stunts and headlines. If George Morland had been a very temperate man, like George Stubbs, his death in 1804, at the age of forty-two, would not have been followed in three years by four biographies. Early deaths were common, and lives without vice were unattractive reading at a time when journalists had not yet formed a routine of hysterical display. Collins, Blagdon, Hassell, Dawe, knowing that gossip had enticing value as news, had no cause to say: "With newspapers glutting the people's appetite for detailed vice and crime, it would be abominable if we advertised the follies of poor Morland, whose best work may delight the

world hundreds of years after *we* are forgotten dust." This, happily, is the present attitude of writers towards the occasional men of genius who destroy themselves with drink, or drugs, or with a Byronic mania for women.

Nothing is more tragic than the fact that the most gifted are also the most likely to stir up reactions against their own welfare. What pleasure can vanity hope to get from debts, duns, bailiffs, dishonest parasites, alienated friends, and gathering after-effects of excessive drink on the mind and body?

Morland made a list of one day's excesses, then sketched a tombstone with a death's head and cross-bones, and composed his own epitaph: "Here Lies a Drunken Dog."

"George Morland's Bub for One Day at Brighton (having nothing to do).

"Hollands Gin
"Rum and Milk } Before Breakfast.
"Coffee—Breakfast.
"Hollands
"Porter
"Shrub
"Ale
"Hollands and Water } Before Dinner.
"Port Wine with Ginger
"Bottled Porter
"Port Wine at Dinner and After.
"Porter.
"Bottled Porter.
"Punch.
"Porter.
"Ale.
"Opium and Water.
"Port Wine—at Supper.
"Gin and Water.
"Shrub.
"Rum on going to Bed."

Yet there is another side to this tragedy. W. E. Henley said, "In all the range of British art, there are few things better than a good Morland." These sixteen words, monosyllables all but two, contain Morland's life in essence. Genius lives on, no matter what its possessor may be or may do. "The Dancing Dogs," like "The Inside of a Stable," is a *good* Morland, free from any after-effects of intemperance; while the hunting pieces illustrated here by half-tone blocks are not entirely good, though characteristic, their swift and

assured qualities being somewhat lax within the scope of Morland's original outlook and style. Still, no other painter of his day could have put these compositions upon canvas with so much weight, and with such a lively and natural air of unpremeditation.

He painted "The Inside of a Stable"[1] during his Paddington period, when his fondness for riding led him to keep nearly a dozen horses standing at an alehouse, and when bull-baiting, boxing, and other sports occupied overmuch of his time. It was then that he piled up huge debts, with constant help from a host of parasites who drank and fed at his expense. As these hourly companions liked to press around his easel while he worked, Morland had a wooden frame placed across his painting-room with a bar that lifted up, and while on one side of this division he painted some of his best pictures, his toadies on the other side devoured red herrings and tippled gin, preferably without water. His garden in Winchester Row, Paddington, was a small menagerie, where he kept monkeys, goats, pigs, dogs, squirrels, foxes, dormice, a donkey, and an old white horse, which Morland learnt by heart, and carried ever afterwards in his memory as a stock model. It is said that this white horse "was going to the slaughter-house," but not unaided, when Morland bought him. If so, we are reminded of his good nature by many pictures. Two grooms and a footman were other dwellers at Winchester Row, as well as a pupil or so. Morland was particularly fond of pigs and guinea-pigs, and painted them with unrivalled sympathy and success.

"As I was walking towards Paddington on a summer morning," says Hassell, "to inquire about the health of a relation, I saw a man posting on before me with a sucking-pig, which he carried in his arms like a child. The piteous squeals of the little animal, and the singular mode of conveyance, drew spectators to door and window; the person, however, who carried it minded no one, but to every dog that barked—and there were not a few—he set down the pig, pitted him against the dog, and then followed the chase which was sure to ensue. In this manner he went through several streets in Marylebone, and at last, stopping at the door of one of my friends, was instantly admitted. I also knocked and entered, but my surprise was great on finding this original sitting with the pig still under his arm, and still greater when I was introduced to Morland the painter."

Debts accumulating more and more, Morland began to step from quagmires into quicksands. Among other follies he tricked a bun-maker's son, and was obliged to fly from Paddington. The baker, having made up his mind that

[1] The National Gallery.

his boy should rise in the world as a Civil Servant, sent the young man with a large sum to buy an appointment. A purchase could not be made, and the disappointed youth on his way home, after stopping at several alehouses, called on Morland, and praised a landscape not yet finished. Afterwards he spoke of his disappointment, and showed Morland the large sum of money. Here was temptation, and Morland fell into it headlong. Aided by wine he asked his visitor to exchange the money for a written promise that the landscape when finished would belong to the bun-maker. What was a loan under such ideal conditions! Was it not safely covered? Wine flowed, the money was lent, and the young man went home so drunk that he could not explain to his father what had happened. Next morning when the truth was told, the bun-maker's shop became a noisy place. Morland's written promise was cursed furiously; then a search was made for the borrower, who was not at home. Eventually he was found, but every shilling of the baker's cash had gone. Paddington being now unsafe, Morland, with some £4000 of debts upon him, retired to a farmhouse at Enderby, in Leicestershire, where he and his wife lived for some time.

In this neighbourhood he greatly improved his rustic style, as remarkable then as was Jean François Millet's about seventy years later. Only Morland's new manner was unopposed. Never had he any reason to say, as Millet said, "In art, one has to stake one's skin." It did not matter what he painted, his work was popular, and his fame circulated in prints all over Europe. More than sixty engravers have made his versatility of permanent value to print-sellers and collectors. They range from W. Blake [1] to the sporting Sam Alken, and from Rowlandson and Gaugain to Bartolozzi, J. Fittler, A. Suntach, S. W. Reynolds, J. R. Smith (a boon companion), John Young, T. Vivares, J. Dean, G. Keating, and James and William Ward, Morland's brothers-in-law. Concerning Morland's prints and their unparalleled sale at home, and also abroad, particularly among the French and Germans, George Dawe says:—

"Of those of 'Dancing Dogs' and 'Selling Guinea Pigs,' five hundred pair were sold in a few weeks.[2] One foreign dealer often took as many as would have supplied all England. When the four plates of the 'Deserter' were published, a single dealer immediately gave an order for nine dozen sets. 'The Effects of Extravagance,' with its companion, were twice engraved, and they have been lately copied in the chalk manner at Paris. Indeed the demand

[1] Blake in 1803 engraved two small companion pictures, "The Industrious Cottager," and "The Idle Laundress: Boy robbing Clothes-line."

[2] T. Gaugain's stipple engravings of these pictures were published in 1789–90.

for his prints was so great in France, that they were frequently re-engraved there, and he received from that country advantageous proposals, either to go there to paint or to send over his pictures. To these he paid no attention, for his reputation was established, and he had henceforth more employment in England than he was inclined to execute. . . ." [1]

Now the Leicestershire period, 1790–91, and the next two or three years, produced the very best work in his prolific output. He felt safe from duns and bailiffs, and was aided by the friendship of C. Loraine Smith, an ardent sportsman, a discreet adviser, and a versatile amateur artist. Neighbours called Charles Loraine Smith "the Enderby Squire." He and Morland worked together certainly on one occasion, composing a picture named "A Litter of Foxes," in which Morland painted the landscape.

I have not seen it yet, except in the coloured engraving by J. Grozer, which is very attractive.

In the Christmas Number of *The Field* for 1920 there is a very good account of Loraine Smith, with many illustrations. He belonged to a very old family, his pedigree going back to that Walter of Lorraine who in 1075 was made Governor of Lorraine. The first baronet, Sir Thomas Loraine, was born in 1637, and the second baronet, born in 1692, married Ann Smith of Enderby, who inherited the Enderby estate from her father, and who in course of time had three grandsons, Sir William (the fourth baronet), the Rev. Lambton Loraine (born 1775), and Charles, who took her maiden surname with his inheritance, becoming Charles Loraine Smith. Two sportsmen of to-day, both lovers of art, are descended from this artistic sportsman. One of them is Sir Percy Loraine, the twelfth baronet, and the other is Mr. D. A. Bevan, of Burloes, near Royston, a great-grandson of Charles Loraine Smith. He has collected all the rare prints after his great-grandfather's work, and he owns the original picture of that famous run of the Quorn hounds which occurred on February 24th, 1800, and which covered twenty-eight miles in two hours and fifteen minutes, from Billesdon Coplow across the Soar, near Whitstone, to Enderby Warren. In this picture, and in the set of prints called "Scenes from the Smoking Hunt," published in 1826, there is no sign of Morland's influence; but we see at once that Charles Loraine Smith was attracted by Henry Alken, and that his best work borrows much from Alken, the most able graphic journalist in the whole range of British sporting art. Compare Loraine Smith's "A Leicestershire Burst" with hunting scenes by W. P. Hodges, or with J. D. Paul's "A Trip to Melton Mowbray," and you will

[1] George Dawe, pp. 79–80.

find that he, too, in his own way, may be regarded as one of Alken's understudies, so to speak.

In an entertaining series of six coloured aquatints after Loraine Smith, the hero is a celebrated huntsman of the Pytchley Hounds, Dick Knight, riding his favourite horse Contract, and wearing the historic Padua Scarlet, a deep and beautiful ruby red. One of the prints in this series strikingly illustrates his legendary riding skill. There was much rivalry between the Quorn and the Pytchley, and one day at a meet a Quornite said, "Knight, I've heard a good deal of your riding, but if you beat me to-day, I will give you the horse I am on." "All right, sir," said Knight, "we shall see." During the run they came to a fence, and the only jumpable place was under a tree, the branches of which overhung, leaving but little space for a man and horse to get through. Dick bent forward, and, doing what he could with his legs, went through the opening like a clown through a hoop, saying that "he would show these d——d Quornites a trick!" And the trick won the game, the stranger preferring to lose his horse than to risk his own neck by following Dick Knight. Another print in the set of six is a really original Kill, with Dick Knight standing on a criss-cross of logs and holding out the fox. In Nethercote's history of The Pytchley Hunt it is related also that Loraine Smith painted Knight in the act of finishing a run on a carthorse taken out of a plough team, his own animal being completely knocked up. This subject also was engraved.

Morland hunted with Loraine Smith, gathering many impressions; and though he continued to drink too much, fresh air and exercise at Enderby certainly improved his health. To some extent also, as a change, he allowed himself to be influenced by his wife, William Ward's sister, and a woman of unlimited patience. With Morland at ease, giving enough time and care to each picture, all would have seemed pretty well but for the load of debts, and the vigilance of many persons in London.

Indeed, Londoners would not let him alone. Picture-dealers were alarmed by his absence, and creditors also; then a wag declared that Morland had gone to France! The wild goose had migrated with the golden eggs! According to Allan Cunningham, Morland took one of the parasites into Leicestershire, a shoemaker from Camden Town, named Brooks; and perhaps it was Brooks who arranged a compromise that kept bailiffs at bay. If Morland would repay £120 a month, and would reform his life, his creditors would take a house for him in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, and his art should be as a profitable gold mine, owned by them as unequal shareholders. Morland made the

necessary vows, began a reformed life in Charlotte Street, and all went well for a few months. Again and again his weekly earnings were about a hundred guineas. Then reaction interfered. London became insufferable, and Morland went off into the country, rambling here and there, attended by his pupil T. Hand, and sometimes by Brooks and Burn.

In these excursions he hobnobbed with peasants, visiting their cottages and playing with their children, to whom he often gave money. Like J. M. W. Turner, he did not carry with him a great burden of painting material, but collected memory impressions, and made light sketches, ranging from notes on dresses and furniture to groups outside inns and farms, and bits of landscape, and ideas for sporting pictures. On the sea coast he was happy with fishermen and enthralled by the drama of their daily work. Gipsy encampments were another of his favourite sketching places, and Blagdon relates a good story of his fellowship with gipsies. A Romany woman said to another artist, who was sketching her in a country churchyard, that she wished very much to see " one George Morland " again. " Lord love him ! " she explained, " he lived with us three days last summer upon Harrow Hill, and drawed the picture of a child of mine that's since dead. And now the gentleman who begot the child would give twenty guineas for the picture."

After the creditors had received nine shillings and fivepence in the pound, besides gifts of pictures, Morland, between 1793 and 1796, came at last to a " final " new arrangement, by which his repayments were reduced to £10 a month; but he added new debts to the old, and at last the house in Charlotte Street was watched incessantly, sometimes by creditors, and sometimes by bailiffs, who could not arrest him for debt in his own home. One night he got away, and began a game of hide-and-seek with the Law, in which he fared badly. For eight years he lived sometimes in a debtors' sanctuary, sometimes as a runaway from bailiffs; and yet, though drinking always too much, he managed somehow to work almost prodigiously. " From his brother's books we learn that he executed four hundred and ninety-two paintings during the last eight years of his life, and Dawe thinks we may add three hundred more painted for other persons. ' In addition to these,' Dawe continues, ' he made probably upwards of a thousand drawings within that period, as it was customary for him to produce one almost every evening.' " [1]

This means that painting and sketching were to this genius even easier than talk, just as they were to Turner. At last when he rose in the morning his hand trembled so much that he was afraid to touch a picture, fearing that

[1] Ralph Richardson's *George Morland*, two volumes, 1895, vol. i. p. 80.

he would spoil it; so he drank again to steady his nerves. Now and then he was so weak that he could not stand, and his manservant held him up before the easel. In 1802, after being released from a sponging-house, a stroke of apoplexy made his left hand useless for a time; and yet, two months later, when he could not hold a palette, he made drawings for his man to sell at any price that could be got. Then he was arrested once more for debt, his creditor being a publican to whom he owed about £10. At a sponging-house in Eyre Street Hill, Cold Bath Fields, he made a last effort, with the aid of drink; and he was in the act of sketching a bank and a tree when a fit seized him.

" A brain-fever followed, and George Morland expired on October 29th, 1804, aged only forty-two. His wife, on hearing the news, gave a loud shriek, was seized with convulsive fits, and expired four days afterwards. They had had an unfortunate career, but not an altogether unhappy life, for they were always attached to each other. Often they had spoken of death, and they always had said that, if one of them died, the other would not long survive. Their presentiment came true at last, for they died within four days of each other. Nor were they separated after death, for they were buried side by side in the burial-ground of St. James's Chapel."

I quote from Richardson, the kindest of Morland's biographers. But it is to be feared that Mrs. Morland died because her health had been ruined by unceasing shame, anxiety and alarm. Morland's death had been expected for some years. Still, expected events are often exceedingly surprising, as they are likely to come in unforeseen ways. Apart from this, Mrs. Morland had always before her mind the awful contrast between her husband's wonderful genius and his downgoing. In his fifteenth year he had exhibited at the Royal Academy, and from that date, 1778, his career had been a tragedy sadder than any other in English art.

Let us compare it with some tragedies of French art, choosing a page from Romain Rolland's little wise book on Jean François Millet :—

" The lives of the principal French painters of Millet's day, and of the great landscape painters in particular, constitute a sad martyrology. Except in a few instances, such as those of Corot and Jules Dupré, almost all suffered cruelly from want, indigence, hunger, illness and ill-luck of every sort. The great Theodore Rousseau lived for the greater part of his days in terrible poverty and loneliness, and he died, struck down by general paralysis, with a mad wife beside him. Troyon died insane. Marilhat died insane. Decamps tormented himself his life long, lived without friends, and died in a tragic way. Paul Huet literally nearly died of hunger and lost his health owing to privations.

Even Diaz was acquainted with black poverty and bodily sufferings. It cannot therefore be said that Millet was exceptionally treated by fortune, and he himself refuses to think so. . . . He shared the common fate; he suffered like others from poverty, loneliness and indifference. But that which is exceptional in him and distinguishes him from others is the tranquillity with which he accepts his ill-fortune, as a matter of necessity, a superior and beneficent fate. Human folly, spite and egoism never disturb his admirable calm. ' Yes, there are bad people,' he says simply, ' but there are good ones, and one good makes up to us for many bad. . . . I do not complain ' (1844). . . ."

Well, these Frenchmen suffered, as a rule, because they were at variance with popular tastes and customs. Morland's case was different, he and his age being allies in good and in bad actions. But the worst point of all has been passed unseen by every one of his biographers; namely, that while he and crowds of other men were destroying their health with drink, ever more and more British soldiers were needed to break the ravaging power of Napoleon. When we remember that Morland was five years younger than Nelson, we cannot say that he had any feeling at all for the immense dangers which had pressed upon his country since 1776, when the American Colonies declared their independence. Artists were slack and lethargic in their attitude towards national service. Not one of them, I believe, " smelled powder."

II

Let us now turn to Morland's relations with sports. A friend of his declared that he seemed to live in a stable, so complete was his sympathy with horses; but just as he disliked to work for gentlemen because he did not wish to be governed by their criticisms, so we find in his attitude towards horses that he paid little attention to thoroughbreds, usually choosing those that were old, rough, and clumsy. Even his hunting pictures prove that an equine Hodge was often his ideal for a hunter.

Did he ever paint a racing picture? Only two, I believe, and both are in Morland prose, not in oil-pigments.

Before I give these graphic scenes as described by Morland himself, let me draw attention to a couple of rare prints belonging to the same decade of the eighteenth century as Morland's racing adventures. Published on May 20th, 1786, they represent " A Country Race Course with Horses preparing to Start," and " A Country Race Course with Horses Running." These titles are given also in French. They are large prints (25⅝ in. by 17⅝ in.),

drawn by W. Mason, well engraved by Jenkins, and aquatinted by Jukes. As pieces of social history, lively and virile, they are as good as descriptions in Smollett's novels. Both are thronged compositions, and the first one shows in its principal episode how a jockey is being " bought " by a scoundrel, and how he is seen by two witnesses, a boy, and the jockey's employer, who owns a grey racer. Instead of making a fuss, the owner is not at all surprised, but prepares to give his horse a strong tonic from a bottle. Liquor will put so much spirit into the grey that his jockey will not be able to pull him in unnoticed by the crowd ! But this idea miscarries, the " bought " jockey losing the race cleverly.

These country races are similar to Morland's. At Margate, when he was about twenty-two, he found his way to the racecourse, and very soon, as he wrote to his friend Philip Dawe, he commenced a new business of jockey to the races. " I was sent for to Mount Pleasant by the gentlemen of the Turf to ride a race for the silver cup, as I am thought to be the best horseman here. I went there, and was weighed, and afterwards dressed in a tight striped jacket and jockey's cap, and lifted on the horse, led to the start, placed in the rank and file; three parts of the people out of four laid great bets that I should win the cup, etc. Then the drums beat, and we started. 'Twas a four-mile heat, and the first three miles I could not keep the horse behind them, being so spirited an animal. By that means he exhausted himself, and I soon had the mortification to see them come galloping past me, hissing and laughing, while I was spurring his guts out."

And this was only the beginning of an adventure. Morland had now to learn that " a person whom the people think have offended them may as well live among a parcel of tigers, as they do not mind killing a man any more than a mad dog." The artist-jockey, having lost the race, was a person to be maimed, if possible, by his enraged backers. Morland relates how he was assailed :—

" A mob of horsemen then gathered round, telling me I could not ride, which is always the way if you lose the heat; they began at last to use their whips, and, finding I could not get away, I directly pulled off my jacket, laid hold of the bridle, and offered battle to the man who began first, though he was big enough to eat me; several gentlemen rode in, and all the mob turned over to me, and I was led away in triumph with shouts."

At another meeting he fared worse :—

" I rode for a gentleman, and won the race so completely that, when I came in to the starting-post, the other horses were near half a mile behind me,

upon which near four hundred [Margate] sailors, smugglers, fishermen, etc., set upon me with sticks, stones, waggoners' whips, fists, etc., and one man, an inn-keeper here, took me by the thigh and pulled me off the horse. I could not defend myself. The sounds I heard were, Kill him ! Strip him ! Throw him in the sea ! Cut off his large tail ! and a hundred other sentences rather worse than the first. I got from them once and ran into the booth; some men threw me out amongst the mob again, I was then worse off than ever. Michiner rode in to me, dismounted, and took me up in his arms half beat to pieces, kept crying to the mob to keep back, and that his name was Michiner, and he would notice them. At last, a party of light-horsemen, and several gentlemen, and their servants, some post-boys, hair-dressers, bakers, and several other people I knew, armed themselves with sticks, etc., ran in to my assistance, and brought me a horse, though the mob pressed so hard 'twas long before I could mount.

" After I was mounted, and got to some distance, I missed my hat; at last I saw a man waving a hat at me; I rode to him, and found him to be a person I knew very well. He found means to get it me whilst two sailors were fighting who should have it. I went to the King's Head at night, met many of my bloods and bucks. . . . None of them could imagine what was the cause of the riot, but supposed it was a parcel of blackguards who had been laying sixpences and shillings against the horse I rode, and afterwards, by the riot, wanted to make it appear 'twas an unfair start, though one started before me."

After three crownsworth of punch at the King's Head, Morland and his friends began to seek reprisals :—

" We got into a fishing-house to look for some of them; however, there were so many in the house that, though we were armed, they put us all to flight. It was very dark, I ran over the drawbridge, a stout sailor pursued me, and threatened vengeance. He catched me by the collar. I had a stick with a sword in it; he did not see that, and whilst he was telling me what he would do, I found means to draw it, and had very nearly run him through. Then, some of my companions coming up, he got his gruel. I found the man who dismounted me,[1] and he humbly begged pardon, as did most of the rest. One savage fellow, who is a sore pest of this town, everybody advised me to enter an action against him, which I did this morning. . . ."

This being life at Margate in the seventeen hundred and eighties, it seems natural after these adventures that Morland's favourite horses were not race-horses, and that he drew subjects from other sports, fishing, shooting, and hunting. His " Ass Race," engraved in coloured mezzotint by W. Ward, 1789,

[1] A publican, you will remember.

is entertaining. Even "A Bear Hunt" is found among his compositions, well engraved by S. W. Reynolds, 1796. Let us see what we can collect of interest to fishermen from a chronological table of Morland prints :—

1780. The Angler's Repast, the earliest print after Morland, mezzotint by William Ward, published by J. R. Smith. Reissued nine years later; see below. In this picture ladies and gentlemen are lunching on a riverside, attended by a negro footman.

1788. Children Fishing, coloured mezzotint by Philip Dawe, published by W. Dickinson. The pendant of Children Gathering Blackberries.

1789. Juvenile Navigators, coloured mezzotint by William Ward, published by J. R. Smith.

1789. A Party Angling, coloured mezzotint by G. Keating, published by J. R. Smith.

1789. The Angler's Repast, coloured mezzotint by W. Ward. Pendant of A Party Angling.

1790. Jack in the Bilboes, and The Contented Waterman, coloured mezzotint by W. Ward, published by P. Cornman.

1793. Smugglers, and Fishermen, mezzotints by James Ward, published by J. R. Smith.

1799. The Fisherman's Hut, mezzotint by J. R. Smith, published by J. R. Smith.

1799. Selling Fish, mezzotint by J. R. Smith, published by J. R. Smith.

1800. The Fisherman's Dog, mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds, published by S. W. Reynolds.

1800. Fishermen, mezzotint by John Young.

1801. Two Boys Fishing, etched print published by J. P. Thompson.

1805. Fishermen going out, mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds, published by J. R. Smith.

There are two coursing prints. The first one dates from 1792, and is etched by Morland himself. The second one, a stipple engraving, is among the latest prints, for it appeared in 1814.

III

Whenever I think of Morland in his relation to the open-air life, several facts ally him to a couple of boon companions who were men of genius, and whose lives were harmed by dissipation. Thomas Rowlandson and Julius Cæsar

Ibbetson go well with Morland, each of them, in his own way, showing that he had a style in his blood, and that he could turn many aspects of life into art without becoming sentimental, like the too popular Academician, William Redmore Bigg (1753–1828), and several others. Rowlandson, indeed, in his caricatures and satirical sketches, wishing to employ his full-blooded observation as a Rabelais among draughtsmen, was often coarse, and now and then even gross. But at his best he is a genuine master, with a weight of style and a variety of humour which are often graceful, and always memorably his own. The son of a London tradesman, and born in Old Jewry, 1756, he entered the schools of the Royal Academy when he was a small boy; and he cannot have been more than sixteen when he was sent for a couple of years to study in Paris, after which he worked for a further term in the Academy Schools. His abilities were so great, and his training was so thorough, that he might easily have taken high rank among the most imaginative artists. In his nineteenth year he made a stir at the R.A. with a drawing of " Delilah Visiting Samson in Prison "; and his early portraits had uncommon promise. But the fever of a drinking age was in his blood, and humour and conviviality kept him in the great noisy welter of town amusements. Then, suddenly, his father's business failing, Rowlandson tried to support himself, but was hindered by a devoted aunt, a Frenchwoman, who loved his genius and his frank good nature; and perhaps she heard no more about his outside doings than suggested just a few wild oats. The aunt died, leaving him a sum of money amounting to some £7000. With this capital Rowlandson let himself go, and soon it was swallowed up by gaming tables and other popular things. Afterwards he began to make fun of himself and of all the world, drawing with wonderful rapidity scenes of daily life and manners, all more or less tinged with caricature, and social and political satires. After 1787 no work of his appeared at the Royal Academy. His last exhibits were : " The Morning Dram, or a Huntsman Rising "; " Grog on Board A Ship "; " A French Barracks "; and " Countrymen and Sharpers."

Physically Rowlandson must have been as virile as his work, for he lived to be seventy-one, despite his convivial dissipation. And everyone admitted that, though tempted by his gambler's life to become slovenly and unbalanced, tricky and unscrupulous, he was invariably loyal to his word, unlike Morland. Publishers trusted him, and he was never behindhand with his drawings, an uncommon virtue among illustrators.

A young collector of sporting sketches, and of country life interesting to sportsmen, cannot do better than place Rowlandson, and Ibbetson also, in the

front line of his research, one reason being that his hobby will conduct him into many pleasant byways where he will pick up a great deal of entertaining old social history. For Ibbetson is equally saturated with the spirit of the same period, only his grip upon life is different and he worked far more often in oil-colours than Rowlandson, whose favourite technical methods unite pen-drawn outlines to washes of water-colour. Ibbetson did charming country-life pieces in water-colour; and his pastorals in oil-pigment, low in tone, and easily recognised by their painter's fondness for yellow ochre, have a swift and firm directness of touch, influenced partly by Richard Wilson, but mainly by Morland, who liked Ibbetson as a boon companion. Several times they worked together; one signed picture by this collaboration—a landscape, with ruins, cattle, and figures—was sold at Christie's on June 15th, 1891, for £25 4*s*.

Ibbetson was born at Scarborough, 1759, and came to London at the age of seventeen. Twelve years later he went as draughtsman in Cathcart's embassy to China, but returned from Java after Cathcart's death there. Then for a considerable time he worked entirely for dealers, living at Kilburn, a charming rustic neighbourhood. He married, and many children were born to him in the midst of poverty; eight of them died one after another, and, finally, the death of his wife in 1794 affected him so much that brain fever struck him down. Soon after his recovery financial troubles became acute, so he left London for the North of England, and did not return till 1800. Next year he married again, and, to escape his creditors, fled for his honeymoon to Ambleside, and later to Masham in Yorkshire, where he remained, dying there on October 13th, 1817, at the age of fifty-eight.

Sporting subjects in Ibbetson are uncommon, but much else in his work is valuable to that complete study of sport which includes vanished phases of country life and customs. This applies also to Rowlandson, as to Morland. There is more English sportsmanship in Ibbetson's rustic figure subjects and cattle pictures than in rocking-horse gallops by F. Sartorius, who never learnt how to paint.

Rowlandson is liked on the Continent, and a great deal of his work has gone—and is going—to the United States. Who are the fortunate owners of his best sporting sketches and water-colour drawings? One of his coloured sketches—a very rapid one, wherein he composes a merry fox-hunt over low stone walls among the hills—is reproduced in colour for this book; but there are better examples, and I have failed to find them. An illustration is here given of Ibbetson, reproduced from a volume of his water-colour drawings

which may be seen at Mr. W. T. Spencer's shop in New Oxford Street, London, and which throws a new light on the artist's varied sympathy for animals, both foreign and British. The drawings are signed and dated, and the volume contains engravings of them all. Ibbetson responds as a naturalist to the animals that he represents, passing from a racehorse to a number of different mice, for example, then to a scene of hare-hunting, and another of tiger-hunting. One drawing shows how natives attack porcupines.

Rowlandson drew Morland's portrait several times. There are three good examples in the Print Room of the British Museum, whole lengths, and standing. The best one is slightly tinted with water-colour, and measures 12½ in. by 8½ in. Morland in a lazy mood stands with his back to a fire and a decorated mantelpiece, his hands behind him and his face seen in three-quarters turned left. He is wearing a round hat with a broadish brim, a little turned down, a green coat, long and rather creased; an easy waistcoat, striped blue and white, tight breeches and slim top-boots. One looks for spurs, but they are absent. The hat is pressed low over the forehead; the head is a little raised, for Morland glances up. A weak full mouth is dominated by dark eyes full of alert ability. It is easy to compare this tall whole-length portrait with the frontispiece in George Dawe's Life of Morland. Rowlandson's reveals much more of the man. There is a looseness in the body that suggests late hours with drink. The other portrait was painted by J. R. Smith in 1792, after Morland's return from Leicestershire, with his health considerably improved. The forehead is good, and the eyes are very fine.

In 1790 Rowlandson etched, and Sam Alken aquatinted, four of Morland's pictures: Snipe Shooting, with Men and Dogs in Winter; Duck Shooting, with Dogs and Men in a Boat; Partridge Shooting, and Pheasant Shooting. To find three artists in a single sporting print is always entertaining. Let us see what other shooting pieces are found among Morland prints :—

1790. La Chasse de la Bécassine: Snipe Shooting, line engraving by A. Suntach.

1791. La Chasse de la Bécasse: Woodcock Shooting. Same engraver.[1]

1791. La Chasse du Canard: Duck Shooting, the same engraver.

1791. La Chasse du Lièvre: Hare Shooting, by the same engraver.

1794. The First of September, Morning; The First of September, Evening, coloured mezzotints by William Ward.

[1] A picture of Woodcock Shooting, 18 in. by 24 in., attributed to Morland, and initialed G. M., was sold at Christie's, April 14th, 1888, for £45 3s.

1795. The Benevolent Sportsman, and The Sportsman's Return,[1] mezzotints by J. Grozer.

1799. Setters, coloured mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds.

1800. The Poacher, mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds.

1800. Two Pointers, etched by T. Vivares.

1801. The Rabbit Warren, Men with Greyhounds, aquatinted by S. Alken, who in the same year made a print after Morland's Sportsmen Refreshing.

1803 and 1805. The Weary Sportsman, engraved by W. Bond. In a fine coloured impression this engraving is very desirable.

1805. Partridge-Shooting, mezzotint by E. Jones.

1805. Pointer and Hare, line engraving by J. Scott.

1806. The Warrener : a cottage door, and an old man with dead rabbits. Mezzotint by William Ward.

1806. Setters, mezzotint by William Ward.

IV

Next, as regards Morland's hunting subjects, there is a good example at South Kensington, a small picture belonging to Ashbee's Bequest. It may have been intended to hang in a series with two high-spirited little Morlands [2] that were lent by Sir Charles Tennant to the Grosvenor Gallery, in 1888, when *A Century of British Art* attracted Londoners. One, unsigned and undated, was called " The Find "; the other, undated, but initialed, represented a full cry. A hunting series has generally four episodes, and George Dawe speaks of four pictures of Fox-Hunting owned in his day by a Mr. Weston of the Borough.

The late P. A. B. Widener, of Ashbourne, near Philadelphia, U.S.A., had in his large collection four Morlands,[3] and among them a big hunting-piece, 56 in. by 74 in. An uneven hillock, with trees on it, forms a big portion of the background, and below it hounds are killing their prey, watched by five mounted sportsmen, not including the whip, who is afoot near his hunter. On our right a besmocked countryman looks on; and over there on the left, beyond the hillock, some hounds are coming up, and a rider on a grey horse leaps a timber

[1] These pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1792. But there are two paintings by Morland called The Sportsman's Return. In Grozier's print the sportsman holds up a pheasant, while in another picture he holds up a hare.

[2] Little Morlands, 10½ in. by 15 in., canvas.

[3] The Duck Shooting etched by Rowlandson, a painting 15 in. by 20 in.; Gipsies begging from a Gamekeeper who passes by on horseback attended by two dogs, 26 in. by 20 in.; and a Farmyard with Hogs and Pigs, 25 in. by 30 in.

fence, and a distance of trees and hills prevents the composition from being shut up, enclosed and cramped. This painting went to America from the T. Page Darby Collection, and it was exhibited at Burlington House in 1882.[1]

Though a typical picture of its period, there are points in it which do not look like Morland's; they suggest a collaborator. Dawe does not help us here, his feeling for sport being cold. He relates that a Mrs. Donatts in 1807 had six Fox-Hunting Pieces; but leaves them undescribed.

Five-and-twenty years ago, in the John Fleming Collection, there were two hunting pictures, a pair, 31 in. by 41 in., Foxhunters Leaving a Wayside Inn, and The Death. Both were signed, and the second was dated, 1803, the year before Morland's death.[2] The late Sir Walter Gilbey, at Elsenham Hall, Essex, had a signed " Death " measuring 56½ in. by 92¾ in.; and another signed " Death," a picture 20 in. by 16 in., dated 1794, and etched by J. Wright, used to be at Tandridge Court, Oxted, Surrey. A fourth " Death of the Fox," engraved by E. Bell in 1800, signed by Morland, and dated 1794, was sold at Christie's, May 9, 1896, for 300 guineas.

J. Wright etched six hunting scenes after Morland, and published them in 1794–95 :—

Foxhunters and Hounds leaving the Inn.
Foxhunters and Hounds in a Wood.
Full Cry.
Fox about to be killed.
Huntsmen and Hounds.
Huntsmen and Hounds at the Blue Bell Door.

E. Bell's prints after Morland's fox-hunting are coloured mezzotints, published in 1800 :—

Going Out.
Going into Cover.
The Check.
The Death.

[1] A Hunting Scene, 54 in. by 73 in., which had been exhibited at Burlington House in 1882, was sold at Christie's, July 18th, 1892, for £504. It was initialed G. M., and sold as a Morland.

[2] See Vol. II of Ralph Richardson's *Morland*, p. 19. " Fox-hunters leaving a Wayside Inn. Five horsemen and pack and a small dark terrier with light brown muzzle (the original fox-terrier). A rustic on horseback looks on, and holds another horse at the door of inn, on sign of which is painted a horse. " The Death." Hounds are killing the fox, and the huntsman (in pink) is whipping them off. The small terrier is near the hounds. Hunters are arriving."

RACEHORSES TRAINING, WITH PORTRAITS OF THE THIRD DUKE OF RICHMOND, AND MARY HIS DUCHESS, AND LADY LOUISA LENNOX; ALL ON HORSEBACK. 80 × 54 *ins. By* GEORGE STUBBS. *From the original picture at Goodwood House; reproduced by permission of the Duke of Richmond.*

PLATE 51

THE THIRD DUKE OF RICHMOND, WITH HIS BROTHER LORD GEORGE LENNOX, AND GENERAL JONES, RIDING, WITH HOUNDS. 80 × 54 *ins. By* GEORGE STUBBS. *From the original picture at Goodwood House; reproduced by permission of the Duke of Richmond.*

PLATE 52

THE SPANISH POINTER. *By* GEORGE STUBBS. *Canvas* 24 × 28 *ins. Engraved by* SCOTT. *Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew.*

DUNGANNON AND HIS LAMB. *The initials on the lamb are those of Denis O'Kelly, first owner of Eclipse. Reproduced from an old Print after* GEORGE STUBBS.

Portrait by **GEORGE STUBBS** *of a young Angler,* **EDWARD WILLIAM LEYBORNE** (1764–1843), *who in* 1780 *succeeded to the estates of Littlecote and Hunstrete Park. In* 1805 *he assumed the additional surname of Popham.* $49\frac{1}{2} \times 36$ *ins. By permission of Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 54

FOX-HUNTING EPISODE. GEORGE MORLAND. *Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ackermann.*

"THE FOX INN." GEORGE MORLAND, 1790. *Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ackermann.*

PLATE 56

A COUNTRY RACECOURSE OF MORLAND'S TIME. *Drawn by* W. MASON, *engraved by* T. JENKINS, *and aquatinted by* F. JUKES.

PLATE 57

SHOOTING. J. C. IBBETSON. *By permission of Mr. W. T. Spencer.*

PLATE 58

It is interesting to note that Morland in the year of his death exhibited at the Royal Academy " A Landscape, with Hounds in Full Chase "; and the last early print published after his death, ninety-eight years ago (1824), represented a fox-hunt, engraved from a tiny picture—a canvas only $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 7 in.—that came at last into the hands of Morland's friendliest biographer, Mr. Ralph Richardson, F.R.S.E., who wrote of it as follows in 1895 :—

" A red-coated huntsman on a grey horse is followed by a clean-shaven, large-nosed huntsman wearing a blue coat and red collar, and mounted on a brown horse having a blue girth-band. In the distance are other red-coated huntsmen, to whom the first waves his cap and apparently halloos. A pollard oak is to the right, and a hillside and distant blue hills form the background. A woodcut after this picture formed an illustration to an edition of Wordsworth's poems, perhaps in reference to ' Simon Lee, the old Huntsman,' of whom the poet sang :—

" ' No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee
When echo bandied, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.' " [1]

[1] A replica of this picture by Morland is found in the catalogue of the famous Abiss and Phillips Collection of Fifty-three Morlands, only the size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $8\frac{1}{2}$ in., is larger. See Richardson's second volume, p. 67.

CHAPTER VII

HOWITT, JAMES WARD, AND BEN MARSHALL

I

Samuel Howitt was born in 1765. He inherited the ardent history of a Nottinghamshire Quaker family, and perhaps his versatile high spirits may be attributed to a reaction against that passive fortitude with which the Society of Friends had resisted oppression.

We have only to read the life of George Fox, or the simple and frank history of Milton's young friend, Thomas Ellwood, to gain a living knowledge of a time when Quakers, as Ellwood related, were assailed with "great rage, blows, punchings, beatings, and imprisonments." This persecution was inherited by many families, true stories of the old devilries being handed on in records of the pious bravery shown by Quakers; and when a lad of genius grows up among stories that stir his heart and fire his imagination, none can say what the results will do or will become. Samuel Howitt is, I think, a case in point, his varied art being completely opposed to Thomas Ellwood's quiescent courage. It is an art full of impulse and adventure; it slays and it grows and invents concurrently; it loves life because men have to conquer dangers before they can reach any aim worth striving for; and, considered as art, it is all the more attractive because it is unstudied, a thing that grows of its own accord, so to speak. That it remains an amateur is of no consequence, because Howitt appears in so many guises, and performs so many parts, that one is glad to accept him as a natural improvisatore.

At first he was a young fellow with independent means, living at Chigwell in Epping Forest, and gaining at first hand a knowledge of field sports that would be his breadwinner after money troubles had pressed him into professional work as an artist. Sport becoming too expensive, he set up as a drawing-master in London, and romped through an immense amount of sketchy original work. His wife was Rowlandson's favourite sister, and he made many a drawing in the Rowlandson manner; so a sketch of his life brings us near again to the Morland period.

Howitt's earliest exhibited pictures were three hunting scenes drawn pretty freely, then stained with water-colour. They were seen at the Spring Gardens Rooms in 1783; and two years later the Royal Academy accepted a couple of his landscapes. Though this beginning was good, something or other unknown came between him and the R.A., for there was a gap of twenty years in his record as an exhibitor, stretching from 1794 to 1814. After 1815 another gap was formed, ending when he died at Somers Town in 1822.

Howitt was equally fond of oils and water-colours; and his etchings are spirited and entertaining. One of his etched prints represents many sorts of hunting combined into a decorative composition. It is handled throughout with skill, yet is known to only a few sportsmen.[1]

Some writers declare that Howitt " spent many years in Bengal," a statement which is not confirmed by the *Dictionary of National Biography*, whose article on Howitt—it was published in 1891—contains information supplied by Howitt's granddaughter, Mrs. Samuel Hastings. It was not at first hand by visiting India, but by working in collaboration with Captain T. Williamson, that Howitt prepared colour plates for a book on *Oriental Field Sports*, published in 1817. Williamson made the sketches and Howitt put his own genius into them; none can study the history of big-game hunting in art without consulting his huge book. It is a rarer work than it should be because vandalistic printsellers—small men in bystreets—have destroyed many copies in order to earn more profit by selling the plates one by one.

As a sketchy illustrator Howitt is particularly notable. There is something in the English genius that is friendly to illustrated books, and that creates for itself a very protean reputation among bookmen. In *A New Work of Animals*, published in 1811, and consisting of 56 plates, Howitt seems to compete against Barlow and Wootton, for his designs are inspired by the Fables of Æsop, and Gay, and Phædrus. Both British and Foreign Field Sports are illustrated by his art; there is also the *Angler's Manuel*, 12 plates, 1808; and as for *The British Sportsman*, 1812, many a pleasant hour can and should be passed with its 70 illustrations.

Yet Howitt has not a great many friends among sportsmen. Markets have traditions as well as fashions, and neither fashions nor traditions have kept him before the purchasing public that cares for old sports and pastimes. One reason is that collectors, and especially young collectors, think of sporting art much too frequently as a thing to be hung up against walls, though it is often better in bookcases and in portfolios. If Howitt is accepted as a jolly

[1] The Victoria and Albert Museum has a print of this long and lively etching.

sportsman in books, in small drawings, and also in detached prints for a portfolio, he can be kept cheek by jowl with his many English kinsmen, ranging from Barlow to the gentle Londoner Robert Hills (1769–1844), whose water-colours and etchings of animals, and particularly of deer, belong to sport, and have merit. Indeed, Hills receives notice from Gilbert Redgrave's *History of Water-Colour Painting in England*, while Howitt is omitted. Hills dwindles away into stipple and prettiness, but at his best he is a painter-etcher to be portfolioed. The British Museum has a good and varied collection of his etchings, including many rare states, with much evidence of the care with which Hills corrected his tentative proofs. It is always entertaining to see prints upon which an artist has worked.

II

To turn from Robert Hills to James Ward, R.A., is like receiving an electric shock, his pictures having more ambition and more adventurous energy than other Englishmen of his time dared to employ when country life and sport were united to ample landscapes. Ward lived to be ninety, dying November 23rd, 1859; he attempted most *genres*, first as an engraver, next as a painter under the influence of his brother-in-law George Morland, and then as a disciple very eager to renew the school of Rubens. No fewer than 298 of his pictures were hung by the Royal Academy. He became A.R.A. in 1807, and R.A. in 1811, his forty-second year; not a bad record for a man who did not obey ruling fashions; but he expected a more rapid rise, forgetting that the most difficult of all things in art is to prevent a rapid rise from becoming all at once an equally rapid fall.

To-day James Ward is admirable, not mainly because of his productions perhaps, but because the history of his time needs the manly, swaggering aims that he wished to make real with spontaneous vigour and ease of execution. Somehow he failed to see that his god Rubens had marvellous invention as well as wonderful varied action, and that this invention was accompanied by an expressive power of drawing the human form under conditions so difficult and so diverse that the master's eyes and his hand and mind worked together with astonishing accord.

Ward would have been at home in Antwerp if he had been born there when Rubens turned pupils into big masters. He came too late into the development of an art, with sympathies that befitted an earlier time and school; a great misfortune, but one of pretty frequent occurrence among men of uncommon gifts. When Ward declined to burn incense before the idolised old Italians,

English art-criticism looked upon Rubens and Jordaens as too fleshy for an English society that often behaved like Sir Toby Belch, and that laughed over the coarsest caricatures by Bunbury and Gillray.

III

There are two big-game subjects in which James Ward appears as painter and engraver. One is a mezzotint $23\frac{5}{8}$ in. by $17\frac{7}{8}$ in.; it represents a lion and a tiger fighting just inside the mouth of a cave, and the lion has gained too easy a victory. Tigers have defeated lions many a time. The other print, approximately of the same size, has a similar motif; a lion near a cave's mouth prepares to attack a tiger, that crouches beside his partly devoured prey, a deer of some sort. The tiger is preferable as a life study; the lion thrusts out his lower jaw too much, and seems to have a broken bridge to his nose. Neither print is equal to John Dixon's mezzotint after Stubbs of the tigress lying below rocks.

In 1814 J. Scott engraved for the *Old Sporting Magazine* a James Ward portrait of Sir John Shelley's racehorse Walton, neighing at the door of a stable. According to Mr. Grundy's excellent memoir of Ward, Shelley paid one hundred and twenty guineas for this painting, which measured 51 in. by 66 in. It was seen at the British Institute in 1818, and at Christie's eleven years later, when its price fell to forty-eight guineas, helping to prove that its painter was not popular among racing men. At the same auction Ward's portrait of the Duke of Grafton's brood mare Primrose, a beautiful grey, with a foal, in a fodder yard, fetched only thirty-nine guineas, its original price being seventy; and the same mishap came, also in 1829, to Ward's picture of Smolensko, exhibited at the Royal Academy two years before.

Another horse portrait—Old Cœlebs, an aged racer, painted on a canvas 18 in. by 13 in.—was bought in at thirteen and a half guineas, a third of its original price; while Guy Mannering, painted in 1822, fell from thirty guineas to five. Ward painted three pictures of the hunter-like racer Dr. Syntax, belonging to R. Riddell, and painted also by Clifton Tomson. No. 1 was bought by Mr. Witham for ninety guineas; No. 2 by Mr. Riddell for a hundred guineas; and the third is regarded by Mr. Grundy as a composite picture, the horse copied from No. 1 and the landscape background, with distant hills, from No. 2, as in Ward's good lithograph of Dr. Syntax.

The failure at public sales of Ward's racehorse portraits has never been explained. Did specialists believe that he had not lived long enough with horses to know much about them? No vanity is more unblushing than that

which talks as a specialist about horses. Even sailors when they talk about the sea and about ships are less dogmatic than these devotees of stables; and as sailors generally believe that no painter can know what they do of seafaring life, so horsemen generally think overmuch of their own knowledge when they study horses painted by a James Ward, whose name is associated with other subjects. They should remember that horses differ as variously in form and proportions as do men and women, and that artists should portray them as they are. Besides, several of the most noted sires on the Turf have been ill-shaped, like the famous Blacklock. There are lithographs to prove that James Ward is often easy and confident when he draws horses, and that his touch has a supple quality which J. N. Sartorius never achieved, and which Henry Alken missed frequently.

A set of well-chosen lithographs, not yet valued by sportsmen, was dedicated by James Ward to George the Fourth, who wished to improve the breed of horses by keeping the Malcolm Arabian in public service at small fees. The prints are good portraits of notable horses, like Soothsayer, Monitor, Phantom, Walton, Leopold, and also the Duke of Wellington's beloved charger Copenhagen, by Eclipse, out of a mare named Lady Catherine. This mare when in foal was General Grosvenor's charger at the siege of Copenhagen, so that her son's bravery as a war-horse may be regarded as inherited It is odd that James Ward's lithographs are not yet collected; they should receive as much attention as Charles Turner's fine colour-print after Ward's hunting picture, Ralph John Lambton, with his horse Undertaker, calling Hounds out of Cover.

Now and then Ward's lithographs, selected proofs retouched by himself, are printed on India paper, and come into the market in thirteen oblong folio plates bound up as a book. Some twenty years ago I examined a set of this quality bound in Russia, and priced at £20, a very inadequate sum.

It is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to find a picture in which Ward's moods and methods as a sporting artist are alembicated, so to speak. I have chosen a picture called " Coursing in Sussex," which represents his weight and his power, with a sense of dramatic unity between all the component parts of its large-handed composition. It contains much more of himself than we find in such a frankly Rubens-like big work as the " Bulls Fighting "; and we see here and there that he is employing with a touch of his own hints carefully chosen from George Morland. Sturdy and characteristic movements are suggested with a minimum of physical action, and rider and horse are such old friends and so accustomed to each other that really they seem to have a sort of family likeness. Is it Ward himself on his favourite hack ? Technically,

his manipulation of paint is not spontaneous; it hardens now and then and becomes laboured, probably because he was a practical engraver before he tried to draw with a full brush and with a modelling freedom.

IV

From Ward, with his Anglo-Flemish adventures, we pass on to Benjamin Marshall (1767–1835), who desired to be genuinely English, and whose art changed from phase to phase till at last its technical qualities came as often from the painter's thumb as from brushes. Simultaneously with this growing fondness for thumb-painting another characteristic became more and more active, an increased liking for anatomy, as though Marshall had taken so much pleasure in painting a very thin horse that ever afterwards he lingered too affectionately over the ribs and the muscles and tendons. This phase of his art has been condemned as "too mappy," but it has character, original character, and Marshall is among the few English sporting artists who are worth accepting as painters through all the variations of their honest and faulty studies. Mr. Munnings follows his work from phase to phase, and with more admiration than censure. The most common defect came from a fashion of the time, which regarded an absurdly small head as a beautiful adornment for a thoroughbred horse, just as Alexandre Dumas liked to imagine that a hand too small to be strong was all right if a powerful swordsman happened to be of aristocratic birth. Photography has done one useful thing by showing coldly in profile portraits the correct proportion between every racer's head and body. Till the camera became a decisive critic in this particular, scarcely a painter dared to make the head important enough. Some of Marshall's racehorses and hunters have heads even ridiculously small, but his clients had other views, and were very well pleased. Herring is another expert whose horses' heads are often too short.

Though Marshall was a man of mark, and though he remains one to this day, he has been snubbed by books of reference as well as by public galleries. Bryan's *Dictionary* in its most recent edition is the worst offender, giving only six famished lines to his seven-and-sixty years of life, and his forty-six years of professional work. Students turn to Bryan for information and find nothing more than forty-one words, as follows :—

"Marshall, Benjamin, an English animal painter, born in 1767, who practised in London and Newmarket. His speciality was horses,[1] and he contributed

[1] An ignorant statement, for Marshall's human figures are often better than his horses.

[*forty-nine subjects*] to the *Sporting Magazine*. His works occasionally appeared at the Academy between 1800 and 1819. He died in 1835."

The *Dictionary of National Biography* omitted Marshall altogether, but the Editor must have received many protests, for a brief biography was put into the Supplementary Volumes. Even then Sir Walter Gilbey was not chosen to write the biography, though he was best fitted for the job. Still, the *D.N.B.* apologised for a bad oversight, and British and foreign students can learn from it something about a man who is certain to endure as a painter while sports remain popular. They can learn, for example, that Marshall exhibited only thirteen pictures at the Royal Academy; but they should learn also that he stopped exhibiting on three, not two occasions. There was a gap of four years between 1801 and 1806; of six years between 1812 and 1818; and between 1819 and the year of his death he refused for some reason to be a contributor. It would be interesting to know for what reason he turned his back thrice on the leading exhibition after having shown there some very remarkable work. Perhaps he felt slighted because, after the death of Stubbs (1806) and of Sawrey Gilpin (1807), he had not been elected A.R.A., certainly an honour that he merited.

His high value as an artist in 1806 can be judged from a large painting exhibited then at the R.A. and now owned by Mr. Basil Dighton of Savile Row, London, W. It is a life-size portrait of a celebrated shot, J. J. Shaddick (1767–1835), accompanied by his chestnut horse and also by two pointers—a brown and white fellow that gazes up at his master, and a fatly painted white dog with a tan-coloured head, that looks rather sheepishly at the horse, whose head is lowered in a gentle manner to make friends. Shaddick is turned towards the right, and holds his long gun under his right arm, while with the left hand he holds up a dead pheasant. Considered as a whole, is there a shooting portrait picture with the merits of this one that dates from the same period? If so, I should like to know its whereabouts.

Stubbs himself, fond as he was of shooting motifs, never encountered at close portrait range so many difficulties, and in a scale which, due allowance being made for effects of relative perspective, seems to be the scale of nature. The white dog is nearest to us, and the paint is laid on with a loaded quality of studied texture very seldom employed by early sporting painters.[1] Behind, right, is the other dog, turned towards the right with his right paw raised, but with the head turned left to look up at Shaddick, who is placed unobtrusively

[1] It reappeared, ten years later, in H. B. Chalon's "Unkennelling the Royal Staghounds on Ascot Heath."

YORKSHIRE HUNTERS AT GRASS. *By* JOHN E. FERNELEY.
Reproduced from the Original Painting by permission of Messrs. Pawsey & Payne

CHASE OF THE ROEBUCK: FULL CRY. *Engraved by* H. ALKEN *and* R. G. REEVE *after* W. P. HODGES. *Reproduced from a Colour-Print lent by Messrs. Ackermann.*

PLATE 60

THE CLERIC SHOWS THE WAY. *Reproduced from a Water-Colour by* HENRY ALKEN, *by permission of G. P. Fores*

"TREEING" THE FOX. *Reproduced from a Sketch by* H. ALKEN, *by permission of Messrs. Ackermann.*

PLATE 62

on a level with the second pointer, his horse mainly in shadow behind him. Light falls from our left, and the dark shadows thrown on the ground are troublesome to modern eyes, for they are not atmospheric. An abundant background of sky and landscape seems to have darkened a great deal : a storm is brewing, but fitful sunlight enlivens a lowering afternoon.

In this picture Marshall has employed several methods, and this fact raises the vexed question of his art education. Was he a pupil of Abbott ? Perhaps; but if we assume that he was not, and that he studied at the schools of the Royal Academy, responding to the influence of several visiting Academicians, Zoffany being one, and the Rev. Matthew William Peters another, we can support our assumption with evidence from Ben Marshall's earlier work.

Shaddick's face and figure set me thinking of the surface quality that Peters liked to obtain; a surface which in some of his pictures has the look almost of egg-shell china. Peters had a great many admirers, and some regarded him as a better man than Reynolds. Was it from the impasto in some of Reynolds' pictures that Marshall got his cue for the white pointer ? However this may be, the contrast of technique, of painting methods, are notable and entertaining.

Again, Marshall's earliest pictures at the Royal Academy, catalogued in 1800, were (*a*) a racer named Diamond, by Highflyer, with a portrait of Dennis Fitzpatrick, and (*b*) a portrait of Captain Ricketts, with his horse and hounds. Next year he had a portrait of J. J. Shaddick, whom he painted twice. In 1800 Marshall was thirty-three, and Mr. Oswald Magniac has a large portrait of the racehorse Escape signed by Ben Marshall and dated 1792 ! Sport, then, entered early into Marshall's painting, and the R.A. schools could have helped him greatly as a lover of animals, since Gilpin and Reinagle must have been occasional visitors to the schools. As for Abraham Cooper, he was among Marshall's pupils, and an old rumour says that it was he who opposed Marshall's election at the R.A. They became professional rivals, no doubt, and Cooper must have been popular among the Academicians, for he waited only three years for his rise from A.R.A. to R.A. (1817–20). But Marshall's election would have been reasonable long before Cooper became an associate. Both Herring and H. B. Chalon were opposed by the Academicians, and on one occasion Chalon was annoyed so much by what he regarded as a slight that he threatened to withdraw his pictures from the gallery.

Only a few examples of Marshall's best work were sent to the Royal Academy. He declined to show there those of his pictures which have long been familiar to sportsmen in fine coloured prints, such as the Francis Dukinfield Astley and

his Harriers, engraved by R. Woodman, and published by Marshall himself from 23 Beaumont Street, Marylebone. It is a charming print with a high horizon of steep rising fields. Astley is on the right, mounted, and saluting someone by waving his top hat. His horse in profile looks towards the left, with three harriers busy at his feet. Coming towards Astley from the left are three mounted figures, two of whom are partly hidden by a bank. This left group is associated with eight active hounds, four behind, and four running across the foreground. There is also a white terrier, running, that connects the two groups of harriers.

When Marshall painted this picture his very susceptible mind was responding to the influence of Raeburn. He had taken a great liking for this master's planes of even colour, almost flat or uniform colour laid on with a rapid assured touch in the painting of men's clothes. This technical simplicity and its decorative value appealed to him very much, and he noted with equal care and sympathetic interest several other things: that Raeburn put a strong body within the clothes, and that his effects had neither a tendency towards prettiness nor an excess of dexterity that drew attention to itself as too "slick." No man of his time knew better than Raeburn how to give pre-eminence to the head of a life-size portrait. To simplify costumes without making the simplification very noticeable, and therefore aggressive, is more difficult than many critics believe.

Marshall attacked this problem many times. There is a surprising study for his Dukinfield Astley picture, a study which has been seen this year at Messrs. Ackermann's. It represents only the central group, Astley and the three harriers, with mountainous country behind them, differing from the background of Woodman's print. Its planes of colour could not be simpler, and the handling everywhere is very swift and staringly slick. The general effect is not withdrawn from us into the clear and greying fresh air; it needs atmosphere and is too emphatic; but after all it is original and also decorative. The brushwork constructs not only with peremptory ease but also with a squaring precision which sporting painters of the same period seldom employed; and the same technical emotion or inspiration flows unhindered through the whole work, a very unusual thing in equestrian portraiture. One is glad to see that daring experiments were made at a time when traditions were usually accepted as authoritative.

Some time ago Messrs. Ackermann had another Marshall, 61½ in. by 50½ in., representing a young sportsman standing in the midst of thirteen hounds, his figure rising against a clear sky precisely from the centre of the canvas.

This departure from conventional composition may have been suggested by Stubbs, who scorned rules in order to prove them by inventing some good exceptions. Several hounds in Marshall's composition are rather small to be relatively in scale with others that are nearer to the sportsman; but as a bold enterprise the picture is notable and desirable.

It is not the fault of London art dealers if Marshall remains little known outside the sporting world. Messrs. Agnew and Messrs. Knoedler, like Messrs. Fores, seek for typical examples of his work, and Mr. Frank T. Sabin has eight pictures representing phases of Marshall's development from 1803 to 1829, when his thumb-painting period is far advanced, and when his increased liking for anatomy is very active. Let me note these pictures one by one :—

1. Portrait of Lord Darlington with several Hounds and his Favourite Hunter; signed, and dated 1803.

2. Lord Barrington and a man named Price with Hunters; signed, and dated 1810. The technical mood in these pictures—free, simple, broad and rather fat—is preferred by some of Marshall's admirers.

3. Portrait of Colonel Adny's Racehorse Emilius, a bay colt held by his trainer near the Judge's box, left; a groom stands near him and holds out a checkered rug. Unsigned and undated. But the style has changed. A portrait of Emilius, after Marshall, appeared in the *Old Sporting Magazine*, 1824.

4. Portrait of the Racehorse Sam with Chifney up; the trainer on our left, and a crowd behind. Signed, and dated 1818. Illustrated in this book.

5. The Racehorse Sailor standing on the Downs; his Owner, Sir Henry Thornhill, holds the bridle. Signed, and dated 1819. Illustrated in this book.

6. The Racehorse Euclid in the act of being wisped; he is held by a groom; and his trainer stands on our left with a pony. Signed, and dated 1820.

These four racehorse pictures hung at Thetford, and more than forty years ago the late Sir Walter Gilbey offered £1000 for them; but they were sold for a higher price.

7. The Racehorse Souvenir, winner of the Drawing-Room Stakes 1827, and the Goodwood Stakes 1828. Signed, and dated 1829.

8. Thomas Oldaker on Pickle and His Hounds—an engraved picture, and now reproduced again in colour for this book.[1]

[1] In another picture by Ben Marshall, painted for Mr. Harvey Combe, Oldaker is painted on another hunter, named Brush, and this picture still belongs to the Combe family.

As regards earlier and earliest racehorses by Marshall, the best collection belongs to Mr. Oswald Magniac at his country house in Hampshire; it comprises six large portraits, seemingly a set, all signed and dated, with jockeys, trainers, and some other figures. Five belong to the year 1800: Champion, Cockfighter, Grey Diomed, Mr. Heathcote's grey horse Symmetry beating Sir C. Bunbury's black colt Sorcerer at Newmarket, October 1800; and a bay horse winning by half a length from a black thoroughbred. "The lettering painted on this picture," says Mr. Magniac, "is fainter and less distinct than the descriptions on all the other five paintings. Indistinctly the words appear to be: 'Sir C. Bunbury's bay h . . . beating Mr. Wyndham's bl . . . h . . . .'"

In the Royal Collection at Cumberland House I examined six Marshalls:—

1. A Roan Hack in profile, with cropped ears and a docked tail; saddled and bridled, but without a groom; standing under the colonnade of old Carlton House; behind, some Pall Mall houses. 34½ in. by 40 in.

2. A Black Horse in profile, walking with his head lowered and led by a groom dressed in Royal livery, scarlet, with blue facings and gold lace; a black skull cap. In the background right are two huntsmen in scarlet, one on a dark horse and the other on a grey. 34½ in. by 40 in. Painted for H.R.H. Prince George of Wales.

3. Portrait of the Horse Mistake, profile; a dock-tailed gelding, brown with darker legs; ears laid back as if ill-tempered. The background is a flat country relieved by some low trees and by a touch of water, an eye in the landscape. 34¼ in. by 40½ in.

4. Portrait of a Black Horse in profile, and of a groom in Royal livery who is coming through a rail gate to call the horse. Some white saddle-marks. 34 in. by 40 in.

5. Portrait of the Horse Tiger, profile, the head to left. A light chestnut, dock-tailed, with many white saddle-marks. In the foreground left is a stile under an oak tree. 34 in. by 40 in.

6. Portrait of a Grey Horse, profile, with a long switch tail, trotting from left to right in a paddock or strawyard; part of a loose box is seen left, with buildings beyond. 34½ in. by 40 in. The background has darkened; and the whole of these pictures would be improved if they were placed for some months—not in full direct sunlight, but—in a light strongly charged with reflected or indirect sunshine.

Pictures hung in passages and in curtained rooms have a tendency to darken overmuch, and experiments have proved that vivid light not too much charged

with the sun's heat has a restorative influence. This being so, darkened paintings should be regarded as citizens that need a summer holiday of fresh air and light.

It is interesting at Cumberland Lodge to compare the Marshalls with Schwanfelder, and also with H. B. Chalon's portraits of four horses: Selim, a very light chestnut, ridden by a jockey in blue, and attended by a trainer on horseback; Barbarossa, a light brown; Sir David, another brown, but with three white socks, ridden by a jockey in blue and crimson; and Orville, 1808, with two grooms, as in the familiar engraving by William Ward.

One of Marshall's representative pictures is the portrait of the Earl of Jersey's Mameluke, reproduced in this book. Mameluke won the Derby in 1827, and many later victories. He stands on the downs with a groom, the racecourse behind, with numerous booths and figures. 27 in. by $35\frac{1}{2}$ in.

There is no room here for a list of all the prints after Marshall; but as Mr. Banks' *Index to the Old Sporting Magazine* is not a book to be found in country libraries, unfortunately, many persons will be glad to know the volumes in which engravings after Marshall are to be seen. Let me divide them into groups :—

Human Portraits.

1. Mr. Taplin, author of *The Gentleman's Stable Directory*, 1796; V. 7, p. 227. Engraver, J. Scott.
2. Robert Jones, a practical farrier, 1797; V. 10, p. 8. Engraver, J. Scott.
3. Richard Knight, Huntsman to Earl Spencer, 1802; V. 21, p. 56. Engraver, W. Bond.
4. John Hilton, judge of the course at Newmarket, 1804; V. 24, p. 212. An etching.
5. Samuel Betts, starter of the horses at Newmarket, 1804; V. 24, p. 227. An etching.
6. John Fuller, clerk of the course at Newmarket, 1805; V. 25, p. 284. An etching.
7. Colonel Mellish, 1820; V. 56, p. 1. Engraver, J. Scott.
8. Thomas Hilton "father of foxhunters in Kent," 1822; V. 60, p. 217. Engraver, William Smith.
9. Tot Inchley, 1823; V. 62, p. 173. Engraver, W. T. Fry.
10. James Robinson, 1828; V. 71, p. 372. Engraver, R. Woodman.

11. Samuel Chifney, 1828; V. 71, p. 349. Engraver, R. Woodman. In Lord Rosebery's Collection there is a Ben Marshall giving on the same canvas portrait sketches of Chifney, Wheatley and Robinson. See also the *Sporting Review*, 1842, vol. 7; engraver, J. W. Cook.

Subject Pictures.

1. Hounds contending for The Lead, 1820; V. 56, p. 232. Etched by J. Scott.
2. Meeting the Staghounds, with portrait of Peter Pope Frith, Esq., on his mare, 1833; V. 81, p. 405. Engraver, T. Romney.
3. Partridge Shooting, 1832; V. 81, p. 66. Engraver, R. Woodman.

Sporting Dogs.

1. Spaniel and Hare, 1797; V. 9, p. 263. Engraver, J. Scott.
2. Dabster, a Foxhound belonging to the Berkeley Hunt, in the act of running towards left, 1797; V. 10, p. 234. Engraver, J. Scott.
5. Greyhounds, Juniper and Janette, belonging to Captain Wyatt, M.P., 1815; V. 45, p. 165. Engraver, J. Scott.
6. Iago, a Greyhound, 1822; V. 61, p. 57. Engraver, J. Scott.
7. Dog's Head and a Partridge, 1825; V. 66, p. 385. Engraver, J. Webb.
8. Rally, a Staghound in the Earl of Derby's Pack, 1826; V. 68, p. 193. Engraver, J. Webb.

Horses Mainly.

1. A Son of Eremus, 1796; V. 8, p. 232. Engraver, J. Scott.
2. Portrait of an Arabian, 1796; V. 9, p. 115. Engraver, J. Scott.
3. Phosphorus, by Eclipse, 1798; V. 11, p. 214. Engraver, J. Scott.
4. Copperbottom, a mare 12½ hands high, and winner of many races, 1798; V. 11, p. 194. Engraver, J. Scott.
5. A Roan Hack, 1802; V. 21, p. 56. Engraver, J. Scott.
6. Jasper, a hound, bred by the Earl of Egremont, 1803; V. 22, p. 119. Engraver, J. Scott. A foxhound and a huntsman; a double door into a stable, the upper part open, and the huntsman leaning against the lower part.
7. Precipitate, 1804; V. 23, p. 231. A neighing stallion in a stiff breeze. Bred by the Earl of Egremont, 1787.
8. Badger, 1805; V. 27, p. 55. Engraver, J. Scott.
9. J. B. Trevanion's Horse, 1809; V. 35, p. 149.

10. " Mischief," 1809; V. 35, p. 149. Black and Tan Terrier in a yard with a dead Rat. Engraver, J. Scott.
11. Noble, a Kent Hunter, 1910; V. 36, p. 1. Engraver, J. Scott. A handsome grey, looking right towards distant hounds and horsemen.
12. Hunters belonging to Lord Scarborough, 1810; V. 37, p. 97. Engraver, J. Scott.
13. Blackleg, a Hunter, belonging to Lord C. Bentinck, 1811; V. 39, p. 1. Engraver, J. Scott.
14. Dustman, celebrated dog, 1812; V. 40, p. 97. A bull terrier and his kennel, with a glimpse of country right. Engraver, J. Scott.
15. " Satan " and a Chestnut Pony, 1814; V. 44, p. 49. Satan is a Newfoundland Dog. Engraver, J. Scott.
16. Anticipation, a chestnut horse, foaled 1818; V. 55, p. 97. Engraver, Mitan.
17. Cannon Ball, a bay horse belonging to Lord Jersey, 1821; V. 59, p. 93. Engraver, J. Scott.
18. Banker, a racehorse, 1823; V. 62, p. 57.
19. Emilius, a bay colt belonging to Colonel Adny, 1824; V. 64, p. 189. Engraver, J. Webb.
20. Mirandola, a chestnut mare belonging to Lord Clarendon, 1824; V. 65, p. 1. Engraver, J. Webb.
21. Longwaist, a bay horse belonging to Fulmer Craven, 1825; V. 66, p. 321. Engraver, J. Webb.
22. Bravura, a dark grey mare belonging to Sir Robert Keith Dick, Bart., 1826; V. 67, p. 349. Engraver, J. Webb.
23. Middleton, a chestnut colt belonging to Lord Jersey, 1825; V. 67, p. 64. Engraver, J. Webb.
24. Phantom, a bay horse belonging to Sir John Shelley, Bart., 1826; V. 68, p. 156. Engraver, J. Webb.
25. Babel, a bay mare, 1827; V. 70, p. 121.
26. Tiger, a hack; V. 70, p. 97. Engraver, Wainwright.
27. Lamplighter, a bay horse, belonging to Colonel Wilson, 1831; V. 77, p. 173. Engraver, Romney.
28. Skiff, a bay horse, bred by the Duke of Grafton, 1831; V. 77, p. 297. Engraver, R. Woodman.
29. Zingaree, a bay horse, foaled in 1825, and belonging to the Marquis of Exeter, 1830; V. 77, p. 1. Engraver, R. Woodman.
30. Erymus, a racehorse, 1831; V. 78, p. 273. Engraver, H. R. Cook.

31. Souvenir, a bay horse, 1831; V. 78, p. 1. Engraver, J. R. Scott.
32. A First-Rate Shot, 1831; V. 78, p. 409. A pleasant picture of George Osbaldeston with his dogs in the open country. Engraver, J. R. Scott.
33. Priam, among the very best of Marshall's pictures, 1831; V. 79, p. 1. Engraved by Romney. Priam was a bay colt bred by Sir J. Shelley, Bart.; he was bought by the Earl of Chesterfield.
34. Curricle, a brown hunter, bred by the Duke of Richmond; 1831; V. 79, p. 401. Engraver, Romney.
35. Galatea, 1833; V. 81, p. 66.

It is well known that Charles Turner's prints after Marshall are all desirable, and that W. and C. Cooke's engravings of Muly Moloch and Haphazard, dating from 1805, are important as racing history. Muly Moloch is being rubbed down, and in half-protest raises his near or right fore leg and his off hind leg. He stands in profile towards the right, with his head and neck outstretched, a bare outbuilding a little way behind on right. His bridle is held by a small fellow named Tod. To left of the horse is a group of three racing characters, Trotter, Hardy and Thompson. Between this group and the horse's hind legs runs a low horizon, with several tents, a carriage and four, and several horsemen. In the foreground, right, a bottle and a horse-rug are well placed, as happens a good many times in Marshall's pictures.

As for the Earl of Darlington's Haphazard, by Lord Derby's Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Eclipse, he is represented in profile, looking right from about the middle distance, his bridle held by Samuel Wheatley, who looks towards Ben Marshall. A kneeling boy rolls up a horse-cloth, and a jockey—William Pierce—takes off his overcoat. Behind, left, a stand and some tents, with onlookers; a low horizon and a cloudy sky.

The Earl of Darlington and his Foxhounds, published also in 1805, in a stipple and line engraving by T. Dean, is another good Marshall of the earlier period; but I am more interested by a small print which has been unnoticed by writers on Marshall, a small print $7\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $5\frac{5}{8}$ in., representing Major-General Warde on his black charger, with a reserve battalion in line; and, far off on the right, a battle progresses, perhaps Waterloo. The British Museum has a print of this engraving; but the original picture? Where is it now? Who is the fortunate owner? At the beginning of the nineteenth century good English battle pictures were very uncommon.

Though Ben Marshall's appeal is versatile, his variety is always, or nearly

THE MALCOLM ARABIAN. *The property of* GEORGE IV. *Painted by* BEN MARSHALL, 1823. *Canvas* 36 × 48 *ins. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Bromhead, Cutts & Co.*

COURSING IN SUSSEX. *Canvas* 45 × 62 *ins. By* JAMES WARD, R.A. *Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 64

PORTRAIT OF WIZARD, 1810, *by* BEN MARSHALL. 50 × 40 *ins. Reproduced from a photograph lent by Messrs. Ackermann. One of the pictures collected by Christopher Wilson (1763–1842).*

PLATE 65

PORTRAIT OF SAILOR STANDING ON THE DOWNS. *The owner, Sir Henry Thornhill, holds the bridle. Signed* B. MARSHALL 1819. *Reproduced from the Original Picture by permission of Frank T. Sabin.*

PLATE 66

PORTRAIT OF MAMELUKE, 1827, *by* BEN MARSHALL. *Reproduced from a photograph lent by Messrs. Ackermann. One of the pictures collected by Christopher Wilson (1763–1842).*

PORTRAIT OF SAM WITH CHIFNEY UP, 1818. *From a Painting by* BEN MARSHALL. *By permission of Messrs. Frank T. Sabin.*

THE SQUIRE AND HIS FAVOURITES. *By* BEN MARSHALL. *Canvas* 40 × 50 *ins. An early picture. By permission of Messrs. Agnew.*

PLATE 68

INTO THE POUND. *Facsimile of a Drawing by* PHIZ (HABLÔT K. BROWNE). *Reproduced by permission of Mr. W. T. Spencer.*

PLATE 69

"WARE WASHING!" *Facsimile of a Drawing by* PHIZ (HABLÔT K. BROWNE. *Reproduced by permission of Mr. W. T. Spencer.*

PLATE 70

always, associated with portraiture. His fondness for individuality is impassioned, no matter what he is asked to paint, whether shorthorned cattle, or game cocks trimmed for fighting, or a bulky whole-length of Daniel Lambert. This turn of mind it is that causes his work occasionally to seem somewhat fitful in its development. No early sporting artist, not even Wootton, was more sensitive than Marshall to the individuality of painters by whom he was attracted. Among the portraitists from whom Marshall borrowed occasional hints I think we must place Samuel De Wilde, who died in 1832 at the age of eighty-four. De Wilde painted a great many actors and actresses, sometimes after making black chalk studies highly finished in colours. He preferred portraits of a small size, whole-length, and, like Zoffany in similar works, had a shrewd eye for character. Marshall required an ever-improving skill as a painter of small-sized portrait figures, and he " took his own where he found it," like many a man of alert ability. If he took not only a good deal but also too much, let us remember that through all his phases and experiments he retains enough of himself to be known generally as Marshall. And another point is that his pupils, Abraham Cooper and Ferneley, did not attempt to imitate his ways of work, but absorbed what they could of his experience and knowledge. Perhaps C. B. Spalding, whose pictures may be seen from time to time, was the only painter of horses who tried to model himself on Marshall, choosing, I think at present, the first period style of the seventeen hundred and nineties. But this matter will be verified by those who have seen much more of Spalding's work than is known to me. It is to be assumed that Spalding had a known name, for the *Old Sporting Magazine* published thirty engravings after his pictures, while James Ward was represented by only sixteen, and Marshall's younger son, Lambert, a clever young man, by twenty-nine.[1]

Lambert contributed for the last time in 1835, his twenty-fifth year, when he was represented by a coursing scene, engraved by J. Greig, and also by a horse belonging to the Duke of Portland, engraved by J. Romney. Lambert

[1] In one fine print after Abraham Cooper there are some qualities reminiscent of Ben Marshall. It is a portrait of Daniel Haigh mounted on a splendid stamp of horse (with silver hairs in a short tail); the style has a manliness not always present in Cooper's compositions. Old colour prints of this picture, engraved by W. Giller, are scarce, but modern prints from the old plates are in the market, and they are good enough to be portfolioed by collectors. Indeed, the high finance of print-selling interferes far too much with the study of sport in art. Many old prints, and above all those described as " mint states," belong to the wealthy, and are treasured with the utmost care by a few impassioned collectors, like Mr. C. F. G. R. Schwerdt. Even public Print Rooms cannot always afford to buy these rare states; and as a consequence modern reproductions are invaluable, especially to students whose incomes are small, and who wish to collect sequences of prints to illustrate the development of different phases in sporting art.

Marshall's earliest contribution was a portrait of his father, engraved by Fry, vol. 68, 1826.

Ben Marshall was devoted to his clever son, and gave up his profitable work at Newmarket in order that he might set up his home again close by the London schools of art. It is believed that he settled at Newmarket because he wanted to increase his income, and that he regretted this need in a conversation with young Abraham Cooper. For twenty years he had worked with success among the London artists, and in those days Newmarket must have seemed a long way off, a banishment from the great busy capital. But he added: "Stop, stop, though! I have a good reason for going. I discover many a man who will pay me fifty guineas for painting his horse who thinks ten guineas too much to pay for painting his wife!"

This little story may be altogether true, but it is good enough to be invented! We have seen that Marshall painted a famous racehorse, named Escape, as early as 1792, many years before he went to Newmarket. Between 1792 and 1825 (when he returned to London from Newmarket), great war and its political consequences must have had a bad effect on most painters.

Sport went on and sportsmen were the best patrons, as a rule, during those years. In 1825 Marshall bought a house in London Terrace, Hackney Road; and here he died on July 24th, 1835, aged sixty-seven. He is to be valued as an Englishman through and through, like Barlow, Stubbs, Gilpin, Ferneley and Herring.

CHAPTER VIII

DALBY, FERNELEY, AND CHARLES TOWNE

I

In June of this year, being troubled by several matters of research, I wrote to an expert on Hawking, Hunting, Shooting and Coursing, who has an unrivalled private collection of drawings, and books, and " mint state " prints. David Dalby and John E. Ferneley were named in my letter, and the collector in his answer said that he did not know them. Drawings by these artists are rarely seen; only a few prints of a minor sort bear their names; and as for their pictures, the best ones, most of them belong to north-country families, and Londoners have had but few chances of seeing their merits at public auctions and galleries. From the Sports Exhibition of 1891 Dalby was carelessly shut out, and Ferneley was represented by only three pictures, like H. B. Chalon, Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., and Henry Alken. At the Gilbey Sale, June 1915, only two Ferneleys were seen; " A Favourite Hunter in a Stable with his Groom," 33 in. by 41½ in., painted for H. de Burgh of Drayton Hall, near Uxbridge; and a portrait of the brood mare Defiance, in a landscape with the foal Reveller by her side, 28 in. by 38 in.[1] Even Sir Robert Witt's collection of prints, photographic and other, has only two examples of Dalby and one example of Ferneley, a brown hunter standing in a box to the left, stripped of clothing, which lies in the left corner thrown over a manger, upon which is written " Ferneley, Melton Mowbray, 1821." One Dalby is a topographical drawing engraved by W. Watts, representing Hooton in Cheshire, then Sir William Stanley's seat. Date of publication, September 2nd, 1780. This, of course, is noteworthy, showing that Dalby began as a member of the topographical school. As for the other Dalby among Sir Robert Witt's prints, it is a portrait of St. Patrick, a winner of the St. Leger, with his jockey up. A pleasant rhythm of line, easy, fluent and well modelled. The head is too small, a frequent fault in early pictures of thoroughbreds. The original picture has gone to America; it measures 25 in. by 30 in.

[1] Defiance won races at Ascot, Bath and Warwick.

Dalby was a Yorkshire man, born about 1790. Little is known about his doings. In middle life he disappears from view after an act of charity has suggested that he has spoilt his career like Morland. Several sportsmen unite and guarantee that they will supply twenty hunters to be painted at three guineas each.[1] A very poor price, but Dalby accepted it, and if he took three days over each portrait (a small one probably), he earned enough through ten weeks to review quietly the causes of his breakdown. Still, charity wounds far more often than it heals, and it did not save Dalby from himself, so far as we can learn.

The *Old Sporting Magazine* calls him Dalby of York, and for an unknown span of years he lived there; then he moved to Leeds, after offending the Sheriff with a caricature which seems to have been regarded as libellous. It is odd that a caricature should have been resented at a time when Rowlandson, Gillray, and Bunbury were circulated everywhere by thousands of prints and drawings. Dalby, let us assume, made unpleasant facts too conspicuous.

Among his Yorkshire patrons was Richard Watt, of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, whose collection of horse-portraits was unmatched in the North of England. When fifteen of Watt's pictures were sold at Christie's, on May 9th, 1892, the Stubbs, a fine likeness of the grey racer Gimcrack and his jockey, fetched £524 10*s*., then the highest sum ever paid at an auction for a portrait of a thoroughbred.[2] Ten years later this price was outdone at the J. R. F. Burnett Sale, when another Stubbs, the famous portrait of Eclipse with Mr. Wildman and his Sons, 40 in. by 50 in., was sold for £693.[3] To-day this picture belongs to Mr. Walter Raphael.

Dalby was in good company at the Watt auction, and it is interesting to see how he fared. Two of his good horse-portraits—one of Blacklock, and one of Barefoot and his jockey, 1823—competed against Clifton Tomson's portraits of Cerberus and Altisidora, painted in 1813, which realised £220 and £136. The elder Herring was represented by Mannella, winner of the Oaks, £173; by Mannella's son Memnon, winner of the St. Leger, £294; and a picture of Tramp, sire of St. Giles and Dangerous, winners of the Derby, was bought by Agnew for £220. Dalby's Barefoot, according to Algernon Graves, was sold

[1] Sir Walter Gilbey's *Animal Painters*.

[2] Sir Walter Gilbey was the purchaser, through Mr. Vokins.

[3] A price worth noting, for it can be compared with the sums paid by Agnew at the Louis Huth Sale of 1905 for two very celebrated subject pictures by Stubbs, a pair, 23½ in. by 41½ in., "Labourers," £546, and "Gamekeepers," £756. In the same year at Lord Tweedmouth's Sale, another picture by Stubbs, painted in 1782 on a canvas 36½ in. by 27½ in., and representing Josiah Wedgwood on Horseback, fetched £546.

for £178 10*s*., while his other picture fared badly. It was a life-size portrait of the Roman-nosed Blacklock, his familiar big head looking too heavy for his graceful neck, and his loins and shoulders sloping so much that this wonderful horse—whose descendants include Velocipede and Voltaire, Queen of Trumps and Charles XII, Hornsea and Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin, St. Simon, and Donovan—remains as remarkable in racehorse portraiture as the chinless face of James Wolfe among portraits of intrepid great soldiers. Foaled in 1815, Blacklock ran his last race at the York August Meeting of 1819, and died in 1831, aged sixteen.[1]

Well, the Dalby picture of " mighty Blacklock " returned to Bishop Burton, falling at a ridiculous price, £21, to the bid of Mr. E. R. B. Hall Watt.

Dalby painted one of Blacklock's sons, Velocipede, who in 1828 won the York St. Leger. The picture is a small one, 29 in. by 24 in.; it shows the horse in a stable. On June 11th, 1915, it was seen at Christie's in the Gilbey Collection which contained five pictures by Dalby. Indeed, Sir Walter Gilbey wished to rescue this artist from an obscure position unfair to his merits.

In 1823 Dalby painted a hunting episode in which a rider on a black horse goes down a bank that is pretty high and steep, sitting well back to relieve his mount's forehand, and showing excellent *manège* in his whole pose. It is a tiny picture, just $8\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $11\frac{1}{4}$ in., an epitome of its painter's art as a good rider and sportsman. The costume, too, is interesting, an old-time hunting dress of the beaver hat period, when scarlet tail coats, relieved by choker ties, were double-breasted and buttoned up tightly. Gilbey was fond of this little work. It was among the pictures that caused him to believe that Dalby knew more about hunting than Herring. " We see," says Gilbey, " by the manner in which he puts his men in their saddles that Dalby himself was a good huntsman; he also understood fox-hunting and could prove his knowledge on his canvas. Herring knew more of coaching than of fox-hunting, and thus Dalby had the advantage over him in the latter department of art "; " his hunting scenes are superior in their groups and also in sporting technique." Further, Gilbey finds much resemblance between Dalby and Herring in a " chaste " style of painting; " and if he (Dalby) could not impart to the coats of his racehorses the wonderful sense of texture for which Herring's pictures are remarkable, his horses are at any rate anatomically correct in drawing. . . ." Well,

[1] How odd it is in the ordering of animate life that men, workers of incessant evil against mankind, should be allowed to live vastly longer than Shakespeare's favourite animal, the horse ! Shakespeare himself, being a perfect thoroughbred, a marvel of delicately ordered equipoise, scorned longevity, dying at fifty-two.

the world's attitude towards the word " chaste " has changed; and as for the coats of Herring's thoroughbreds, they will be considered later. Dalby is to be liked, I believe, not because of any " chasteness " that his paint has retained through a century, but because he has a naturalness of expression alert and wide-awake with sportsmanly observation. This quality is current with ourselves, while his technical equipment as an artist belongs to the Landseer period, a handicap usually in animal painting.

A series of Dalby's hunting pieces dates from 1824; it is called " Lord Harewood's Hunt," reminding us that this was the name given to the Bramham Moor during Lord Harewood's mastership, which lasted twenty years. There are three pictures in the set, and their size, 20¾ in. by 26 in., is convenient for ordinary rooms. These pictures also were at Elsenham Hall, and they are described by Gilbey in his book, *Animal Painters*. " The Meet " has in it a portrait group of eight horsemen who are waiting at ease for the hounds, that draw near through a stream away off on the right, with their huntsman and whipper-in. " Full Cry " shows the pack and its huntsman driving through a broad stretch of water; and as for " The Death," that too familiar climax in sporting pictures, hounds are near at hand, and their huntsman holds out the fox—just an old, old routine, a repetition of what has been done so frequently by painters that one cannot help asking what artistic enjoyment can lovers of pictures gain from seeing fox after fox broken up on canvas and in prints?

Let us note, in this connexion, that audiences at a theatre become restless during the final scene of even the greatest tragedies, such as " Hamlet." Why? Is it not because a tragedy attracts only when it is developing, as its culmination produces in us a reaction against its logic? Death being feared and life loved by all animate things, this recoil is normal whenever we look without bias at a strong animal killing a weaker one. Suppose, on the other hand, that a pack of wolfhounds brought a smaller pack of wolves to bay, and that their grapple were represented in art. Here the dramatic appeal would be different, as some equality would exist between the combatants. No such equality is possible in fox-hunting, a fox overtaken being helpless; and thus there is no reason other than mere custom for painters to regard his inevitable death as dramatically pictorial and therefore attractive as a motif for art. During my final preparation for this book I must have seen thousands of beaten foxes killed by a few scores of diligent painters, and a general sameness marks the compositions from Barlow's prints to our own pictures. Barlow, indeed, does recognise the value of what is known as " a suspended climax," for his fox is in the act of running to earth, and may live to run to-morrow, or

some other day. Sawrey Gilpin, R.A. (*b.* 1733—*d.* 1807), in his well-known "Death of the Fox," painted for Colonel Thornton and very well engraved by John Scott, broke away from monotony, placing his little drama in a wood, with hounds that come in upon their prey from behind trees and through undergrowth. From a standpoint of hunting technique the composition can be criticised justly, but Colonel Thornton, a great sportsman, was entirely satisfied, because a new idea had been made real with uncommon vigour alive with vivid sportsmanship. Among the most amusing examples of a suspended climax is the one in which a fox finds his way over walls and up a ladder on to a farmyard roof: a jesting colour-print engraved by James Pollard after an amateur artist named Gill, whose Christian name is unknown to me, and whom I like because of this one merry escapade. I have chosen it for an illustration; and note that it is an early forerunner of present-day styles in poster-work. This print, indeed, enlarged many times, would be an exceedingly popular poster.

In Dalby's picture the kill may be regarded as premature, it has come after a bad run, for the horsemen on our left look fresh and spruce. And there is another matter in the psychology of this too familiar subject. Foxes ceased to be vermin when they passed into sport, and hence it cannot be good form in art to make much ado about their breaking up, as though riding and leaping were not the main enjoyments of hunting.

Vol. lxxxv. of the *Old Sporting Magazine*, 1835, illustrates a thoroughbred by Dalby in a print engraved by Richard Parr after a portrait of Bran, who ran second to Touchstone in the St. Leger of 1834, and then was sold by his owner, Lord Sligo, to Sir Edward Baker, for 1300 guineas. Three years later the same magazine published as frontispiece to vol. xci. a print engraved by Englehart after Dalby's picture of Mango, a son of Emilius, bred in 1834 by C. C. Greville. Mango won the St. Leger in 1837, thanks to Sam Day. When the *New Sporting Magazine* opened a new market for artists, with Surtees and his pre-Pickwickian creations, Mr. Jorrocks and Soapy Sponge, Dalby failed to supply work, appearing but once, in vol. viii., 1834, where he is represented by a noted retriever of the period named Lear.

II

Considered as a painter he stands on a lower plane than John E. Ferneley, who shows a range of technical skill, within the accepted style of his period, that is remarkable, whether he competes against Herring by painting small

pictures delicately studied and petted, or adventures with abounding zest into large, and sometimes very spacious portraiture, arranged as hunting compositions. Born in 1781 or 1782, at Thrussington in the Quorn Country, and dying at Melton Mowbray in 1860, it is easy to give the pedigree of his technical inspiration. With sport all around him he inherited the art of Stubbs, and then passed his life with those transparent painting methods that were handled variously, yet with a kinsmanship belonging to a genuine school, by artists of the Landseer-Herring period. If Ferneley had been born in 1850, or thereabouts, his enterprise, we may be certain, would have united itself to the sun-painters; and it says much for his ability that modernist painters, such as Mr. A. J. Munnings, are greatly struck by those of his best pictures wherein he attacks the greatest number of difficulties, without becoming hard, stiff, dry, and fatigued. This does not mean that, within his own scope, he never failed. Every artist fails, over and over again; but sound criticism judges him by his best productions—unless his failures are too frequent. He must have worked rapidly, for one of his large pictures was painted in a fortnight, according to Sir J. Eardley Wilmot's *Reminiscences of Thomas Assheton Smith.* This happened in 1829, when Ferneley went expressly from Melton Mowbray into Hampshire, and painted Smith at Penton, mounted on his horse Ayrton, and accompanied by his huntsman Dick Burton, and Tom Day the first whip, and the second whip Bob Edwards, each with a horse. Eardley Wilmot gives also the names of all the most " famous " hounds that help to complete the composition. If Ferneley did complete this work in fourteen days he was a marvel. Even in old age he entered his studio soon after daybreak, and attacked a canvas.

One thing in art is more testing than any other—to alembicate correctly, to leave out neither too much nor too little. As a rule in Ferneley's time too much was put in; and now, very often, modernism sanctions the other extreme, which is less humble, humility trying as a rule to do more than is discreet. On several occasions I have seen a Ferneley horse almost as quietly modelled as a well-groomed hunter reflected by a good mirror. Charles Towne, on the other hand, an early member of the old Liverpool school, represents too much, and sometimes he gives to all things the same neat and sharp focus, as though nature's infinity could be suggested in art by making the minor instruments of an orchestra as important as first violins. Take that print after Charles Towne by Charles Hunt which portrays the Newton Races of 1831, with Fylde beating Halston and Recovery for the Gold Cup given by Thomas Legh, M.P., Lord of the Manor. To right of the foreground there is a group of three gentlemen

on horseback, and another group of three is placed on the left. Everyone wears a black coat and a tall black hat; and a black-suited old gentleman on foot, in a similar black hat, stands near the left-hand group and chats to its riders, as if the run home were a trifle in a good stirring race. Between these groups a low paling runs along the course, and a camera could not have picked it out with a more unnecessary crispness. Beyond the paling three horses would be seen struggling for first place, but for those aggressive black-coats to right and left, and the no less assertive grand stand behind, with its multitude of tiny arches and of square and oblong openings detailed with minute precision as a background for galloping thoroughbreds. Ferneley would have done much better than this. Still, I do not wish to attack Charles Towne, whose varied work has many points of interest. As a portrayer of pedigree dogs, horses and cattle he must be kept among those artists who did very useful work in the North. He began life as a coach-painter; but, abandoning this trade for landscape and animal painting, exhibited a picture as early as 1787. Little is said about Charles Towne in H. C. Marillier's *The Liverpool School of Painters*, a good handbook published in 1904, when Sir Humphrey de Trafford had a typical collection of Towne's animal pictures. His landscapes are minutely studied and have a Dutch mannerism; animals and figures are put in with diligent and affectionate care. On May 20th, 1921, in the Brooke Sale at Christie's, Towne was represented by three pictures—a sporting pair, " Dogs Fighting " and " Hunting the Badger," painted in 1816–18, 12 in. by $15\frac{3}{4}$ in.; and a " Landscape with Market Figures on Donkeys and Mules crossing a Stream," $19\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $24\frac{1}{2}$ in. The fighting dogs have much merit; perhaps they were suggested by the pictures by Gainsborough and Morland.

All sportsmen know a badger-hunting print by Earlom, a fine mezzotint printed very well in colours; some critics say that Earlom worked from a picture by Charles Towne, while others regard Nelson as the painter. The best coloured print of this Earlom known to me is in Mr. Oswald Magniac's collection, and though the name Nelson is inscribed on the left-hand side, the inscription is blurred and uncertain as though half-erased by the printer. Well, it is time that the name Nelson disappeared from printsellers' catalogues, for the original picture was certainly painted by Charles Towne.[1]

III

Like many other artists, Ferneley sprang from the artisan class, his father being the village carpenter at Thrussington; and just as John Phillip, R.A.,

[1] Mr. Fores, too, has no doubt on this point.

was apprenticed to a house-painter, like Legros and J. R. Reid, so Ferneley made wheels under his father till he was twenty-one. But the spirit of art stirred in him, and he occupied his leisure by copying prints and pictures, and sometimes by ornamenting the foreboards of waggons. No early training could have been better for a young painter. Besides bringing him in touch with sportsmen, and with horses, farmers, grooms, and picturesque old carriages and country carts, it taught the boy that wheels, whether heavy or light, must be fit for their purpose and therefore well made and exact. With a wheel to make, he could not hate taking trouble, could not potter with compromise and acquire a slovenly and slatternly mental habit. If he was tempted to scamp his job, and to say " it will do well enough," he was obliged to remember that wheels must roll while bearing a known strain from their daily work over uneven roads or farm fields.

Little by little his genius was noted by neighbouring gentlemen, and his father did not oppose him when he expressed a wish to study painting in London. Ben Marshall was chosen to be his master, and for a year or so he studied under Marshall, in Beaumont Street, Marylebone; but not every day and all day long, as he wished to pay some of his expenses by earning money. Painting had a heavy cost of production, what with canvases, colours, brushes, occasional frames, and lessons; and by good luck Ferneley was befriended by some officers of the Leicestershire Militia who happened to be stationed at Dover Castle. Now and then he went to Dover and painted horses for these patrons. That he was able to please them after such a short period of training is remarkable. Marshall was valued as a teacher, and we may assume that he had the gift, a rare one among painters, of expressing in words what he had learnt from experience.

A year or so with his master having passed, Ferneley for a time had something of a roving life. A stay in Ireland, and occasional visits home to see his father, suggest a certain prosperity, for travelling cost a great deal, and his father was not well-to-do. At about twenty-three, then, John E. Ferneley managed to support himself, though unaided by much art education. And this means that he was able to satisfy his Irish patrons, who were well-known sportsmen, the Earl of Belmore being one, and Lords Lismore and Rossmore the others. It would be interesting to know how he met such good supporters.

Fox-hunting appealed to him more than other sports, and he set before himself the aim of learning as much about it as huntsmen knew. Good luck continuing after his return to England, he won the friendship of Assheton Smith, perhaps the best gentleman-rider of his day, and equalled perhaps by

only one professional horseman—the intrepid Dick Knight of the Pytchley Hunt. It was in 1806 that Smith left Northamptonshire to succeed Lord Foley as Master of the " d——d Quornites," as Knight miscalled a rival pack that ventured to be as enterprising as his own. Next year Ferneley painted some big hunting pictures for Assheton Smith, and this work introduced him to other admirers of sport in art, the first being Lord Tamworth, who received him at Stanton Harold. Greatly encouraged, he married Miss Sally Kettle, and set up his home in the heart of Leicestershire hunting, at Melton Mowbray, where he ended his days after living there for fifty-four years.

The date of his death is June 3rd, 1860. He was buried at his birthplace in the churchyard of Thrussington. Ferneley married twice, his first wife dying in 1836, and the second in 1853, leaving a son. By the first wife he had seven children. One of his daughters practised lithography, and two of his sons—John, born in 1815, and Claude Loraine—tried to continue his art, and John produced some good work.

Before J. E. died hunting had passed through three generations, and many changes had made it more difficult and less humorous. Flocks, and herds, and shepherd-dogs had increased twentyfold, perhaps; game was better preserved than of old and more plentiful; and rabbits also had multiplied so much that they helped to keep foxes, when hungry, from prowling far for their food. As a consequence foxes knew less about distant points than their predecessors had known, and ran over a smaller amount of familiar ground when they were hunted. Other hindrances to sport were an increased number of drains; and as for railways, with navvies that headed the fox, and hounds running a mile or so down a line, I refer you to many a good book, such as Nethercote's *Pytchley Hunt*. Old hunting seems to have culminated in the eighteen-forties, a period well known to Ferneley, when the ever-famous Dick Christian was to the younger Assheton Smith what Dick Knight had been to the elder.

It was a most amusing and bracing country life which Ferneley knew and loved and painted. Once a year he visited art in London, and yet he was not eager to exhibit *there*. In forty-seven years, from 1806 to 1853, he sent only twenty pictures to the Royal Academy. When old hunting reached its zenith, he was about sixty, and thus old enough to take a fatherly sort of joy in the doings of Whyte Melville, and Henry Dixon, better known as " The Druid," and those Pytchley big ones, young Assheton Smith and the inimitable horse-breaker Dick Christian.

Stories about Dick circulated as joyously at Melton Mowbray as in North-

ampton. He had two heroes—himself and young Assheton Smith, and that he liked them equally is certain. Telling stories with the same pleasure about both, Dick would say, for instance : " I once jumped a whole flock of sheep, near Gadesby, in Mr. Osbaldeston's time. I think we'd found at the Coplow. They had scuttled into a corner. Hounds were running like mad. I sends my horse at the rails and clears the sheep every one of 'em. My horse he hits the top of the rail and goes clear bang on his head. The shepherd he shouts, ' Now hang you, that just sarves you right.' I says, ' So it does, old fellow,' and I gathers myself up and kills our fox at Ragdale. Deary me ! horses has rolled on me times and often; squeezed me, bones broke, and all that sort of thing . . ." And as for Assheton Smith, Dick Christian declared that nothing ever turned him, and that once his hero had jumped a ravine near Bellesdon Coplow not less than a dozen feet deep and twenty-one feet wide. Yes, yes ! And Assheton Smith " got a many falls, and always seemed to ride loose, and went slant-ways at his jumps. It's a capital plan; the horse gets his measure better. If you put his head quite straight, it's measured for him; if you put him slantish, he measures it for himself. When Mr. A. Smith rode at timber, he always went slap at the post, because he said it made the horse fancy that he had more to do than he really had.[1]

With this brisk and humorous country life accompanying his decline into old age, Ferneley thought and talked of the celebrated hard riders who had been his friendly patrons, like Lords Jersey, Middleton, Forester, Gardner, Tyrone; the Duke of Rutland, the Marquess of Westminster, and the Earl of Cadogan; Augustus Craven, Sir Harry Goodricke, Sir J. Crewe, Mr. F. H. Standish, and the elder Assheton Smith, whom he saw for the first time in 1806, near Frisby Gorse, and trying to get his horse Jack-o'-Lantern over a flight of rails. After trying six or seven times Smith gave in, and took Jack over another place. Yes, and Ferneley remembered that Assheton Smith was the first redcoat he painted, and that the picture was bought by Valentine Maher. Later, in 1819, another portrait of Smith was painted for the Earl of Plymouth, accompanied by hounds, and by famous sportsmen : Plymouth, Dartmouth and Aylesford; J. Bradshaw, J. W. Edge, P. Mills, and several others.[2]

Another of Ferneley's patrons was Sir Bellingham Graham, whose Ferneleys have been inherited by Sir Guy Graham, Bart., of Norton Conyers.

[1] *The Pytchley Hunt : Past and Present.* By H. O. Nethercote, Fifty Years a Member of This Famous Hunt. 1888. p. 109.

[2] All this Ferneley himself related to Eardley Wilmot.

These pictures at Norton Conyers have given great pleasure to Mr. Munnings. One of them is " The Meet at Kirby Gate "; another dates from the year of Waterloo, and is called " The Quorn Hunt," with Assheton Smith standing by his favourite hunter, a light chestnut named Gift, whose rein is held by Dick Burton. Burton's little son William, a boy of fourteen, who died a few months after this picture was painted, is among the many portraits. I have on my desk a descriptive list of the sportsmen who are represented, but no useful purpose would be served by giving it here. Barkby Holt is the landscape, with a distant view of Bellesden Coplow and its firs, rising behind Quenby Hall and the tower of Hungeston Church.

Sir Bellingham Graham, from 1821 to 1823, was Master of the Quorn, and during his reign J. E. Ferneley painted " The Quorn at Quenby in 1823," with portraits of forty well-known sportsmen and their horses. Did Ferneley please them one and all, achieving a miracle in the premeditated art of profuse portraiture? Every horse was a portrait also; and the hounds were such noted animals in Leicestershire that Ferneley was expected to do them justice; and some critics have said—but they were not contemporary with the hounds and the hounds' many admirers—that he flattered the pick of the pack too much, making them too heroic in size. It is never fair to pick holes in a vastly difficult undertaking, carried out for a definite purpose and within an atmosphere of enthusiasm. Sir Guy Graham tells me that twenty gentlemen subscribed a hundred guineas each for the picture, paying Ferneley two thousand guineas, and that the ownership was decided by casting dice. Sir Guy's grandfather, Sir Bellingham Graham, threw double six, so did another subscriber (whose name is not given); they threw again, and Sir Bellingham won the painting with another double six. A jolly good true story! It is full of high spirits, and its genial sporting attitude towards art and artists should be compared with the busy thrift of the gentlemen who paid David Dalby sixty guineas for twenty portraits of hunters! There is also nothing to show that Ferneley offended any of his many sitters, though we cannot believe that he gave no cause for complaint. Portraits receive as much censure as praise, however good they may be, for no two persons ever see precisely the same colours, forms, expressions, and characters.

Ferneley, of course, was untroubled by modernist problems and theories. No person in his day regarded colour as the procreatrix of design, and told painters that they must use only the seven colours of the spectrum, plus black and white, discarding all the others. Ferneley believed in *local colour*, accepting a red coat as entirely red, and a tree-trunk as a brown that did not change

with the time of day, according to the greater or smaller inclination of the sun's rays (scientifically called the angle of incidence). He was free to paint as boldly as he pleased within the accepted convention of his day, and a man who could throw upon canvas such a multitude of portrait groups is a painter to whom we should take off our hats.

Sir Bellingham is riding on his favourite hunter, The Baron, for which he refused eight hundred guineas, then a very big price. Other portraits in the picture represent Lord Darlington, Master of the Raby, Jack White, afterwards master of the Cheshire (1841–1855), Lord Cardigan, Colonel Coke on Advance, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Elcho, Lord Sefton, Captain Whyte Melville, Valentine Maher, Colonel George Anson, Colonel Coke, and many more.

Mr. Munnings admires this picture, and describes it to me as a good adventure carried through with courage on a huge canvas seemingly thirty feet long.

Ferneley sent to the Royal Academy only three hunting scenes :—

1821. A portrait group of horses with grooms, and harriers, belonging to J. Morant.

1831. Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and his Hounds, and Portraits of Gentlemen of the Lincoln Hunt.

1847. William Russell with his Horses and Dogs. Presented to him by the Brancepeth Hunt Club.

Again, several critics have noticed a certain resemblance between Ferneley's hunting pictures and those of Sir Francis Grant, born in 1803, who became P.R.A. in 1866; and so it is worth noting that Ferneley in 1850 exhibited a portrait of " Francis Grant, A.R.A. on a Hunter," and also that Grant died at Melton Mowbray in 1878.[1]

One of Ferneley's pictures, " Modern Scarlets," was won by the Earl of Milton in a raffle; and another, " The Lampton Hounds at Feeding Time, 1833," was engraved the next year by R. Parr for the *New Sporting Magazine*. A battlemented yard with a fountain playing, and hounds waiting for their

[1] A considerable number of engravings after portrait hunting pictures by Grant are still in the market, but at a low price, their value as diligent history being misunderstood. Much inferior work has been produced since Grant died in 1878; and if sportsmen, and novelists, and historians (sportsmen also, let us hope), set a proper store by large portfolios for prints which are now regarded as out of date, they would be glad to find room for several after Ferneley's friend and supporter, Sir Francis Grant, whose costumes are always accurate, and whose portraits in hunting groups come down to us with the reputation that, more often than not, they resemble their models.

food, a pleasant and a spirited composition. T. E. Nicholson engraved a Ferneley for the same Magazine : " With the Berkeley Staghounds. Extraordinary Leap taken by Colonel Standen," who jumps on horseback from a narrow hand-bridge, while another horseman rides into a river. Far off, racing uphill, is a stag, closely followed by hounds.

For the *Old Sporting Magazine* in 1812 Scott engraved a little plate of Jupiter, son of Colonel Thornton's Jupiter, in profile to right, standing near a pond. Late in life Ferneley painted The Cur, by Bran out of Czarina. On October 12th, 1848, The Cur won the Cesarewitch Stakes at Newmarket, £1475, defeating twenty-two horses. Then there is the set of coloured prints known as Count Sandor's Hunting Exploits in Leicestershire, a lively series which may be studied side by side with J. D. Paul's " Trip to Melton Mowbray." Paul had Alken always before his mind while composing his fourteen long and narrow strips of hunting fun, which were printed in colours, then joined together, rolled, and published in a box. Count Sandor's adventures, preceding those of two other Hungarians, Kinsky and Bathyany, run into ten coloured plates ($13\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.), engraved by E. Duncan. Two years ago they were reproduced in *The Field*, with the date of their publication, 1833. Sir Walter Gilbey attributed these pictures to Ferneley's son John, who was born in 1815, and several writers have accepted this attribution. My own view is different. Ferneley, I believe, may have allowed his boy to work with him in order to receive lessons; some of the horses are much better than others, and the street episode in Melton has a juvenile background, with houses which seem to have been taken from a child's toy-box. But the designs, viewed as a whole, belong to the father's experience and style. Further, when Dick Christian spoke to " The Druid " about Count Sandor, he referred to the Hungarian as " him that Mr. Ferneley drew all those pictures of." Does anyone suppose that Ferneley's boy, not Ferneley himself, was Mr. Ferneley to the Meltonians ?

As a painter of hunters John E. Ferneley ranks high, his style varying with his experience. He does not form a sort of recipe, as do several sporting painters, and when horses are well-bred he does not overdo their refinement, another weakness with sporting painters. But, following a fashion of his time, he was too fond of painting a pair of hunters in profile, pretty often at grass, and facing each other. Some good Ferneley hunters were seen this year in July among the pictures at Christie's belonging to the Earl of Eglinton and Winton. This Ferneley is a portrait of Archibald, thirteenth Earl of Eglinton, in hunting costume, riding a dark bay hunter and conversing with a

groom, who holds with one hand a chestnut horse, and extends the other towards his master. Behind, some horsemen and hounds are confidently touched in. If the horizon had been raised six or seven inches, lessening the abundant sky, Ferneley's composition would have been improved, as the principal figures would not have looked somewhat lonely and detached. The red coats need atmosphere, and the whole picture belongs to its date, the year 1836, when Landseer was thirty-four, and Herring forty-one, and Ferneley fifty-four. Four Herring horse-portraits were in the same room at Christie's; they looked tame beside Ferneley's manlier handling, and athletic elegance of line. Two of them were portraits of St. Leger winners: Blue Bonnet, 1842, and Van Tromp, 1847.

A colour-plate is given here after a pair of Ferneley's hunters; here and there the colour has darkened, particularly in the foreground; but, apart from this, one period in the painter's work is represented very well. The Yorkshire mare on our left, a beautiful creature, is painted with manly freedom, and her companion's mood of boredom is carried through the whole body. Note always in Ferneley's work that his brush lingers affectionately around the lips of horses, and the nostril and point of the nose. Like Marshall, again, he is attracted by the shoulder—too much so at times.

Mr. Fred Banks, in his collection, has two pictures by Ferneley, and both have more solidity of handling than we expect to find in work of his period, when transparency and shimmer were liked too much. Portraits of well-bred horses—well, do they not need moderation in the treatment of that gloss on well-groomed coats which French painters describe as "enamel"? Very often Herring makes too much ado over this gloss; and it is he who helps to popularise dandified colour-prints of petted thoroughbreds that are too refined, too racehorsey. Many of them seem to be ready to run over an astral course in that spirit world which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle brings before our imaginations. Compare these prints with some good photographs of to-day's finest racehorses, and at once it is clear that they mark a false ideal. The photographs are truer to Nature because they do not over-refine refinement. Well, though it cannot be said that Ferneley is *never* too enamelled and superfine, yet, after all, is he not high among the few painters who, like Ben Marshall, and J. L. Agasse, and H. B. Chalon, are nearer to the manliness of George Stubbs than any other of their contemporaries?

CHAPTER IX

SOME ASPECTS OF HENRY ALKEN

I

His family name was Seffrien, and his father, who was employed by the Danish Court at Copenhagen, took part in the political drama that grew towards a terrible crisis during the weak reign of Christian the Seventh.

In 1746, when the peaceful reign of Christian the Sixth ended, a bad time for Denmark began, and continued till 1784, when Christian the Seventh's mind gave way, and Prince Frederick was appointed regent. During these thirty-eight years the country was at sixes and sevens. The Queen Dowager led a plot against Ministers and Queen Matilda, sister of our George the Third, and only one-and-twenty. Matilda found in her husband Christian the Seventh a very feeble protector. The plotters accused their Queen of a liaison with Count Struenzee, and she, wishing to save his life, was entrapped into the confession that the charge was true. Immediately afterwards, on January 18th, 1772, she was thrown into the castle of Zell, and, on the 28th of April in the same year, the Count was beheaded. Matilda lived only a short time, dying in 1775, her twenty-fourth year.

It was among these bad events that Henry's father, and also his Uncle Samuel, apparently, became entangled, but not among the plotters. At the crisis, in or about 1772, they fled from Denmark, changing their name to that of Alken—the name of a wee village about fifteen English miles south-west of Aarhus in North Jutland. Coming to England, they chose Suffolk for their first home, and then came to London, renting a house in Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road. In 1784 Henry Alken was born, a Dane by blood, but an Englishman by birth.

Great colonisers have always been greatly colonised, artistically and commercially. Fourteen years before Alken's birth, a Dutch family in London welcomed a son who would be among Alken's rivals, and also a great favourite of the Royal family. I refer to Henry Bernard—several prints after his work say *Bar*nard—Chalon, whose father Jan was an engraver, and who in 1795

(the year of his father's death) became animal painter to the Duchess of York, and later to the Prince Regent, and afterwards to William the Fourth. Between 1792 and 1847 he exhibited no fewer than 199 pictures at the Royal Academy; and to this day he remains among those artists who are really liked by sportsmen, particularly in prints. His Bibury Welter Stakes, illustrated in this book, was exhibited in 1803; but perhaps the best of all his pictures hangs at Cumberland Lodge, near Windsor. It dates from 1817, and represents the Prince Regent's Staghounds unkennelling on Ascot Heath, with portraits of picked hounds, of the whippers-in on their favourite hunters, and also of the Royal huntsman, Sharp, on Flamingo, then a well-known horse. It is a notable picture, 40⅞ in. by 51 in., painted with a full brush and with a decision akin to that which was common during the eighteen-eighties among some Belgian animal painters.

As Chalon was not of English blood I will say no more about him here. Like Alken he reminds us of the gratitude that we owe to men of alien lineage who colonised British sport in Art, and who became typically English.[1]

II

Henry Alken won his earlier fame under the signature " Ben Tallyho." If we look back a full century, to the year 1822, when he was thirty-eight, we find that his work and its influence were circulating briskly, and that his own name was becoming well known. His versatile facility remained active till the year of his death, 1851, despite many bitter anxieties and a long period of ill-health. Prints, sketches, oil pictures and lively water-colours were the legacy that he bequeathed to his country, and in such large numbers that it is impossible to say how many.

Some time ago Mr. G. P. Fores began to make a list of the prints, only to find, after noting several hundreds, that the work devoured too much time, interfering with the day's business. Perhaps a complete catalogue will never be compiled. Not even a memoir has been written on Henry Alken, because authors and publishers have looked upon him as too well known to be a good subject for a book.

[1] Two Chalons more won fame as English painters, Alfred Edward (1781–1860) and John James (*c.* 1778–1854), both Academicians; but their family came from Geneva with French blood in their veins. H. B. Chalon, being Dutch by descent, recalls to mind the clever landscape painter Louis Chalon who died in 1741, and the gifted lady etcher Christina Chalon, born in 1748 at Amsterdam, who died at Leyden in 1808. H. B.'s father, born at Amsterdam on June 4th, 1738, travelled in France, then came to London, where he died on 11th June, 1795. He formed a collection of Rembrandt etchings.

Even pawnbrokers never turn Alken with his face to a dusty wall; they wash the glasses of his many a thousand frames, or clean his prints with bread crumbs, and expect him to enliven their dull profit-seeking with fresh air and enthusiastic sport. If we judge this man from his work, as we do Alexandre Dumas, we must accept him as a downright good fellow, whose favourite virtues and graces were loyalty, gaiety, generosity, courage, justice, and strength. But now and then an artist and his productions differ greatly; and it has been said, on the authority of a granddaughter, who corresponded with the late Sir Walter Gilbey, that Henry Alken as a man was often unlike the fine temper of his work; afraid of criticism, abruptly self-conscious towards visitors, stern to his children, slovenly at home, wayward and eccentric.

Is it wise to be impressed by the character-sketching that grandchildren piece together from old family gossip concerning their grandparents? Henry Alken became consumptive, and the last years of his life were overshadowed also by humiliating poverty which has not yet been explained. Even his funeral expenses had to be paid by one of his three daughters, Lydia Ann, who had married the animal painter John Christian Zeitter. During this period of decline he cannot have been his old sporting self; harrowing moods of depression would come to—or from—his temperament as an artist, with fitful ill-temper, probably; but even then his drawings remained gay and sportsmanly.

In what capacity did he gain his practical knowledge of hunting? As a sportsman, or as a paid servant?

An engraver, writing to *Notes and Queries* in August 1867, answered this question as follows: "Old Henry Alken was originally, I think, either huntsman, stud-groom, or trainer, to a Duke of Beaufort." This engraver had collaborated with Alken's eldest son, in order to produce a steel engraving of the funeral procession of the great Duke of Wellington; so his evidence was accepted as probably correct. Even the *Dictionary of National Biography* repeated it, instead of writing to Badminton for confirmation. The late Sir Walter Gilbey made inquiries at Badminton, and he found there no evidence that supported the *D.N.B.* If Alken, a man of genius, had been a paid servant anywhere to a pack of hounds, the fact would have become as well known as were Herring's experiences as driver of a stage-coach. That Alken hunted for pleasure, like Howitt and the Wolstenholmes, is proved by a chatty, roundabout article that was printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xv., 1824, "On Henry Alken and Others."

Its writer says: "Alken first published anonymously, and people wondered

very much who ' Ben Tallyho ' could be. Some of the Meltonians suspected a celebrated surgeon, for they knew of no other great London star that was a bold and knowing rider among them occasionally, and a perfect master in horse-flesh, and could at the same time be even suspected of having anything to do with books and booksellers. But this laurel belonged not to his ample wreath. Their own familiar friend, the man with whom they had for years taken sweet counsel—I am half-ashamed of his rashness—he blabbed it out one night to Sir Francis Burdett, who, when at Melton, is as good a Tory as ever was spilt—and a half-dozen more of *the set*. This print here (in *A Touch at the Fine Arts* [1]) represents the party an hour after the murder was out. That is the baronet balancing the empty punch-bowl on the back of his left hand. This one, on the floor, is the culprit in his red jacket. He has not had time, you see, to dress for dinner. That is the ' rum parson ' with his foot in the other bowl. A spirited effect indeed, but little order kept in the grouping of the figures ! "

Blackwood's article has not been quoted by books of reference, which, indeed, have been unkind to Henry Alken. The most recent edition of Bryan gives only eight lines to Alken, ending with a fragment of supernatural information—that he published in 1869 *Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities*. Eighteen years after his death ! It was in 1837 that he illustrated the *Jaunts and Jollities* with sixteen plates; and in the same year nineteen illustrations from his invention appeared in *The Life and Death of John Mytton*.

One would be glad to know how this true benefactor, whose work circulated everywhere, passed from a certain affluence into poverty, suffering much in a small house near St. Anne's Church, Highgate, and dying like a broken-down hunter, on April 8th, 1851.

Once a week, during the last bad years, he walked into town to see his friend, Mr. Fores, father of the present Mr. G. P. Fores, carrying with him a small portfolio. He was always eager to sell little sketches. Gossip relates—gossip from a granddaughter—that he shrank from doing business with private persons, because he felt more at ease with publishers and art dealers. But surely a man who hunted for many years cannot have been ill at ease in the company of sportsmen. It is more reasonable to remember that he was only twenty-five when he married Maria Gordon at St. Clement's Church, Ipswich, and that his family was a large one for an artist—three sons and three daughters. His prints being popular, and illustrations being easy work for his rapid invention, he would provide for his family—and also for his hunting—by

[1] One of Alken's publications.

supplying work to the buyers that came to him for new ideas; and if he did not know how to use his copyrights with commercial skill, a great deal of his enterprise would be as a charity to men of business. In Alken's time copyrights rarely brought enough profit to artists and authors.

Then there were family troubles, particularly with the eldest boy, Henry Gordon, born in 1810, who behaved very badly towards his father.

There is a passage in the *Dictionary of National Biography* which has given rise, I fear, to much misunderstanding. It runs as follows :—

" The fertility of Alken's pencil was amazing; but the idea of it might be fictitiously enhanced if the fact were not borne in mind that he left two or three sons—one of whom was named Henry—all artists, and all sporting artists, who have been incessantly painting, lithographing, aquatinting, and etching for the sporting publishers and for private patrons of the turf. . . ." [1]

Usually the differences between THE Alken and the other Alkens are easy to recognise; careful buyers rarely attribute any good part of *his* output to *them* or of *theirs* to *him*. The uncle Samuel Alken (*c.* 1750–*c.* 1825), who probably gave lessons to his nephew,[2] turned out a great many hunting pictures, but in a heavier style, and his work as an engraver in aquatint has merit. It includes topographical illustrations, and it interpreted the art of other men, as in the beautiful print after Francis Wheatley, R.A., " The Duke of Newcastle's Return from Shooting," where Sam Alken and Bartolozzi collaborate with very attractive results.

Recently Messrs. Vicars, in Bond Street, had a set of drawings signed by Sam Alken junior, based on Henry Alken's manner, but attaining no more than a sort of family likeness; and as for Henry Alken's boys, George, Seffrien, and Henry Gordon, only the last-named had talent enough to harm his father as a copyist. Seffrien died at the age of fifty-four, in 1873; and George, in 1862, his fiftieth year, was found in the Thames at Woolwich drowned. Henry Gordon not only painted in his father's manner; either he signed his father's name or he used the initials H. A.

The late Sir Walter Gilbey wrote frankly on this matter : " Henry Gordon Alken, so far as can be ascertained, made no attempt to establish a name for himself. Up to the last years of a long life, when his sight began to fail him and he worked with the aid of a magnifying glass, he continued painting pictures which he sold as his father's. Many of them are clever, but careful comparison with genuine works betrays their inferiority; they lack the delicacy

[1] These remarks are taken by the *D.N.B.* from *Notes and Queries*, August 24th, 1867.
[2] Samuel Alken seems to have been a brother of Henry's father.

of the father's touch, and fall short of Henry Alken's work from the artistic point of view. . . . These reprehensible practices could not have been remunerative, for Henry Gordon Alken was in needy circumstances for many years before his death, being indebted to friends for support. He was in receipt of parochial relief when he died in London at the age of eighty-two in the year 1892."

It is usually forgotten, when imitations and forgeries are poured into the picture markets, that the decisive test of authenticity is colour, as no two persons ever see the same colour, and as a consequence an artist's colour is really inimitable. If we study Henry Alken's colour we shall not be deceived by Henry Gordon's.

III

There are modernists who declare that Henry Alken is out of date, " a mere back number." They do not see that his popularity has remained unrivalled, and that his work is graphic history as well as jovial sportsmanship. It was Alken who broke away from the stately hunting that Barlow and Wootton represent; a parade-like hunting that never adds danger to the ceremonial behaviour of a full cry. Hunters and their finely-dressed riders take their exercise with a sort of royal composure, while hunted animals run towards inevitable death. Do you know even nine or ten good eighteenth-century pictures in which horsemen are thrown into brooks, or take a toss into blackberry hedges, or come to grief when riding at two rails with a young " quick " between? Did it ever occur to Wootton and Tillemans and Seymour that bullfinches and wide spans of water were temptations—to be overcome by jumping?

At the beginning of the eighteenth century sportsmen of the Midlands hunted over many parishes which were still unenclosed, or only in part enclosed. Brington, for example, the parish in which Althorp is situated, was enclosed about 1744, as I learn from Lord Althorp. Ditches were the usual obstacles. Throughout the eighteenth century, from the times represented by the tastes of Parson Trulliber, husbandry was the reigning taste; and it continued to be so till the beginning of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, especially in places remote from towns, and before the first railways were constructed. " The farming tribe," said Arthur Young, " is now made up of all ranks, from a duke to an apprentice." Under the sway of this general passion the cultivation of land passed through many changes; ditches, hedges

and rails became numerous, and horsemen and hounds had to adapt themselves to altering conditions.[1]

It follows that Alken's hunting fields differed from those known to Wootton, Tillemans and Seymour. Yet the rarity of jumping episodes in early prints and pictures remains a striking fact, because the reigns of George the First and George the Second must have had many horsemen who were forerunners of the Assheton Smiths and the Dick Burtons. At a time when a rocking-horse gallop was accepted as the best illusion of rapid motion that art could keep as a convention, painters were not eager to run risks by attacking new difficulties of movement.

John Wootton, in his picture at Althorp of " The Death," is rather funny when he tries to develop the rocking-horse gallop into a jump. In this painting Colonel Fielding wants to leap his hunter over a low rail; and note what happens. His whip and body show too much excitement, and his hunter rises up on the hind legs like a chariot horse in a piece of sculpture. Peter Tillemans etched a long and good hunting piece in which, on the left-hand side, below a well-drawn silver birch, a horseman has cleared a five-bar gate, losing his hat. Here, too, the jumping movement is rather comic, though better than Wootton's. Indeed, Tillemans' print, now rare, is the best etching of early Georgian hunting, particularly when it is coloured. I give an illustration of one-half of it in order to show the jumping episode. The other half represents a meet, with a good landscape background.

As for James Seymour, Robert Sayer published two colour-prints after his designs showing hunters in the act of taking a flying leap, one of them over a five-bar gate, and the other across a rivulet. The second horse leaps with so much vigour that he seems to be crossing the Thames. James Seymour did a great deal more for art than sportsmen have noted. In this print he anticipated Henry Alken, art's Jack Mytton.

Again, let us note that Alken was in the fields of sporting art as early as the bravest horsemen who achieved fame at the beginning of the nineteenth century, like Assheton Smith and Dick Burton; and consider the revolution that he worked with his irrepressible high spirits, by showing a proper feeling towards the objects of sport—deer, foxes and hares. Why should they run invariably into death without anything of perilous note happening to horsemen ? Answering this question, Alken invented many fine varieties of accident, diversifying the monotony of kills with a reasonable number of injured horses and broken human bones. If a medical committee diagnosed the best of his

[1] See Thorold Rogers: *Six Centuries of Work and Wages.*

hunting prints and pictures, as well as his headlong steeplechases, the final report would be that a few broken backbones may justify a charge of sporting manslaughter, but that all the other injuries look as curable as they are certainly fair and acrobatic. Who has ever learnt from a Herring picture that risks of hunting should not be let loose against only one set of runners—the hunted animals? Alken alone among our sporting artists tries to divide danger as equally as is possible between pursuers and the pursued.

If wolves and wild boars had been present in English sport, Alken would have painted mauled and mangled hounds as fearlessly as Jan Fyt and Snyders; he would not have drawn pretty lies rather than wound the feelings of his junior John Ruskin. His justice was temperamental, like his gaiety and his brave high spirits. There is nothing in Charles Lever that equals the reckless mirth and pluck of The First Steeplechase, with its decorative landscapes illumined by moonshine; and you will find in the *Pickwick Papers* an atmosphere of drinks containing vastly more alcohol than Henry Alken thought necessary as a motive-power behind fun, and humour, and adventure.

The *Pickwick Papers* and their herald, Surtees' genius, put me in mind of a fact which earlier writers on Alken have passed over unnoticed; namely, that Henry Alken's influence helped to stir into action the graphic humour of H. K. Browne (1815–1882), and John Leech (1817–1864), and even the gentle and fastidious Randolph Caldecott (1846–1886), whose humour and delicately whimsical observation are uniquely gracious and winning. A hunting scene by Caldecott, whether comic or not, is a memorial to be treasured, for a second Caldecott will not come to us out of that perpetual enigma, the English character. Leech, too, in a different vein, is inimitably English, but one fine point in his art is not yet widely known—that as a pencil draughtsman he has had no rival among English humorists. His three thousand drawings and cartoons for *Punch*, and much else besides, drawn direct upon wood with a hard lead pencil, had an exquisite subtle touch overflowing with fine qualities; so fine, indeed, that woodcutters lost them, not only producing a different Leech, but causing most people to regard the artist as a bold—and rather harsh—sketcher in pen-and-ink.[1] How fortunate we are to have *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, and *Handley Cross*, and *Mr. Romford's Hounds*! As for "Phiz," H. K. Browne, there is a jocund little book illustrated by his art, *Dame Perkins Joins The Hunt*, published in 1866, and scarce to-day; and among the series of prints published after his work by Fores collectors value

[1] Bryan's *Dictionary* does justice to Leech, and it is often slack and lethargic towards artists associated with sports.

THE BIBURY MEETING. *By* H. B. CHALON. *Engraved by* C. TURNER. *From a Colour-Print lent by Mr. Fores.*

OVER THE STREAM. *Reproduced from a Water-Colour by* HENRY ALKEN, *by permission of G. P. Fores.*

A GOOD SHOT ! *Reproduced from the Original Picture* (30 · 22 *ins*.) *by* ABRAHAM COOPER, R.A., *by permission of Messrs. Fores.*

RENARD THE FOX. *Reproduced from a Painting by* PHILIP REINAGLE, R.A., *in the Collection of Oswald Magniac, Esq*

PLATE 74

" The Derby Day " (a set of eight); " How Pippins enjoyed a Day with the Foxhounds " (a set of twelve); and two sets more with a dozen prints, " Hunting Bits " and " A Run with the Staghounds." This genial master is represented by two excellent drawings in the present book, composed and touched with a surprising ease, knowledge, and vivacity.

Well, Alken's fun, and his vigour and variety of appeal, touched these graphic humorists—Leech, Phiz, and Caldecott—when they were boys, doing much more for them than either Gillray or Bunbury could do with a genius less accordant with their temperaments. And this fact is the more notable because Alken was not English, except by a sort of reaction from his own lineage, which was Danish. The irrationality of English life and character—a thing very puzzling to foreigners—repelled him now and then, but as a rule it attracted him greatly and he watched it with mingled joy and wonder during a period of great and grave contrasts, when England was grappling for her life in foreign wars while at home her sports and social comedies and tragedies " went on as usual." In the year of Waterloo he was thirty-one, and at work during his leisure hours on a very interesting book, with coloured plates, *The Beauties and Defects in the Figure of the Horse comparatively delineated*, which would be published under his own name in 1816. From his tenth year, perhaps earlier, he had remembered the sudden thrills of excitement which had passed through the country after victories, such as the one gained by Howe off Brest on June 1st, 1794, or the much greater success of February 13th, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent, won by Jervis and Parker and Nelson over the Spanish fleet; to be followed eight months later by the destruction of the Dutch fleet off Camperdown by Duncan. And afterwards? Recall the whole chain of victories, naval and military, that runs from Camperdown to Waterloo. Meantime, among the British working classes, want of trade with poor harvests and heavy taxation produced frequent grave distress, and distress caused much sedition as well as bitter class hatred.

Such were the times of Gillray, Bunbury, Morland, Rowlandson, young Alken, and many other artists; and when we turn from these mixed aspects of the national drama to the introduction written by Alken for his book on horses, we feel at once that he has become altogether English, and as a consequence frankly irrational. His little book is the one thing in life worth living for, and he " flatters himself that, as his remarks are the result of the most attentive observation during many years, entirely devoted to the pleasures of the field, he trusts that the general principles which he has laid down, as well with respect to power, strength, and the various points of action, as to the

physiognomical character and figure of the horse, will be found clearly elucidated in the following series of " coloured plates carefully annotated.

Of course one would be glad to say that his " many years " had not been " *entirely* devoted to the pleasures of the field "; that the word field comprised some battlefields under Wellington as well as a great many runs under Masters of Foxhounds; but he was no worse than a host of other sportsmen.

IV

At this point let me note with regret that Free Libraries have very little sympathy for sport in art, and as a consequence a vast number of persons know infinitely more about " seasonal " fiction than they do about good old books illustrated by Howitt, Alken and Leech. " Free " reading is right after copyrights have expired, and just a little publicity would coax " free " readers into illustrated books that represent many lively phases of past history intimately known to the artists who drew and engraved the plates. Alken's books are many and various, like those of Howitt. A capital etcher himself, with a good sound knowledge of other illustrative handicrafts, he wrote and published in 1849 *The Art and Practice of Etching*, a practical treatise well worth reading. As for his book on the beauties and defects of horses, with colour plates done by himself, a few quotations will show Alken's aim and method as a practical teacher.

He considers the temper of a horse more important than a slight physical defect. Plate I. is a study of heads in separate figures. One head in its character " very nearly reaches the perfection of good temper, spirit and beauty; it ought progressively to diminish in weight and size as it approaches the nose; if pressed by the thumb, the cheek-bones should appear to be merely covered with skin, and the jaw beneath should be hollow, with the skin loose." Another head, " not inferior, perhaps, to the former in temper," is " wholly deficient both in spirit and in beauty." It " is heavy, and badly set on to the neck; the jawbone and gullet forming almost an angle; the nose is encumbered with a great deal of what is technically called ' *leather*.' However perfect this animal may be in all his other points, he will prove heavy and sluggish, and will carry his head most awkwardly and unpleasantly."

Fig. 4 in this Plate gives the front view of a head, " heavy in spirit and disposition; broad at the point or crown of the head: the increase on the eyebrow is composed of flesh and skin "; and " the direction of the eyes,

looking forward, and thence downwards to the nose, displays but little deviation in substance."

Plate II. Four heads representing rage, malice, sulkiness, and cowardice shown in terror.

Plate III. Four heads of riding-horses; one of them is placed among the handsomest heads that Alken has ever seen. He adds: "I have endeavoured with my pencil to embody the most perfect expression of beauty and spirit. Another portrait represents "as good a hackney as ever was mounted, for work; but by no means pleasant in temper, or manner of carriage. It is very seldom that a vicious or restive horse can ride light and playful in hand. I have proved this subject excessively good at long and hard journeys; but at the same time a great portion of the labour must be done by the rider." A third portrait "is good in every respect, beautiful in its shape and action, extremely light and pleasant to ride, and, although rather playful, perfectly gentle."

Plate IV. Studies of Fore Legs. Fig. 1 "is a fore leg formed for speed, and perhaps action, but not calculated for permanency. The plate of the knee being much lower than it ought to be, the horse must be considered as a dangerous road animal." Another fore leg "is formed to do much work, and to last long at it," while a third example "is good in substance, but rather round, and too straight." There is also "a pair of legs well formed for strength and action."

Fig. 5 in Plate IV. "displays the front view of legs badly formed, being what the dealers call made like a dancing-master ought to be; but still, if the toe, or point of the hoof deviate at all from the straight line, it should be this way, as the contrary is extremely dangerous on the road, and indeed anywhere else."

Fig. 6. "A leg made for neither speed nor power, being flat and poor in the arm, round and weak in the leg, thin and long in the pastern, and large in the hoof."

Fig. 7. "A pair of legs worse than Fig. 5, being weak, badly formed, and hardly good for anything."

Plate V. It includes two back views of the hind legs, and four separate studies of the off fore legs seen from behind. "Fig. 1 is a fore leg firmly standing on the ground, slightly turned out, which, as I have before observed, is better than turned in; but it is the general way that it should stand perfectly straight in a back view." Fig. 2 "is the contrary of Fig. 1, being much turned in and bent at the knee. This is a bad leg, without one thing to recommend

it." Fig. 3 is very different, but equally bad, " the hoof being turned much out, and calf-knee'd." Fig. 4 " is a leg square and firmly set on the ground, and likely to stand work," while Fig. 5, a back view of the hind legs, represents " the best of two evils," the legs " standing near together at the hocks," instead of being straight and both legs exactly alike. " Some people are fond of the form of Fig. 7 (*i. e.* the hind legs wide apart), but it never can last; and must produce an unpleasant action, both to the sight and feeling."

Alken studies the whole body minutely, part by part, and reaches a complete figure of a horse in his ninth Plate. " The animal from which this drawing is made, is accounted one of the finest figures in England; although at the time the portrait was taken he was ten years old, and had done a great deal of work, both in the field and in harness. A small head and neck in a horse are considered a great beauty; and in the original of this drawing, I think they are the least I ever saw, in proportion to the body."

Plate X. Trotting; Plate XI. The Running Trot; Plate XII. The Canterer, or Ladies' Horse; XIII. A Gallop (with the four legs outstretched); XIV. The Hunter's Gallop (*i. e.* with hind legs on the ground). Concerning this Plate Alken says :—

" The hunter, although he may be thoroughbred, is obliged to go through deep and heavy grounds, which will occasion him to use a different method of galloping. It is not necessary that he should lay himself out in the reach like the racehorse; if he did, the difficulty he would find in gathering himself again, would knock him up in ten minutes; or, at any rate, would greatly distress him, and disqualify him for a long day. His strokes should be short and regular, not throwing himself much off the balance. The hunter should also have the immediate power of extending or diminishing his length of stride : for until the horse can accomplish this part of his business, he never can make a good leaper, much more a safe one. Having myself been much in the habit of riding young and violent horses with foxhounds, I am well acquainted with the great difficulty and danger there is in leaping them before they are possessed of this power and knowledge."

Plate XV. Leaping; XVI. Leaping; XVII. The Buck Leap; and XVIII. The Fly Leap. Each of these Plates has interesting notes in which Alken speaks from his own experiences. After studying this book on horses a reader takes greater pleasure in the illustrative work done by Alken for Nimrod and Surtees.

Let us see what Alken has to say about jumping. Plates XV. and XVI. illustrate " a standing leap " by a horse unsaddled and without a rider. Alken

speaks first of the take-off, and then of the fall or pitch. A low fence with a bank before it is the obstacle and the horse cannot see the ground on which he will land. Alken begins :—

" Steady leaping, and to do it well, is more difficult for a horse to acquire than any other sort. As I mentioned under the head of Hunting, the horse should be fully competent to the task of measuring his ground; the quarters should be thrown well under him at the last stride, so that he can form a centre to his weight on his hind feet when he is at full rise, and be able in a standing leap to keep that balance, until he feels able to make his throw or spring; and at the moment he opens his fore legs, the hind ones should be caught quite under the body : for in slow and steady leaps, it is almost impossible for the horse to extend his legs behind and leap with that safety which he can when gathered together; for instance, in double leaps where the horse is not able to see on the other side, which is very often the case, by throwing his quarters under him, the animal has the power to renew his leap with safety."

Again :

" The fall or pitch, where there are double ditch fences and fences ditch from you, requires particular attention. It appears to me that more falls are occasioned by the want of knowledge of this action of leaping on the part of the horses than by any other description of ignorance or mistake. As soon as the spring is made, the hind legs should be so thrown over the fence as to give a fine purchase, and the horse ought to appear to have almost the power of retracting his leap, if necessary. This shows confidence in the horse; and although I have heard many sportsmen declare that this confidence frequently tends to make the animal a short leaper, from many circumstances which have come within my own knowledge, I am clearly of opinion that the assertion is not borne out by the fact. In my judgment, confidence will give the animal the power to direct his fore feet to any point he may desire within his compass; and for his own safety, he will always cover enough space, unless prevented by his rider, which frequently occurs. In all cases where the leap is difficult, so as to require care and knowledge in the horse, instead of courage or rashness, there can be no doubt that the animal ought to be left to his own discretion, without being fettered by any supposed assistance on the part of the rider."

Alken passes on to the Bucking Leap (Plate XVII.). " It is similar to the action of the deer; and the horse in the performance of it displays a very grand and prepossessing appearance. There ought to be a great distinction between the action of the animal in this leap, and in that which I have before described : for although I have just remarked on the propriety of the horse gathering his quarters under him, I do not consider this rule as applicable to the fly leap. It is but rarely indeed that any but very hot horses follow this

method, which certainly is not a good one. In the first place, the action itself requires great exertion, both on the part of the rider and the horse, an effort which is not at all calculated for endurance : secondly, it is very dangerous, as the horse addicted to it seldom knows whence to spring, or to take off from, or how to measure his leap; and it very often occurs that the animal, having his head cleaving the air, entirely forgets to put his fore legs down to the ground, and consequently he comes bolt on his knees and chest. I rode a mare of this description for two seasons; she was four years old, and excessively violent, although a powerful leaper, as to height and distance. For the first season I had four or five falls a day upon an average, and all in consequence of her violent bucking leaps."

Last of all, the Fly Leap :

" To compass this mode of leaping, it is necessary that the horse should be possessed of great strength and courage : for here the horse springs from all four legs at the same time, at least so near, that the difference is not perceptible. The fore legs should be tucked tight under the body, the hind ones thrown as high and as far out as possible : to jump in a country where such fences are used as the double timber fence, ditch between, it requires a horse well qualified; for to get on with any speed, the leaps must be made at once. I have been heartily tired even to see the trouble and patience it requires to perform the in and out. For river leaping the same action is necessary, but it is not necessary that the legs should be so much gathered."

Alken is always interesting, but his views on jumping will be appreciated only by those who remember what hunting was like before William Childe of Kinlet Hall, Shropshire—" The Flying Childe," as he was called—introduced quick riding to hounds, and, by so doing, gradually changed the whole character of English foxhunting. Childe lived from 1756 to 1824.[1] Before his time timber was taken with a standing jump, and all leaps were approached with great discretion. This was a rule, but not a rule without exception, as is proved by several rare prints after James Seymour : prints that herald Alken and the most adventurous riding that Childe took with him to Melton.

Meynell, great Master of the Quorn, was horrified by the innovator's good " straight " riding, and opposed it first with oaths and then with mournful entreaties. In vain ! The younger sportsmen welcomed with delight the new style of riding and made a hero of William Childe. In this way an evolution began, but its progress was not rapid everywhere, because the surface-condition of a good many hunting countries was unfavourable to fast riding. Little by little, as improvements were made in agriculture, the first-

[1] An excellent account of him will be found in *Baily's Magazine,* April 1899.

flight men were able everywhere to increase their speed; but the speed suggested by Alken's art may never have been attained by eighteenth-century riders.

Childe's biographer in *Baily's Magazine*, Mr. H. G. Archer, says that straight and fast riding gradually altered "the pig-tailed squire, with his massive horse, into the elegantly appointed horseman, mounted upon a trained thoroughbred hunter, ranging in value from five hundred to one thousand guineas." Well, in Wootton's art, and in Tillemans' also, there are elegantly appointed horsemen, mounted on hunters which are not always massive.

V

In 1817, the year after his book on horses appeared, Alken published his varied *Sporting Sketches*, in six monthly parts, and each part with six plates. His invention goes fishing, shooting and coursing; it hunts foxes, badgers, and even a bear; studies dead game, and reveals that fondness for landscape which lasted throughout his life, and which caused his rapid hand to linger with tender care and skill over pleasant backgrounds.

His *Notions* and his *Ideas* are characteristic, and much better known than his *Reminiscences of the Camp at Chobham*, which represent his observation as a graphic journalist towards military life. There is a contemporary advertisement—it was published by Thomas McLean, of the Haymarket—from which we learn much about the prices that were paid for Alken's productions :—

1. Alken's *Sporting Scrap Book*, 1824, with Fifty Plates, designed and engraved by himself, £1. 8*s*. neatly half-bound.

2. *Sketch Book* of Henry Alken, 1823, with Forty-Two Plates, drawn and engraved by himself; quarto, £1. 8*s*. neatly half-bound.[1]

3. *Mail Coach* by Henry Alken, of a folio size, highly finished and coloured, 7*s*. 6*d*.

4. "*Symptoms*, by Henry Alken, a most entertaining work, Seven Numbers, Forty-Two richly coloured Plates, Four Guineas." . . . "Symptoms of being Amazed," and "Symptoms of being Amused," date from 1822; they should be studied side by side with some typical caricatures by Rowlandson, Gillray and Bunbury. Two years after their publication *Blackwood's Magazine* declared that "the shooting parties, the driving parties, the overturning

[1] Among many lively things in this book there are two satirical attacks on bull-baiting: tethered bulls break loose and man-baiting begins. Other sketches include racing, hunting, coaching, shooting, dog-fighting, badger-baiting, some good portrait sketches, six plates of Eastern mounted troops, and other plates of mounted troops, some British.

parties, the flirting parties, the fighting parties . . . . are all and each of them nearly divine."

5. *Humorous Illustrations of Popular Songs*, by H. A., Forty-three Coloured Plates, Four Guineas.

6. *Moments of Fancy and Whim*, complete in Two Parts, Two Guineas.

7. *Involuntary Thoughts*, Six Coloured Plates, 12*s*.

8. *The Tutor's Assistant*, with a variety of Amusing scenes, Six Plates, 12*s*.

9. *Humorous Miscellanies*, Six Plates, 12*s*.

10. *Necessary Qualifications of a Man of Fashion*, Twelve Coloured Plates, £1 5*s*.

11. *Town versus Country*, contrasted in twelve Humorous Plates, £1 5*s*.

12. *Hunting*, or Six Hours' Sport of Three Real Good Ones from The East End, Six Plates, £1 1*s*.

13. *Shooting*, or One Day's Sport, Six Plates, £1 1*s*.

14. " *Sporting Repository*, One Elegant Volume, royal octavo, containing 600 pages of Letterpress on Sporting Subjects, and twenty beautiful Plates by Alken, half-bound, £1 1*s*."

Then there are *Shakespeare's Seven Ages*, 1824, *Flowers from Nature*, 1824, *Humorous Specimens of Riding*, 1821, *A Touch at the Fine Arts*, 1824, *Illustrations of Don Quixote*, 1831, a failure, and some other plates that make game of Byron.

But the mockery—not always clever—was only a dramatic exercise. There are some drawings to prove that Alken was attracted by Byron's genius. Several are owned by Mr. Oswald Magniac, whose grandfather was Alken's best friend, and whose collection is the best one which has been formed of Alken's drawings. There are also eight oil-paintings—small and famous—forming the Leicestershire Steeplechase series. A close friendship bound the painter to Charles Hollingworth Magniac, M.P., of Colworth, who commissioned the Leicestershire series with its abounding high spirits and its historic sportsmen and horses. After Alken became consumptive he passed two years with his friend at Colworth, making scores of sketches and also a large oil-painting of " The Oakley Hunt," of which Mr. C. H. Magniac was master from 1841 to 1847. This picture I have not seen, but a photograph shows that it is freely handled and spacious : his masterpiece as a painter, probably. As for the drawings treasured by Mr. Oswald Magniac, they number perhaps two hundred, and represent a great many varied episodes of sport, humorous and serious, with scarcely a break in their animation. Again and again Alken chooses a special quality of paper, that he may obtain a new effect with his crayon and some swift washes of water-colour. Drawings of this kind are difficult to reproduce adequately. Alken himself did not always succeed. He is not among the

men who look better in prints than in pictures and drawings, though his vogue has rested from the first mainly on the prints.

In the Edition de Luxe of this book two Alken hunting episodes from the collection of Mr. Oswald Magniac are reproduced by London craftsmen with great success, in a process too costly for frequent use.

As for his rank as an artist, he is not, of course, among the " big " draughtsmen. He is Henry Alken—and unique among sporting artists. What Montaigne said of his own productions could have been repeated by Alken with truth : " If you like my work, then you like me. My work is myself." There are mannerisms; he worked too much from memory; and sometimes the rapid hand travels *too* rapidly, with the result that a good idea is not made real as a fully-developed thing. Whenever an artist speaks to me of these facts, I am reminded of several other very rapid workers whom criticism has assailed frequently—and always without effect. It is enough to enjoy Alken because his company is good sportsmanship, full of fun and adventure.

The article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, published in 1824, proves that he inspired enthusiasm among sportsmen as well as laymen. Its writer says :—

" Where Cruikshank fails, there, happily for England and for art, Henry Alken shines, and shines like a star of the first magnitude. He has filled up the great blank that was left by the disappearance of Bunbury. He is a gentleman, he has lived with gentlemen, he understands their nature, both in its strength and its weakness; and he can delineate anything that he understands. It is he that can escort you to Melton and show you the feats in the field of those who are destined hereafter to shake the arsenal. . . . It is he who can show you with what unsuspected fire the cold, haughty, lazy eye of the polite, lounging guardsman flamed at Waterloo. . . . He feels the line that separates the true old *domini terrarum* from your *nouveau riche*. . . .

" He feels this, and he paints as he feels. He is to Cruikshank what Scott is to Hogg—rather let me say, what Fielding is to Defoe. He not only can do what Cruikshank cannot, but he can also do almost anything that Cruikshank can. . . . ."

To this devotee of 1824 Alken is " the Apelles of Tom and Jerry."

There are times when Alken employs unexpected contrasts between uproarious mirth and very delicate washes of water-colour over light and swift pencilling. There is a good example in the Print Room of the British Museum, and it can be looked at side by side with a Rowlandson drawing of a very similar sort. At a time when village wakes and fairs opened the beer-barrels and collected together a large number of wandering showmen, smock races

between women were among the most popular entertainments. Such women, strong enough to be grenadiers! Whenever they ran they were forerunners of to-day's athletic girls.

In Rowlandson's drawing—Indian ink wash and penmanship, $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $14\frac{7}{8}$ in.—four young women run in bare feet along a course from right to left. The last one has just tripped over a dog. The course is enclosed by ropes, and behind the ropes is a cheering and jostling crowd, with some onlookers standing on a waggon. At the right some unfortunate spectators are startled and scattered by a plunging horse in a dog-cart; in the left foreground some men are blowing horns while others are doing what they can to injure one another; a reckless fellow tries to feel safe on stilts, a timid one soothed by drink is under a bench; and from a tree boys wave a cap, a shirt, and make more noise than half a dozen drums, because the race is followed by a funny dog, and a man with a bald head, and a donkey burdened with two riders, a man and woman. Here is all the fun of the fair—gross fun, drawn with the same touch and spirit everywhere, and having a background thronged with booths and groups of people on horse and foot. One touch there is of fine satire, over there in the left distance, where a church with two spires hints at forgotten generations who enjoyed abundant beer and the same coarse gaiety, yet had faith in the ideal nature of mankind's eagerness to progress!

Alken's attitude to a smock race has a mixture of tenderness and geniality with vigorous rustic life and character. Four women run a race at full speed, two others have fallen, and one of them is being helped by two men. Behind is a line of excited spectators, with a marionette show on the left, and a pleasant village inn on the right. A man on horseback enlivens the right foreground; and two other horses and men are on the left, near a patch of water. Beyond the village—the village with its church and its Cock Inn—a pretty bit of landscape rises lightly. The pencilling is very refined, unlike the funny momentum of the running women, who are followed by a hue and cry of men. Here is true old village life, without caricature, but not without beer. The runners drank several glasses before they were willing to play the fool at a roistering fair. What would Old England have been without beer, and beer in daily abundance? Even leper hospitals of the Middle Ages supplied it liberally, the great one at Sherburne, Durham, allowing a gallon of ale daily to every patient whether man or woman. Rowlandson was amused by the beeriness of English popular habits, while Alken made many efforts to be amused, and failed again and again. Perhaps he drank too much as a young man, and passed from the action of excess into reaction against its effects.

If Mr. Pussyfoot deleted all drinking from the *Pickwick Papers*, in order that his devotees might enjoy the first immense success won by Dickens, a great deal of mirth would vanish; and young students of Alken must be warned that as the artist had an imperfect sympathy with the beer and wine which put a comic recklessness into daily life, he is often ill at ease when he tries to blend humour with graphic satire or criticism. In a tea-drinking age he would have been happier, I think, unlike Bunbury, Gillray and Rowlandson, who enable us to feel the massive complacency and jollity, and the John Bull pluck, which, when united together into a wondrous jumble of inconsequence, carried a reckless nation safely to Waterloo, even her soldiers and sailors breaking free from discipline as often as they could for the sake of enjoying a noisy drinking bout.

In the hunting field Alken is generally himself; he is not very notable as a racing artist. He and Herring came into competition once or twice. Among the Alken prints in the *Old Sporting Magazine*—eleven of them in all—there are two St. Leger (Race Plate) subjects: " The Start, 1851 " (vol. 119, p. 453), and " The Race, 1851 " (vol. 120, p. 178). Again, Alken helped Sutherland to reproduce a set of six plates called The Mettled Racer: The Foal, In Training, The Racer, the Hunter, Post Horse, and The Death. Lewis engraved, in 1833, and printed in colours, eight Alkens of The Quorn Hunt, and Rudolph Ackermann made use of the prints to illustrate his publication on Foxhunting. But it may be said, without any great exaggeration, that Alken enjoyed himself most of all as a steeplechaser in art.

Let us remember also those of his prints and drawings which are not yet well known, representing bear-baiting, bull-baiting, badger-baiting, otter-hunting, and hawking also—an uncommon sport in English prints. Charles Turner's mezzotint after J. Howe is one of the most original. If anything can be dourly ingenuous it is Howe's attractive composition. Imagine a landscape scene with a distant view on our right. Towards the left a sturdy old gentleman on a stocky hack is turned towards the right; he carries a hawk on his left fist, and bird and man seem to be following an old routine. Near the horse's head is a retainer, shrewd and weatherworn, with two hawks, one of which is pecking a dead bird. At the right a man sits on a fallen tree, with two hawks upon his left forearm, while six dogs—a pointer, four spaniels, and a French poodle—bring the foreground into keeping with a sportsmanship which seems to grow more sedate the longer one admires its quaintness. Would that Alken had set himself to do a hawking print as desirable as this one!

Last of all, if anyone desires to place Henry Alken among the graphic

humorists who preceded H. K. Browne and Leech, let him choose a little set of sporting subjects by that full-blooded school that seemed to keep always in mind the voluminous mirth of Rabelais. There is a set of colour-prints in which James Gillray turns into grotesque ridicule the fashion of painting and engraving a routine sequence of four hunting episodes. It would be absurd to describe the raillery because Gillray's rough-and-tumble methods leave nothing to be imagined. A steam roller passing over a pack of hounds would rival the idea of caricaturing fun that one of the prints makes vividly real. Here is the antithesis of Alken's refinement.

CHAPTER X

THE LANDSEER–HERRING PERIOD AND ITS INFLUENCE

I

It used to be said of two painters, now summed up as "Victorian," that in their day they were "second only to Landseer." J. F. Herring, senior, was one of these painters, and William Huggins, of Liverpool, was chosen to be the other, and he objected. A short man with a comic figure, like Turner, Huggins united a brave self-confidence with shyness and touchiness, again like Turner; and when a patron said to him with enthusiasm, "This picture of yours, Huggins, is as good as a Landseer," he answered scornfully: "Landseer! If I had had Landseer through my hands for six months I could have made a man of him!"

Born at Liverpool in May 1820, Huggins was Landseer's junior by eighteen years, and Herring's by twenty-five. His animal pictures helped to bring to a culminating point an English attitude towards oil-painting which was kept in vogue through many years, popularising a great fondness both for transparent colour, with smooth technique, and also for subjects chosen as often from sports as from the domestic and social aspects of daily life. Vivid experiments were made in colour by Huggins, and effects of transparency delighted him so much that he formed ritual methods for their preservation. His millboard and canvas were very smooth and white, and he glazed over them with rich and strong transparent pigments, the white ground shining through the paint like paper through water-colour. Opaque tints were regarded as dangerous; they would "muddy" his brilliant and luscious glazing if he did not keep them under control; so he mixed them with plenty of medium, probably copal varnish, hoping that he would take away their solidity. Then, with swift and sure touches, he went on with his work, an ardent rebel against solid and thick paint, "impasto" as it used to be called.

As a boy I heard many a discussion about Huggins, and I remember dimly that he was accused of unpardonable sins against convention. Most people

have always been like other people, and because Huggins put some vivid newness into the school methods which he had adopted, criticism declared that he was freakish, self-conceited, and perhaps colour-blind. And this unkindness could not be helped. The big human brain is revolutionary whenever it breaks away from its customs and routines. As a rule it wants to be automatic like the other vital organs. Poor Huggins, with three or four new ideas in his mind, which came to him uninvited, was a peacebreaker, a revolutionary, an absurd human creature who dared to show, among ordered social surroundings, that a trifle from Nature's infinite variation had somehow found its way into his artistic aims and convictions. Alas! No other animal painter of the school found in old Nature so many hues, or made so much allowance for the deepening tone given to dried paint by time and gradual change. Even mild persons, who believed that passion of any sort harmed the necessary sameness which mankind should keep unimpaired, regretted that Huggins, a man of ability, instead of being a credit to Liverpool and the Mersey, should take pleasure in being false and garish. Defending himself, the poor man used to say that his work was meant to be looked at in twenty years; but he had nothing to gain from this counter-attack, which seemed to cancel the contemporary generation, including some brave friends who had bought his pictures. When he painted a purple donkey, and startled a public exhibition, even Robert Tonge, a fellow-artist, joined the lay attack, though in twenty years the purple would be something else and right. Huggins was certain that his paint would mellow into an improving futurist; and his prediction is confirmed to-day by those who know his best work most intimately, like Mr. H. C. Marillier, who has written the only book that has been published on the old Liverpool painters.[1]

Of course, Huggins' methods, with their fear of opaque colour, and their excessive liking for transparency, are out of date, and help to mark a period and a very busy school, whose members were numerous, various, and scattered. In this old school many opposite aims were united. There were topical genre painters like Wilkie and Webster and Frith; an Orientalist, J. F. Lewis, R.A.; a devotee of Spain, John Phillip, R.A.; many sporting painters, like Abraham Cooper, Richard Ansdell, Landseer, Ferneley, J. L. Agasse, Sir Francis Grant,

[1] The best work of Huggins is that in which bitumen is not misused. Bitumen, a succulent and transparent brown, is to painters what absinthe has been to tipplers—seductively dangerous. It did much harm to the work of William Etty (1787–1849), and Etty's influence as a colourist caused many painters to use bitumen over-confidently, with the result that it never dried firmly when too much of it was employed. When bituminous pictures are hung in hot rooms and galleries they are apt to crack, and even to "run."

the younger Wolstenholme, and Henry Alken; and to these names we must add some landscape painters, the Academician Witherington (1785–1865), long very popular, for instance, and William Davis, of Liverpool, whose picture of " Harrowing " caused Tennyson to say that he could not look at it without tears.

Is Davis remembered now by even a thousand Londoners? The memory for art among Londoners has been a devotee before enshrined foreign work of the last century. Yet William Davis, who won friendship and admiration from Holman Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, and the Rossettis, has a place of his own in the really English art which should be remembered as living work. It was he who preceded the Impressionists in a changed attitude towards colour, often declining to compose mixtures on his palette, and having ideas on what is known to-day as the *dissociation of tones*. Once, for example, when teaching a pupil how to paint a green field, he placed touches of different pigment side by side, then drew their edges slightly together, and said, " All these colours are in Nature if we look for them." [1] His results, to be sure, differed from those of Impressionism, but they added some useful innovation to the school methods which we are studying, and which sportsmen connect usually with Herring's name, forgetting even Landseer, whose work Herring adored.

The useful and necessary thing is to remember all of the better painters who belonged to the school and who tried, in various ways, to do justice to animals and country life. By no other means can the sporting art of Victoria's time and the preceding three reigns be understood not only in its technical aspects but also as genuine history, that increases in value as changes in customs and manners move away from it into our post-war chaos. There is a composure in the Landseer–Herring period that is often so bland, so sentimental, that robust manhood seems to have gone where the old moons go; and even when this mood is poetical, as in Fred Walker's " Ploughing," or George Mason's harvest scenes, we feel that the emotion is a reaction against life and its rude demands on the courage of all animate creatures.

Though Herring was not the most gifted man among the sporting painters of his day, he became, and he still remains, the most widely known among sportsmen, Henry Alken alone excepted. But there is fun in Alken, a great fondness for life and adventure, while Herring's vogue through about eighty years has owed nothing at all to humour, and to the dramatic sense that generally accompanies humour. Is there reason to believe that now, at last, his vogue will pass away? Is it dying, in fact? Herring's reputation among artists

[1] See H. C. Marillier's *The Liverpool School of Painters.*

grows less and less, no doubt; he is frankly disliked by certain modernists who speak well of Ferneley, for example, and who take off their hats to a fine Stubbs. But, after all, changing opinions from artists have no effect on the ultimate historical value of demoded art: and Herring's reputation is deeply rooted in the racing history of a very important epoch. He painted eighteen winners of the Derby, thirty-three successive winners of the St. Leger, and who knows how many other noted horses, often grouped together on the racecourses, as in a series of four pictures now owned by Lord Rosebery? Besides all this, very large sums of money were spent by publishers on the daintiest of popular colour-prints after his pictures, and though these prints are much too sweet, they are better than any others of their time, whether produced in England or on the Continent. For this reason they will endure as a memorial of Victorian racing history. So I cannot believe that Herring is dying and will soon be dead.

Compare his racing record with that of his favourite painter, Edwin Landseer, who painted only one great racehorse, Lord Zetland's Voltigeur, winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1850. Landseer agreed to paint this horse only because he heard that as tender a friendship existed between Voltigeur and a tortoiseshell cat as united a much earlier cat to the Godolphin Arabian.

There is a picture, a fine one, in the collection of the Lord Leith of Fyvie, that represents a happy and sunny collaboration between Herring, and Landseer, and John Phillip, three leading members of the school with which I have been trying to bring my readers intimately in touch. An illustration of this work is given in this book, and note that although the goodwife painted by Phillip is rather Spanish in type, the picture hangs together very well, showing how three similar technical methods coalesced and formed a very typical harmony of school orchestration. Landseer painted the hound and the blacksmith, whose face resembles Landseer's; the rest of the picture belongs to Herring, whose fondness for blacksmiths and their forges lasted from his earliest boyhood to 1865, the year of his death.

The white horse in this picture is Herring's beautiful white Arab, Imaum, which acted many parts in his work, posing with intelligent pleasure, and remaining a beloved model year after year till the good animal became old and stiff.

Queen Victoria gave Imaum to the Clerk of the Royal Stables, who was not a fine courtier, for he sold the gift horse at Tattersall's, and Herring was lucky enough to be the purchaser. "When he required a model for some dead horses which he was painting in his picture of the Battle of Waterloo he

sent for a black trainer, Pedro, from Batty's Circus, who in a few hours taught the Arab to lie down and remain motionless so long as its master required. Indeed, as a result of so brief a training, Imaum became such an adept at all manner of tricks that Pedro bitterly lamented its absence from the circus, where he predicted it would drive every other animal off the boards." [1]

In Herring's picture of Mazeppa Imaum acted so many parts that the animal really seems to have achieved what Bottom the Weaver wants to do; and the painting everywhere having so much of Imaum's graceful charm, may be called a tragedy lost in a dream of prettiness :—

" The moment depicted is that in which the terrified steed on which Mazeppa had been bound has reached its native wilds of the Ukraine, only to fall spent and dying as a result of its long and agonised flight. In visible gasps the hot breath pours from its dilated nostrils; its eye has lost lustre, its limbs fail to support it; but of exquisite grace even in its dire distress it sinks to the earth with a pathos which accentuates its beauty. Scarcely less admirable is the form of its unwilling burden who, still securely bound to its back, nevertheless, with a hint of returning hope, is holding aloft one arm which has become freed from the confining rope, even while with sinister intent the birds of prey may be seen already hurrying through the air. And meanwhile, all around, a vast herd of wild horses, matchless in grace and action, have swept down from the hills attracted by the unwonted plight of their dying companion. In countless numbers they are gathering as far as the eye can reach. Their long tails and manes are floating in the breeze, their bright eyes are startled and inquisitive, their attitude is restive, uncertain, yet cleverly indicative of curiosity rather than fear. Imaum may here be seen in every conceivable attitude and expressing every phase of emotion, till, looking at the wonderful grouping of that innumerable herd, one can picture Herring persuading his beautiful model to assume each required pose and feign each varying mood thus with unexampled skill immortalised upon the canvas. Herring, however, did not merely use his favourite for artistic purposes, for it is on record that on one occasion he drove the Arab, then no longer young, seventy-five miles in the same day from Cambridge to Stevenage and back, when he was painting a picture, ' Steeplechase Cracks,' for Lord Strathmore." [2]

[1] " A Painter of Realities," an essay in A. M. W. Stirling's *A Painter of Dreams, and Other Biographical Studies*, MCMXVI. John Lane The Bodley Head. Few sportsmen know this good essay on Herring; it contains much information from private papers of the Spencer-Stanhope family, of Cannon Hall, Yorkshire. Charles Spencer-Stanhope, born in the same year as Herring, 1795, helped Herring during the bad early struggles, and never ceased to keep in touch with him, though Herring, as we shall see, altered much in his prosperity.

[2] " A Painter of Realities," pp. 272–3.

This graphic and sympathetic description sums up the fine qualities of Herring's art at its best, while hinting at the weaknesses. No painter with a feeling for dramatic action would have used only one model for such a thronged picture; and he would have been constantly on his guard against the fact that wild horses, however graceful they may be, must not look groomed, domesticated, and—let us say *educated*, since Imaum was a most useful collaborator, and worthy of a gratitude not to be shown by Herring in a drive of seventy-five miles in one day. Turn to John Cousin's engraving of " Mazeppa," and you will see in a faithful print that the whole drama is a pretty, idyllic dream, from which rude nature and its intense pain are omitted. Mazeppa has not passed through a terrific ride, and the spent horse is acting cleverly, but not throughout its whole body. It is not drenched with sweat and lather, and its body is not wasted and contracted by the awful panting strain of a runaway gallop inspired by terror. As for the multitude of Imaums that come thronging from the far distance, do they not suggest that they have been groomed among the Ukraine hills by Titania and her fairies?

During his life some of Herring's admirers noticed that although sports were varied phases of dramatic action, and although his own early life had been braced up by hardships borne with manly pluck and perseverance, he shrank away from vigour and stress and strain as soon as he became prosperous. When he forsook his whip on the Highflyer coach (between London and York), he took with him into his professional career as an artist a complete knowledge at first hand of coaching and its million episodes. Yet he rarely painted a coaching scene! About hunting he knew but little, comparatively, and hunting pieces were pretty numerous in his output. Certainly they added a graceful dignity to the hunting field in art: but is it the vigorous hunting which ought to have come from a man who had earned his bread all the year through in the open air? The landscapes are tame and poor compared with the free play of wind and rain and sunshine that David Cox put with easy vigour and joy into painted country scenes. What a manliness there is in old Cox! He becomes more various and more virile as he grows older, renewing his art with Nature's abounding vitality. Herring's landscapes, painted coolly and precisely, are uninspired, mapped and pretty. His horsemen, too, have little variety of character, they are brothers, or first cousins; and yet, remember, throughout his experiences as a whip, he had had wonderful opportunities of studying Englishmen and Englishwomen. Whenever his coach was full he drove from stage to stage an epitome of English character; and at every stage he watched that stirring life outside inns by which Morland

was fascinated. The more we think of the *spiritual* aspects of Herring's work the more clearly we shall see that his art is the antithesis of his apprenticeship out of doors.

In those days a great deal of art was influenced by an age that grew sad, and earnest, and sensitively thoughtful. Even Charles Dickens lost much of his gaiety and wished to be a reformer of social evils, like Charles Reade. Thackeray's cynicism, as it was miscalled, came by reaction from a heart and mind so femininely tender that they rebelled incessantly against the great human drama. Herring's reaction was different, but not less remarkable. It stirred up in him a feeling of self-pity, and this mood, nourished by memories, became a habit.

In other words, Herring was certain that Fortune for many years had been his foe, and that he had not deserved so much ill-treatment. Why, then, should he put into his art the rude naturalness that shaped his boyhood, his youth, and his early manhood? It was manifest even to his devotees that a sort of maidenly quietude settled down upon his work, having no resemblance at all to the virile tranquillity in many pictures by George Stubbs. This quietude, or excessive gentleness, endowed his portraits of horses with a family likeness having but little differentiation of temperament and character; and even his country pictures, his farmyards (when he painted them himself), and his hunts and steeplechases, have too often the same gracious reserve, the same air of luxury, the same absence of robust and forthright realness, as though nature were always free from unrest, and pain, and peril and disaster. I do not find fault, but it is necessary to note facts, and especially facts which are autobiographical. Herring in art is not the Herring that we know, and like increasingly, when he faces a very raw ordeal as driver of a stage coach and employs all of his leisure to learn the anatomy of horses, and to improve his control over pencil and brush. There is a fine modest manliness, patient and kindly, warm and eager, through the whole of his long and hard struggles, culminating in that humble determination to improve himself which, after winning some important successes, caused him to seek lessons from Abraham Cooper, R.A., who lived between 1787 and 1868, and who had much in common with his new pupil. I have chosen for illustration one of Cooper's shooting pictures, completely representative of his country life at its best, good in movement, fresh, sincere, and English through and through.

Cooper was of humble origin, his father being a small tobacconist, just as Herring's father was a small fringe-maker in Newgate Street; he was self-trained, apart from some lessons that he received from Ben Marshall; he

made up his mind in youth that he would be a painter of horses, and as a painter of horses he won fame and a great deal of money. Cooper painted many famous horses, such as Phosphorus, Amato, Deception, Mango, Camel, Bloomsbury, Galaba, Pussy; and sportsmen will find in his best pictures that although the world of taste has gone away from his work and style, readers of the *Old Sporting Magazine* had many reasons to be grateful for the constant help that he gave to illustrated sport published month by month. Herring allowed only forty-nine examples of his work to be published in this Magazine, while F. C. Turner was represented by seventy-eight, E. Corbet by a hundred and seventeen, and Harry Hall, Herring's echo, by a hundred and fourteen, seventy-five less than Abraham Cooper.

Herring knew what he was about when he selected Abraham Cooper. They were birds of a feather, these painters; and when the younger man deplored the time which he had lost on the road whip in hand, Cooper could relate stories from his own boyhood and youth that were not less picturesque and stern. Was he not employed as a lad of thirteen in the mimic battles and pageants at Astley's Circus, then managed by his uncle Davis? When this uncle wanted the boy to be useful to John Kemble by riding at Covent Garden Theatre, young Cooper refused, and sought help from good Ben Marshall. Herring, then, while in Cooper's studio, must have listened to much autobiography from his master, who was known as the English Horace Vernet.

II

Herring had three sons—John Frederick junior, who sent thirty-five illustrations to the *Old Sporting Magazine;* Charles, and Benjamin. They copied their father, but Charles alone had genuine talent with a touch, perhaps, of original genius. Ben was a journeyman whose art rode to hounds with a heavy perseverance, but with so much good nature that nobody wished to be critical. He was his father's boy, and this fact was a passport everywhere. J. F. junior, with no more talent than Ben, had more ambition; his aim was to outrival his father, and for some reason or other they quarrelled, and separated; then J. F. Herring the Second behaved as badly as the second Henry Alken, who tried to defame his father in the hope that, by so doing, he would add inches to his own poor stature. When father and son have the same Christian names, and both are painters using the same methods and ideas, a quarrel between them may become a public nuisance if the son's work is inferior; for there is no law to compel a painter to write the word junior

after his surname if he has the same Christian name or names as his father, whose work he imitates. This matter belongs to the code of honour, which is often superlatively elastic. It is a thousand pities that both Alken and Herring should have suffered from a disloyal son; but J. F. Herring the Second said one true thing about his father, namely, that he treated his very clever son Charles unfairly, putting his own name on pictures painted mainly by Charles.

Charles, indeed, who died in 1856, nine years before his father, could have answered those critics who complained bitterly that " Herring had grown more and more of an agriculturist." It was he who was fondest of farmyard subjects, and of other aspects of farm life. Recently I examined a large-sized Charles Herring that bears his father's signature; and only a few weeks earlier I had learnt on unquestionable authority that Charles was the author, or the main author, of those good Herring pictures which have not the old Herring surface and quality of paint. Herring's conduct to Charles was known to several of his friends, and among them to Mr. Fores' father.

In thinking of this matter we must remember that a great deal of collaborative work is unacknowledged by professional men. Barristers do not advertise what they owe to " devils," but we all know that they do not compile their briefs. Silversmiths and furniture-makers, if they work from new designs, like to pass off the finished product as the management's own cleverness. Newspaper owners declare proudly that they " control " their noisepapers, as though they had endowed the whole of their assistants with knowledge, experience, and apt abilities, and could use them as freely as a master of chess controls the pieces. So the most friendly thing we can say of Herring is that he regarded his boy Charles as under his control and in his service; and if Charles did not complain, we may be sure that he and his father understood each other.

How their family pictures were carried out I do not know. But it is reasonable to assume that old Herring supplied the designs from old sketch-books, and helped in other ways. One cannot suppose that he put his name on a picture unless he was responsible for some important part of its production.

That he grew tired of painting racehorses, and eager to paint other subjects, is proved by his private letters to his old friend Charles Spencer-Stanhope,[1] as a few extracts will bear witness :—

From Cottage Green, Camberwell, February 28th, 1848 : . . . . " I have quite given up painting simple portraits of horses unless allow'd to make them

[1] See Mrs. Stirling's " A Painter of Realities," from which I have already quoted.

into subjects. I produced a painting a short time since in 15 hours which I refused 150 guineas for. I'll tell you why—I did not chuse to let the copyright go with it. It is now in the British Institution. You will see Mr. Vernon is a purchaser of one of my pictures, and which is chosen for the National Gallery. I have now a stable which I have built wherein I paint all my animals,[1] and I have 3 very clever horses in it, 2 I use in double harness, and the other one of my sons uses as a hack. . . . I am quite convinced to be an artist of any note, good models and a good light are most essential auxiliaries. As soon as I came to London I got both, and immediately went ahead . . ."

On the 17th of February 1849 he wrote with regard to the engravings then being made from his pictures :—

" There are two new ones in Mezzotint just out call'd *The Society of Friends* and the other *Pharaoh's Chariot Horses*, both circulars, the latter's the best that has appear'd from any of my productions; it is three heads of White Horses and was exhibited in the British Institution last year."

10th October, 1861 : " I have, since I last saw you, been engaged on an interior, a small ½ length, 44 inches by 34. It represents a stable, a white horse, a goat, two white ducks, two brown do., a coloured drake, eleven ducklings, and a black cat; two trusses of straw, a basket, horse-cloths or rugs, a wide-awake hat, and a stable lanthorn, two pans and a broom : and so well rusticated (*sic*) that I am sure it is just what you would like. Mr. Robertson of Long Acre, my colourman, has seen it and complimented me on my management of *white*, at all times a difficult colour to treat without appearing dirty. . . . ."

If Herring had been a humorous man he would never have detailed this picture in all its multiplicity of objects; but he loved a profusion of minor things, and painted them with a care so unsparing and unerring that he frequently lost in items the breadth of handling that all atmospheric painting needs. A picture without mystery is a picture very much harmed by a lack of feeling for Nature's infinity. Herring asks us to see with pleasure far and away too much, and too much everywhere. He does not expect us to measure the distance separating his easel from the different objects that he puts into his pictures. Does he paint a number of racehorses ready to start for a race? To see them all in focus as a composition, he must be about twenty yards away from them; and this distance with its atmosphere cancels a host of details, and produces mystery. But Herring belonged to a school and obeyed a convention that ran counter to the effects of distance on any part of a picture

[1] Note this fact : it shows that Herring in 1848 did not paint out of doors.

that was regarded as a main part; and sportsmen also, I am sorry to say, liked overmuch detail, and insisted upon having it clearly defined. Within this convention Herring lives and labours as a master, while his disciples, Harry Hall and John Sturgess, who wish to be on a level with him, do no more than illustrate the ancient fact that followers remain behind their leader, and help to stale his qualities.

In a letter to Stanhope, written in 1849, Herring confessed that he was afraid of being copied. "I have little news to communicate," he began, "as I mix up very little with Art and artists. And why? you would ask. Both myself and Landseer find it will not do to let artists visit your studio, for as sure as you do, when you have about half-finished a picture, to your great annoyance you find that there are two or three of the same subject in the field with you. Such was the case with Landseer's *Lady Godiva*, in consequence of which he has not finished the picture."

Can this be true? Were Victorian painters men of no honour? And were Landseer and Herring the only honest fellows among them? One thing is certain: Herring became hypersensitive during his prosperity, and also, I am sorry to say, rather snobbish. Even when writing to Stanhope, who had become a clergyman, vicar of a living in Cheshire, Herring did not recall with hearty and manly joy all that he owed to his first patron; sometimes a tone of complacent and proud new-richness got into his letters, and one dislikes to find it in a sporting artist. The truth is that honours came upon him too rapidly, he could not grow into them at his ease. Had he not executed commissions for George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Queen Victoria, while holding the official title of Animal Painter to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent? And had he not been called over to Paris, that very autocratic radial centre of new art, to paint as many as five racehorses for the Duc d'Orléans? When he contrasted the luxury of these honours with the gripping hardships of his coaching days, which lasted for seven years (1814–1821), self-pity came to him and remained with him; for he fancied that what he had learnt on the road about life and horses had little artistic value; it seemed a long apprenticeship to hopes deferred by pain and disappointment. He wrote for Stanhope a short account of his early life and struggles, but it was lost, and some persons regret this fact. Perhaps Mr. Stanhope regarded it as a story that did no justice to his friend's finer self; if so, he would not wish to see it in print; and Herring was foolish enough to confess in a letter that he was afraid of his first patron even during those years when Stanhope's friendship was most useful and necessary. As for the cause of this fear, it was a dread of criticism.

Stanhope could not praise a beginner's inevitable faults, and Herring desired to earn money as a painter before his hand and eye were trained. Stanhope helped him to get commissions, but to overpraise his *protégé* would have been harmful as well as ridiculous. Herring expected overpraise because he had a wife and some children, believing that criticism which pointed out faults would circulate, and throw a chill over possible buyers. Did Herring really think that immature pictures, when bought and hung up, were not as targets for visitors to fire at with frank censure as well as with occasional praise? And the curious thing is that when Herring makes this confession to Stanhope, in a letter dated February 28th, 1848, he does not laugh at the hypersensitive fears of his early manhood; he accepts them as right, and in a paragraph worth quoting and remembering :—

" Years have roll'd on since we last met, and therefore I don't mind giving you a true version of what I formerly felt. And if you will have the goodness to look coolly on what is called a critic, I am sure your sound good sense will tell you they are the most dangerous of all persons who may enter a Young Artist's studio. Their talent for criticism is often over-rated, and they go from one Artist's house to another chilling every attempt that thought and industry dictates; and with their harsh remarks, throw such a check that the Artist's spirits become depressed, and what might, perhaps, with a little encouragement, have been a work, when finished, of considerable skill, is put down with disgust, never more to be look'd upon I am now, I am happy to say, completely out of the pale of this sort of thing, and am happy to say that my pictures are no sooner seen than purchased. I sold a picture last year for which I received £157 10*s*., it was resold for 250 guineas, and since for 500 guineas. Certainly a price far beyond my most sanguine expectations when I was labouring at Doncaster. . . ."

And all this from a former stage-coach whip who should have been throughout life a true son of England's variable weather! If Herring had entered an art school in Paris, would he have been driven into suicide by the merciless candour of his fellow-students? Being so afraid of criticism, Herring sent only twenty-two pictures to the Royal Academy, and among them we find only one portrait of a famous racehorse, though he ought to have been proud to show in public the main cause of his good fortune.

The greatest adventure of his professional career comes as a surprise to us, so completely at variance is it with the quietude and the minute delicacy that inform his art. In 1850 he was chosen to collaborate with a number of painters in the production of a panorama, or diorama, at the Old Gallery of Illustrations in Waterloo Place. The paintings were to be done in distemper, and were to

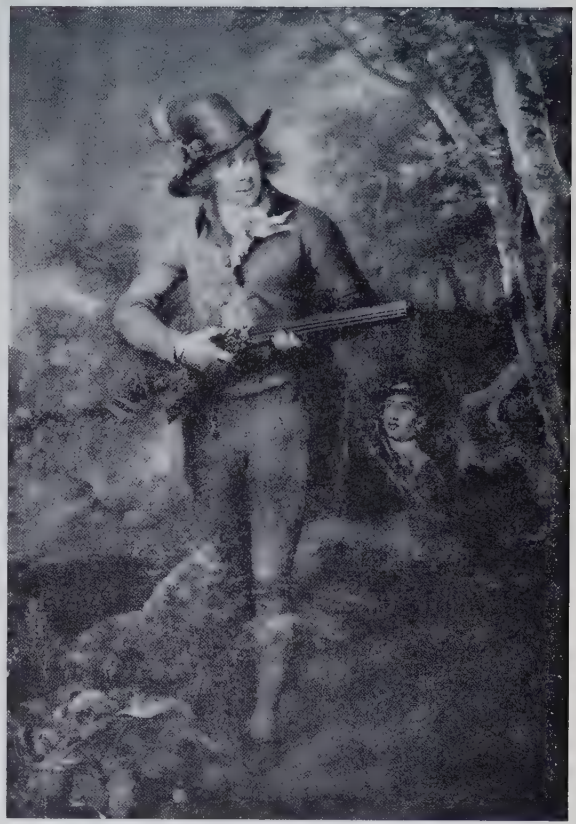
THE LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE: *Mr. Field Nicholson on Magic, defeats King of the Valley, ridden by Dick Christian. From a print after* HENRY ALKEN, *lent by Messrs. Fores.*

PLATE 75

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP. *Painted by* J. F. HERRING, JOHN PHILLIP, R.A., *and* SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. *Reproduced from the Original Painting by permission of Lord Leith of Fyvie.*

PLATE 76

A SPORTSMAN WITH HIS SON. 36 × 28 *ins. By* FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R.A. *Reproduced from the Original Picture by permission of Messrs. Agnew.*



COLONEL THORNTON WITH HIS FAMOUS GUN. *By* PHILIP REINAGLE *and* SAWREY GILPIN. 82 × 58 *ins. From the Original Picture now at the Durdans in the Earl of Rosebery's Collection.*

PLATE 77

DAPPLED GREY HUNTER, WITH A GROOM, IN A LANDSCAPE. $44\frac{1}{4} \times 31\frac{3}{4}$ *ins. By* SAWREY GILPIN, R.A. *Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler.*

A HUNTING PORTRAIT WITH A LANDSCAPE BACKGROUND. *This picture seems to be one of those painted in collaboration by* SAWREY GILPIN, R.A., *and* PHILIP REINAGLE, R.A. $49\frac{1}{2} \times 39\frac{1}{8}$ *ins. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler.*

HUNTSMAN AND HUNTER. *From a Picture by* GEORGE GARRARD, A.R.A., 50 × 40 *ins. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler.*

PLATE 80

THE MEET. *Painted by* W. BARRAUD, 1840. *Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ackermann.* $85\frac{1}{2} \times 59$ *ins.*

PLATE 81

DEATH OF THE ROEBUCK, *with a view of Whatcombe House. Engraved by* H. ALKEN *and* R. G. REEVE *after* W. P. HODGES. *Reproduced from a Colour-Print lent by Messrs. Ackermann.*

PLATE 82

represent all of the principal places between Southampton and Calcutta. Two well-known scene-painters, William Telbin and Thomas Grieve, did most of the work, but they were aided by John Absolon, who painted the human figures, and by Harrison Weir and Herring. " I have painted about 15 horses, nearly the size of life," Herring wrote to Stanhope; " as many camels, sheep, fowls, vultures and pigeons, but from not have (*sic*) been used to standing on planks, etc., and no setting (*sic*) down, have quite knocked myself up and have been from home to recruit. . . ."

To have seen Herring in work nearly life-size painted with a huge brush after advice from Telbin and Grieve, would have been very entertaining. The panorama was good enough to be remembered by Edmund Yates, who praised it thirty years later in his *Recollections and Experiences*.

Herring's reference to the " no setting down " shows that the custom he acquired as a whip was taken into his studio. He did not stand up to his work, like Ward and Ferneley. Meissonier, too, must have worked sitting down. Constable's ideal of happiness was to stand, his mind free from care, before a six-footer canvas. Herring was leisurely, and we must accept him as Herring, but not without seeing his limits and his faults. For it is necessary that sporting art should advance and improve, and a few painters now in the field will not receive their full measure of recognition unless sportsmen pass from Herring's convention into a bettered modernism, brisk with fresh air, enveloped with light, and having a breadth of free handling alive with suggestion. Recently a sportsman said to me : " Oh ! but Herring is the end of the art ! " Well, sportsmen must go away from this foolish idea, and must accept new sporting artists as readily as readers have accepted H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett, and some other original observers and humanists. Herring is partly a phase in the evolution of an art, and partly a good study for anyone who cares for biography

Few characters in fiction are as interesting as he is. Do you remember the story of the snub that he gave to Clarkson Stanfield, a popular Academician, and a jolly good fellow ? In 1847 Stanfield wanted to help Abel Hold, who had talent as a painter of animals, and he asked Herring to give some assistance also. " I received yours duly," Herring answered, " and am much obliged by your kind remembrance of former acquaintance. And shall at all times be happy to attend to any of your prodigys, especially as I know you do not like to be long without one, 'tis a benevolent feeling well worthy of a grateful return."

This letter—an unfortunate one to write and post—is an example of

Herring's self-pity. Abel Hold's plight reminded him of the days when " benevolent feeling " from Stanhope, and from Stanhope's friends, was essential to his own lot in life; the far-off past returned upon him, and he hated its memories of hardships. That he dared to sneer at Stanfield's " prodigys," and with condescension, is the point to be noted, for Stanfield knew about Herring's early days and years.

Compare this little story with one about Huggins, who was quite as touchy as Herring. Mr. Marillier says : " Huggins was one of the kindest-hearted men imaginable, always ready to do a good service for a brother artist, though frequently in difficulties himself. It is recorded that once when a friend came to borrow money from him, he replied : ' I have none myself, but there is a picture that you can take and sell.' "

I have lingered over Herring the man for three reasons. His work is too well known to need much detailed reviewing, while his temperament and character have been passed over with little attention, though both have a continuous influence over his pictures. The most noteworthy thing—and the most admirable—is that, while following a school and employing conventional ideas and methods, he kept his own atmosphere and his own style, for his sincerity while at work was complete. It never entered his mind that he should play " the sedulous ape " to any painter, living or dead; and thus he could adore the work of Landseer and pore with pleasure over Frith's " Derby Day," without feeling any desire to borrow from these popular Academicians. Frith acknowledged in his Autobiography that he received great assistance from Herring in the high-mettled racer in " Derby Day."

Five-and-twenty years ago Frith was out of date, scorned, derided; to-day he is on the line again with his " Derby Day," and this time in the National Gallery ! Why has he returned ? There are several reasons. He had a deep, all-mastering sincerity equal and similar to Herring's, and thus ingenuously detailed and truthful; he tried earnestly " to hold the mirror up to Nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." The modesty of Nature he declined to violate, knowing that his own limited gifts would impose upon him many inevitable faults and weaknesses. No vainglorious trifling comes from Frith, as from the most recent assertiveness of to-day's ultra-modernism; and because the " Derby Day " represents Victorian life and character with naïve truthfulness, it remains popular as history and as a very human document. Visitors gather around it again, whispering to one another over this and that, and giving no thought at all to the school methods and conventions which Frith,

like Herring, accepted as right and employed with patient and intense care and conviction.

Neither Frith nor Herring ever said to himself or to a friend, " The world wants amazing, let us amaze it ! " Whistler as a young man gave currency to this cynical view of art, which soon became the guiding rule of newspaper owners and also of those enterprising young painters who pass from one fashion to another with such rapidity that the market for new pictures, constantly invaded by a newer set of advertised superior modernists, soon resembled a stock exchange during a grave political crisis. Well, the laws of economics apply to art as to all other purchasable things; revolutionary changes, even when necessary, disturb these laws, putting them out of gear; and when changes are *not* necessary, when they represent nothing more than vanity and chronic restlessness, they prevent consecutive growth, and artists and their patrons are separated by a rate of exchange that oscillates incessantly, and often disastrously to buyers, as executors know far too well. Surely, then, there is much to be learnt from the gradual development of that old school out of which, when it was near to its culminating point, Herring and Frith came with their kindred sincerity. I am very glad that Herring did some good work for Frith in the " Derby Day," because I may not live to see a typical racing piece from his brush hung at the National Gallery. Even the Tate Gallery, called the National Gallery of British Art, has a Herring, " The Frugal Meal," painted in 1847, which is not representative, being much nearer to Charles Herring's work than to his father's genius as the best painter of nineteenth-century racehorses that old England educated herself, without any help at all from foreign methods and theories. Though criticism cannot rest satisfied with his limits as a painter, Old Herring remains an essential part of Victorian life, sport, taste, sentiment, and thoroughness.

III

It is interesting to surround this man with *some* of the influences that were busy around him from his early boyhood in Surrey to his closing years. Let us begin with Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., now almost forgotten, who had patrons among the most famous sportsmen; he died at the age of seventy-four, in 1807, when Herring was twelve years old. He was not much affected by Stubbs, but his independent study of horses should be noted and remembered; its results are often better, because freer and more supple, than horse portraits by J. N. Sartorius. Here by my side are photographs of two Gilpins at Eaton

Hall, one representing Meteor, foaled in 1783, and the other John Bull, foaled in 1789. I place them in a row with five Sartorius portraits; Eclipse, dated 1790; Patriot (by Rockingham), dated 1795; Bennington (by Rockingham), of the same year; Creeper (by Tandem), dated 1793; and Champion (by Pot-8-o), dated 1800. The Sartoriuses are better preserved, their colour has not cracked; but the Gilpins are more artistic, and therefore of more use to a young Herring.

Gilpin's " Death of the Fox," engraved by John Scott, and painted for Colonel Thornton, had a great influence over Ben Marshall; and his " Heron Hunting," engraved by T. Morris, was very much liked. Let us note that Sir Theodore Cook, when selecting illustrations for his great *History of the English Turf*, chose three from Gilpin's horse-portraits. One of them represents King Herod, 1758, now in Lord Rosebery's collection at the Durdans; another, Sir Peter Teazle, winner of the Derby in 1787; and the third is Jupiter, a son of Eclipse, foaled in 1778. This picture, and the Sir Peter Teazle also, were engraved by William Ward. The Jupiter picture depicts two horses in the act of sniffing at each other over a fence; and perhaps it may be accepted as the best study of horses painted without help, or with very little help, from the book which Stubbs had published in 1766. It was in 1758 that Gilpin went to Newmarket to study horses; till then he had been much attracted partly by market carts and horses in Covent Garden, and partly by the sea, owing to the lessons which he had received at an early age from Samuel Scott, a marine painter. At Newmarket Gilpin was fortunate enough to meet the Duke of Cumberland, then ranger of Windsor Forest, who liked the young painter's work, and gave him apartments with much other assistance. Landscapes in his pictures are painted sometimes by Reinagle, sometimes by George Barret, R.A.; and the figures by Zoffany, or by Philip Reinagle, who is worthy of attention from present-day sportsmen.

Again, Gilpin was among the artists who, like John Boultbee, painted the racehorse Highflyer; and his portrait was engraved, like Boultbee's. Highflyer, one of Herod's family, was bred by Lord Bolingbroke, who sold him for a huge sum—2500 guineas—to the original Mr. Tattersall, and Tattersall was so fond and proud of him that he had his glass and silver engraved with the horse's portrait and name. Highflyer was never beaten in a race, and his blood is found in many famous pedigrees.

Gilpin, like Sartorius and Stubbs, was greatly interested by brood mares and foals; one of his pictures with this title belongs to the King. As a painter of dogs he was popular, and popular with sportsmen as with laymen; and he

tried his hand at some big game, lions and lionesses. For a time Gilpin was President of the Incorporated Society, exhibiting chiefly a series of horse-portraits. In 1786 he began to woo the Royal Academy, exhibiting there for the first time. Nine years later he was elected A.R.A., and two years afterwards a full Academician.

It is worthy of note that Anthony Pasquin (*i. e.* John Williams) preferred Gilpin to Stubbs! Writing confidently in 1794 he said: "Mr. Gilpin is inferior to Mr. Stubbs in anatomical knowledge, but is superior to him in grace and genius."

Philip Reinagle, R.A., lived from 1749 to 1833, so his work was current for a long time with Herring's progress. A pupil of Allan Ramsay, and student also at the Royal Academy, he made his first hit in portraiture; then, being an easy draughtsman and a lover of animals, he began to paint horses, dogs, hunting scenes, and birds, continuing this work till about 1794, when landscapes attracted him more than any other phase of art. He painted sometimes in water-colour, like his friend Sawrey Gilpin, and now and then a hunting scene by these painters heralds the sport in water-colour of Bonington's great friend, Frederick Tayler (1802–1889), who, I believe, was the only old sporting artist educated at Eton and Harrow.

There is a picture in which Reinagle and Morland worked together, Morland painting the landscape; it represents a Meet in Dorsetshire with hunting portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fane and other members of the hunt. In 1792 Reinagle produced a work that many regarded as his masterpiece: "Grouse Shooting, with Lord Middleton and his Keepers." John Scott engraved several plates after Reinagle, notably "Terriers hunting in a Wood," not at all well known, though it has lively good points. One would be glad to know where the best of Reinagle is preserved by country families. As for the work that he did in collaboration with Gilpin, it is a subject for research, a really good subject, for it belongs to the open-air life of a picturesque period, when costumes of every sort were more "paintable" than they became during the nineteenth century.

Frederick Tayler was a complete contemporary of Herring and Landseer, but he gave most of his life to water-colour, and with great success. His training was good and varied. After studying in London, first in Sass's Academy, then at the Royal Academy, he proceeded to Paris to work under Horace Vernet, and later he went to Rome. A good horseman and a thorough sportsman, he drew hunting and hawking scenes with gay spirit, often clothing them in costumes of a past age. There is power in the lightest sketch by

Tayler; every stroke is free and vital, and united to a charm of colour that neither Landseer nor Herring possesses. He is the only man I know who does justice to otter-hounds, giving their shaggy downrightness, their alert astuteness, and their oarsman-like strength of leg and chest. Though Tayler is usually graceful and gracious, he never follows the Landseer vogue by being sentimental; a point well illustrated by his Scottish country subjects, when they are contrasted with Landseer's. Tayler was president of the Old Water-Colour Society from 1858 to 1871, when he resigned in favour of Sir John Gilbert. Foreigners liked his work very much, and awarded a gold medal to it in Paris (1855), in Bavaria (1859), and in Vienna (1873). Besides these honours, Tayler received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the Belgian Order of Leopold. Altogether, then, he is among the Victorian artists who are worth collecting, and this fact is so little known to sportsmen that Tayler's hunting scenes have become difficult to sell.

Even George Garrard, A.R.A., who studied under Gilpin and in the R.A. schools, and who lived from 1760 to 1826, seems to be known to more sportsmen than Fred Tayler; and no doubt Garrard is notable as a connecting link between Stubbs and the Landseer–Herring period. Sometimes his horses have more " body " than Herring's, more weight and solidity; and if a young collector desires to sum him up in a single print, he cannot do better than choose the mezzotint by William Ward after Garrard's portrait of Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, published in 1797, and measuring 23 in. wide by 18¼ in. high. A whole-length portrait on horseback, directed and looking to right, pleasant in movement, and with a good landscape, and a stretch of sea also.

But Garrard, like many a painter, reached maturity all at once, and never afterwards could equal his past best efforts. At forty-two he was A.R.A., and in this rank he died. It is with painters as with athletes; each can improve to a given point, then decline begins, and no amount of patient effort can prevent it from continuing; but it is always tragic when a painter reaches his final point early in life. Herring never reached his full maturity owing to his spiritual reaction against his early hardships.

As soon as Garrard perceived that he had reached his limit as a painter, he devoted himself to modelling and sculpture, which had always attracted him greatly, and in which he achieved good work. Like Stubbs, he had a scientific bias of mind; and hence his *Prints of Improved British Cattle*, a very valuable work supported by the Board of Agriculture, published in 1800, and praised in an official vote by the Royal Academy. So thorough was Garrard in this

work that he made a set of models to show exactly the relative proportion of parts in a well-bred animal's body.

Several artists of lower rank than Garrard, like W. P. Hodges, James Pollard and G. H. Laporte, put—or rather tried to put—more vigour into their variety than Herring, as a rule, let slip from his abundant knowledge. George Henry Laporte (1799–1873) practised water-colours as well as oil-painting, and became an original member of the New Water-Colour Society. His favourite subjects were animals with groups of costume figures, hunting pieces, Arab scenes, and some military groups. He contributed forty-three plates to the *Old Sporting Magazine*, from vol. lxiii to vol. clii; representing setters, pointers, greyhounds, hunters, thoroughbreds, Arabs, Lord Middleton's Harriers, Riding to Hounds, Returning from Hunting, Lord's Cricket Ground, and a scene of contemporary archery. Laporte was animal painter to the Duke of Cumberland. In 1821, when he was two-and-twenty, he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy. Now and then I have seen some work of his that would have been useful to those lovers of sport who live in flats and in small houses, and who cannot find room for large or largish oil-paintings. Henry Alken, in his crayon and pencil drawings touched with water-colour, gave much thought and care to that ever-increasing public that required small pictures for little homes; and it happens that water-colour, unlike oil, looks well even in dimly lighted rooms. For these reasons sport in water-colour is an art to be advocated and encouraged.

The custom of regarding oil-colour as the superior medium has harmed sporting art greatly. We owe to its influence a vast number of pictures which are too large; and it caused a good many painters to choose materials which they would never handle with sympathetic life and freedom. There is J. N. Sartorius, for example. Does he not prove in his pictures that his touch of hand would have been more effective in water-colour?

James Pollard is another man who never had a temperamental fondness for oil paint, and who would have been much better as a painter in water-colour. Indeed, as soon as his work is translated into a craft near to water-colour, the old art of colour-printing, or of prints tinted by hand, he is raised above his paintings, which have a peculiar flattened surface. There used to be a terrible brush known as a softener with which brushmarks were obliterated by unfortunates who did not understand that a painter's first and last duty as a painter is to paint freely and well, never feeling ashamed of his brushes and pigments. It is impossible to believe that Pollard ever thrust a brush into a mass of pigment, and then laid it on firmly and truly with such a thrill of joy as anglers experience

when their sport is lively. Yet Pollard had courage and a surprising amount of enterprise. The will behind his talents has great interest; it drives them forward into adventures, and it raids to reinforce their native strength. Alken is raided again and again, and Cooper-Henderson also, for Pollard wants to be a leader in coaching scenes among other difficult subjects. He drew and engraved Fairlop Fair, and illustrated the Ad Montem procession at Eton.

His George the Third Hunting in Windsor Forest, and his Majesty's return, not much fatigued, from this exercise, are familiar to all sportsmen, like his Goodwood and Doncaster Races, his St. Albans' Steeplechase, and Ascot Heath Races, his Epsom Downs, and the Easter Monday prints, perhaps the best of his output.

The two Barrauds, and William Shayer, are other artists of the Landseer–Herring Period that sportsmen liked, and that helped in the development of an English school. William Shayer was born at Southampton in 1788, and it was at Shirley, near Southampton, that he died, in 1879. Like Herring, he was very fond of the Society of British Artists, founded in 1824; a sort of family affair, it excited far and away less criticism than the R.A., and was a welcome place to those artists who desired publicity without attracting overmuch comment by newspapers. Herring became a member, and in 1850 he sent as many as ten paintings. Shayer, too, was prodigal as an exhibitor, sending from eight to a dozen pictures in a year, mainly of sheep and cattle, with landscapes diligently elaborated. As for his horses, they belong to the times when Herring and Sir Francis Grant were at the zenith of their fame. William Shayer seems, in certain paintings, to have been affected by the influence of Grant. His son, W. J. Shayer, is well known by his coaching subjects.

As for William Barraud, he studied for a considerable time under Abraham Cooper, and but for his early death in 1850, his fortieth year, he might have drawn near to Ferneley's level. He had genuine talent with a feeling for weight and a manly rhythm of line. His father was in the Custom House, and William himself was a clerk there for a brief spell; his productive years were few. From time to time he painted in water-colour; and among engravings after his work in the *Old Sporting Magazine* we find " The Neasdon Harriers," " Drafts for the Badminton," " Once more upon the Moors," " Here come the Hounds," " A Rough Lot," a racehorse named " The British Yeoman," four prints of greyhounds, and " The Courser's Companion." William Barraud and his brother Henry (1812–1874), painted subject pictures together, and Henry, after doing much to unite himself to the animal and sporting painters, became very popular in another line, composing pictures to

Cambridge Velocipede Bessy Bedlam The Colonel Jour de Noces Belinda Ballad Singer

THE ST. LEGER OF 1828. J. F. HERRING, *Senior. Reproduced from the Original Picture by permission of Messrs. Fores.*

PLATE 83

THE DEATH—POSTPONED. *Designed by* GILL, *and engraved by* POLLARD. *After an old print (1882) lent by Messrs. Ackermann.*

PLATE 84

THE BROOK. *By* DEAN WOLSTENHOLME *the younger. From the Original Painting by permission of Messrs. Ackermann*

THE ESSEX HUNT. *Painted and engraved by* D. WOLSTENHOLME, *the younger,* 1831. *After a Colour-Print lent by G. P. Fores.*

PLATE 86

be engraved, like the three choir boys singing "We praise thee, O God," or like the scene in Hyde Park called "The London Season." The *Old Sporting Magazine* gave only seven examples of Henry Barraud's work, preferring to illustrate H. Beckwith, fifteen engravings, and Burney, and James Bateman (1814–1849), whose humour must have had a very considerable vogue, for no fewer than forty-five plates, including a vignette, were given to his pictures.[1]

As a contrast we may choose Joseph Wolf, R.I., a German by birth, from Mörz, near Koblenz, who came to England in 1848, his twenty-eighth year, and made himself at home, painting birds with as much passion as he found in the art of his far forerunners, Barlow, and Cradock, and Collins. His work in water-colour includes game birds of every sort, showing a finer, because a more intimate knowledge of their habits, than is shown by his immediate predecessors James Barenger (1780–1831) and Stephen Elmer, A.R.A. (died 1796). Among Charles Turner's good engravings there are wild ducks, woodcocks, pheasants and partridges after Barenger, all in colour, and red and black game after Elmer; prints of a large size, and important to any young collector who chooses game and shooting as a charming field of study. Wolf did a great deal of work in lithography, while Elmer and Barenger were dependent on engravers. Barenger, a nephew of William Woollett, was very versatile, being well known also as a painter of racehorses, deer, sporting dogs, and hunting, coursing, and shooting. It was he who made a picture of the Duke of Rutland's Cadland and the King's horse Colonel racing for the Derby of 1828; and other good racing prints that have entered into history are Lord Darlington's Rubens, by Buzzard; the Wellesley Arabian, ridden bareback by an Arab; Mat O'Mint, 1813, in the act of galloping with his four feet outstretched; Blucher, 1816, in a stable; and Sasenach (formerly Impostor), also in a stable. These prints were made by Scott for the *Sporting Magazine*.

There is something in Barenger that recalls John Wootton—a certain courtliness allied with a sort of refined stiffness, particularly in hunting subjects. But he is not a first-liner like Wootton. Still, he and his influence help to give variety to the Landseer–Herring period. And this applies also to Charles H. Schwanfelder (1773–1837), a German by lineage, but born at Leeds, who,

[1] Bateman's range was a wide one: poaching, deer-hunting, stalking, and stealing, fox-hunting, shooting, interior of a sportsman's tent in India, capturing wild elephants, quail shooting near the Giant's Tower, Gozo, and other motifs also. All this implies that Bateman was a traveller, but his biography in Bryan shows that, after beginning life as a painter on glass, he became a clerk, and remained one till 1837, when two gentlemen volunteered to take all the pictures that he could produce in a year, and to make him a princely allowance of £100. Three years later he exhibited at the British Institute, and he was accepted by the R.A. from 1841 to the year of his premature death.

very busy in England when Landseer was a baby, has a style that connects the methods of Stubbs with their successor, a technical process at once more transparent and often luscious. At Cumberland Lodge, near Windsor, Schwanfelder is represented very well by three pictures of horses, one of them a portrait of the Malcolm Arabian, painted in 1804; a noble grey, with black tail and mane, in the act of trotting from left to right. There are some figures in Arabian costume; palm trees behind, and rocks. The background has darkened very much. Unfortunately George Stubbs' portraits of Grey Trentham are not in the same room with this typical Schwanfelder, so their treatment of a grey—almost a white—thoroughbred cannot be studied side by side.

Though Schwanfelder was appointed animal painter to George the Third and George the Fourth, he practised mainly in Yorkshire, never visiting London unless business called him there. His output comprised some portraits, many groups of game, many horses and hounds, many landscapes also (painted in Wales, Scotland, Yorkshire, and the lake districts); and a few of his pictures had animal subjects chosen from the Bible, such as Daniel in the Lions' Den, and Balaam and the Ass. His family name was a handicap, but he was a good fellow; and his pride as a Yorkshireman, and as a lifelong citizen of Leeds, being sincere and deep, he was liked and esteemed in his native county. Schwanfelder died at the age of sixty-four, on July 9th, 1837, after undergoing in London an operation for a disease of the throat, perhaps cancer. He was buried at Leeds. If we desire to compare his work with that of an Englishman, we cannot do better than choose Landseer's friend, T. Woodward (1801–1852), whose picture of " Mazeppa," exhibited at the R.A. in 1828, made a stir, its vigorous movement and its grace being memorably good for a young man of twenty-seven. Woodward and Herring were kinsmen of genius; but Woodward had a touch of Homeric feeling, as his battle pictures bear witness. He painted some racehorses and a hunting scene now and then.

Then there is Jean Laurent Agasse, a Swiss painter, who was brought to England by a rich English traveller, and who was very well equipped as a painter of animals, having made a thorough study of their anatomy at the veterinary school in Paris. From 1801 to 1845 his work was well hung by the Royal Academy; but, although he had some good patrons, like Lord Heathfield, Lord Rivers, and Peter Beckford, it is to be feared that he remained poor, probably because he valued quality more than quantity, and failed to please the fashionable liking for appealing subjects. Such a picture as his Fishmonger's Shop, exhibited in 1842, was outside this English fashion, which

ranged from sentimentalities through broad lampoons and caricatures to Mazeppas, and Steeplechase Cracks, and hunting scenes by the many score year after year. Agasse was a better painter than F. C. Turner and Clifton Tomson, but he was not so widely liked, particularly in popular prints. Charles Turner engraved in mezzotint, after Agasse, a portrait of the Wellesley Grey Arabian,[1] a hunter-like horse in a stable of boards, with a good group on our left : a stableman carrying a horse-cloth, back view, and another man in a tall hat holding a whip under his left arm. In another of Charles Turner's prints Agasse and his engraver collaborate in the composition, Agasse painting the horses. It is a racing scene on Port Meadow, near Oxford, in 1802, with jockeys preparing to start, and a few spectators, some looking down from a stand left. The companion mezzotint represents the end of the race, and there is a contrast between conventional and unconventional galloping. One horse obeys the rocking-horse manner, while another anticipates the camera in the attitude of its hind legs. One hind leg is drawn in towards the belly.

The most recent edition of Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* gives only six lines to Agasse, and only seven and a half to the Wolstenholmes; while the *Dictionary of National Biography* tries to do some justice to these artists. Myself, I have seen just enough of Agasse to desire an opportunity of seeing a great deal more, for he had much variety : landscapes, six of which were engraved, portraits, racing and hunting, coaching, Shire horses, and such subjects as " The Flower Cart," (1823), " The Romping Girl " (1822), " Landing at Westminster Bridge " (1818), " The Rustic Repast " (1807), " Making the most of their pen'orth " (1843), " Scene in the Zoological Gardens, 1844," and " The Important Secret," 1845, his last picture in the R.A. Agasse died about 1846, and his exhibited pictures prove by their titles that he tried, more or less, to grow into the popular taste; though one of his Swiss admirers has declared that Agasse laboured neither for bread nor for gain, but because " he was urged forward by the resistless force of natural genius." [2] Even so, a painter must have food, and materials with which to produce. Geneva remains proud of Jean Laurent Agasse, and keeps his work constantly exhibited.

As for the younger Wolstenholme, he is familiar to all sportsmen, unlike Agasse, but is he known as a versatile painter? At a certain period in his

[1] So called; but I learn from Mr. Fores that this picture is really a portrait of Delphini, by Highflyer, owned by Mr. Wharton, whose portrait with that of his groom is shown in the picture.

[2] *D.N.B.* See also Gilbey's *Animal Painters*, and Daniel Baud Bovy's *Peintres Genevois*, the best authority of all.

career, dating from about 1846, he felt keenly the historical romance of Sir Walter Scott; and hence his hunting picture of Queen Elizabeth, and the torchlight composition in which Queen Elizabeth visits Kenilworth Castle. Odd that these things should have come from the artist who drew and aquatinted a book of pigeons, fourteen charming coloured plates, and who painted "The Burial of Tom Moody," and "The Shade of Tom Moody," that made him a household word all over the country! He engraved the burial scene himself, with music and the words printed along the title margin. The original paintings are not masterpieces, considered as paintings; but they belong to the Jorrocks–Pickwickian humour of life, touched with some Charles Lever; let us hope that they will go on living.

Wolstenholme's Lord Glammis and Staghounds, very well mezzotinted by S. W. Reynolds,[1] has a fine spacious landscape and a pleasant composition, marred by some defects, the horses' heads being too small and their bodies rather stiff There is also, as a rule, too much detail in this painter, and his human figures are troublesome to a critic who has passed through a life school, and who expects artists to show in costume pieces that they understand the nude.

Another interesting print after Wolstenholme, well engraved by Reeve, is a portrait of the Duke of Gordon's Trotting Galloway, Driver, under fourteen hands, that covered 18 miles over Sudbury Common within an hour, carrying 10 st. 7 lbs; and competed also in a trot of 34 miles against Rattler, an American horse, supposed to be the fastest and bravest trotter in the world. The match killed Rattler, while Driver stayed the distance and rallied in a few hours from the overstrain.

Wolstenholme is better than Herring in dramatic quality; even his shooting pieces, and notably the one of woodcock shooting, have action accompanied by power, and a feeling for cold, bracing air, like Sutherland's shooting prints after Alken. To sportsmen the younger Wolstenholme is a classic, but we must remember also that, before he died at the beginning of the eighteen-eighties, the Landseer–Herring period had ended.

A new era in sporting art was beginning, and some of its painters would undervalue what their forerunners had achieved, often in the midst of unfavouring circumstances. Is there anything more foolish than to laugh at the slow evolution of any art or of any other useful and necessary thing? Being a manifestation of continuous life from generation to generation, it helps to make the distant near and the long ago a presence close to us; and

[1] And by Bromley also.

when it is understood it benefits the present by keeping a fine modesty active among those who strive to do their best each with Nature as his teacher. No sporting artist of to-day should be at all certain that he has gifts better than those that we find in Barlow, or in Wootton, or in Stubbs. Yet some modernists try to impose on us the belief that because methods and styles change, obeying Nature's law of variation, therefore talents which help to produce changes are superior to the old and older masters. This belief has its home in the sunburnt cockiness of youth, and is right enough as a tonic for early hopes; but its modernist adventures have been as fickle as fashions in dress.

Well, a chaos of rapid changes has no more to do with development or evolution than a chaos of borrowed styles; and we must remember also that every nation that is national has her own mentality—in art as in all other things. Imitative changes—changes copied from foreigners by Englishmen—are easy—often too easy to be worth while; the difficulty is to keep fine pedigrees in art, styles uniting to produce fertile offspring, generation after generation. If, for example, an exhibition were opened of the best pictures which have been painted since 1750 of hunters at grass and of brood mares and foals, surrounded by landscape, we should certainly find that a true and entertaining evolution unites the earlier men to much beautiful work painted this year by Mr. A. J. Munnings. In this development there is a prospect of further development and improvement. On the other hand, suppose some Cubist pictures are hung in this historic exhibition. What then? Cubist mares with Cubist foals would have to be explained in Cubist words and phrases, not yet invented by Cubists. Indeed, when English writers admire Cubism they prove that they are humbugs, for they put their praise into sentences that obey a general knowledge of the English language. While pretending that Cubism is their present ideal of generative art they are deferential towards punctuation, and spelling, and syntax. Even misplaced adverbs are uncommon in their submissive prose.

Whenever modernist painters cannot be praised without humbug by those who write traditional English, let us keep cool. Rebellions against Nature and natural development soon pass away. They are amusing while they last as fashions, and perhaps one of their devotees may discover by chance something which will be useful to men of genius.

INDEX

A

Accidents in the hunting field, 200, 201, 202, 206, 208
Ackermann, Arthur, & Son, 157*a* New Bond Street, London, W.1, 8, 19, 128, 172
Adam, Emil, 6
Æsop's Fables, Barlow's editions of, 23, 26, 37, 39, 40, 47, 48, 107
Agamemnon, racehorse, 16
Agasse, Jean Laurent, 1767–*c.* 1849, 7, 94, 236
Agnew, Thomas, & Sons, 43 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, 8, 19, 172
Alken Family, 6, 195, 199
Alken, George, drowned in 1862, 199
Alken, Henry, 1784–1851, 14, 87, 181, 195–214, 217, 222, 223, 233, 234
  and *Blackwood's Magazine*, 197, 198, 209, 210, 211
  his characteristics, 196, 197, 198–202, 211, 212, 213, 214
  and hunting accidents, 200, 201, 202, 206, 208
  and jumping, 201, 202, 206, 207, 208
  his publications, 198, 203, 204, 205–208, 209, 210
  his works in the Magniac Collection, 210, 211
Alken, Henry Gordon, 1810–1892, 199, 200
Alken, Seffrien, died in 1873, 199
Alken, Sam., *c.* 1750–*c.* 1825, 149, 160, 161, 195, 199
Althorp, Lord, now Earl Spencer, 151, 200
Althorp, Northampton, Earl Spencer's Collection at, 89, 107, 137, 200, 201
Altisidora, racehorse, 182
Amato, racehorse, 222
Ambrosio, racehorse, 142
Amsterdam, Barlow's etchings republished there, 5
Amy Countess of March, her catalogue of the pictures at Goodwood House, 107, 108, 139
Anatomy and George Stubbs, 119, 123, 126, 128, 129, 130, 131, 144
Anatomy of the Horse, by Stubbs, 119, 128, 129, 130, 131
Ansdell, Richard, R.A., 1815–1886, 216
Antelope, racehorse, 78
Antinous, racehorse, 84
Anvil, racehorse, 134, 142
"Apelles of Tom and Jerry," Henry Alken as, 211
Armour, G. D., helps to mark a transition period in modern sporting art, 4
Art and excessive detail, 224, 225
Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, drawings by Barlow, 29, 33
Askam, racehorse, 84
Auctions, eighteenth century, 56, 57, 58, 96–102
Auctions, Edward Lord Oxford's, 94, 95, 113; Tillemans', 56, 57, 58; Wootton's, 96–103

B

Babraham, racehorse, 78, 141
Badger, racehorse, 84
Badger hunting, 187, 209
Badminton, Gloucestershire, the Duke of Beaufort's Collection at, 89
Badminton, and Henry Alken, 197
Baillie-Grohman, 18, 19, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 57, 59
Bajazet, racehorse, 77
Bald Charlotte, racehorse, 78
Banker, racehorse, 177
Banks, Fred, 83, 175, 194
Barbarossa, racehorse, 175
Barbary horse, and Stubbs, 127, 128
Barefoot, racehorse, 182
Barenger, James, 1780–*c.* 1831, 235
Barlow, Francis, Father of English Sport in Art, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 19, 20, 21–51, 107, 165, 180, 235, 239
Barlow and John Evelyn, 30, 34, 45, 46, 47
Barlow's etched portraits, 21, 22, 31
Barlow's racing print, 43, 44
Baron, engraver, 97, 103
Baronet, racehorse, 140, 142
Barraud, Henry, 1812–1874, 234, 235
Barraud, William, 1810–1850, 234, 235
Bartolozzi, Francisco, 1728–1815, 149, 199
Basto, racehorse, 73, 97
Bateman, James, 1814–1849, 235
Bay Bolton, racehorse, 78

Bay Malton, racehorse, 84, 85
Beaufort, Duke of, his Collection at Badminton, 89
Beauties and Defects in the Figure of the Horse, by Alken, 203, 204
Beckwith, H., 235
Beer, and Old England, 212
Behn, Aphara, and Barlow, 39, 40
Bell, E., engraver, 162
Bellario, racehorse, 84
Benazeck, P., engraver, 55
Bend Or, racehorse, 6
Benlowes, Edward, poet, and Barlow, 21, 23, 31
Bennington, racehorse, 230
" Ben Tallyho," 196, 198
Betty, racehorse, 78, 106
Bibury Welter Stakes in 1801, H. B. Chalon's picture, 16, 196. *See also under* Turner, Charles.
Big game, and Stubbs, 132, 133, 134; and Howitt, 105; and James Ward, 167; and Gilpin, 231
Binyon, Laurence, 23
Bitumen in oil-painting, a dangerous colour, 216 *footnote*
Blacklock, racehorse, 168, 182, 183
Blackwood's Magazine, and Henry Alken, 197, 198, 209, 210, 211
Blake, William, 1757–1827, 7, 149
Blome, Richard, author of *The Gentleman's Recreation*, 1686, 11, 29, 33, 34, 36, 64, 65
Bloody-shouldered Arabian, 67, 73, 89, 98, 110
Bloomsbury, racehorse, 222
Blue Bonnet, racehorse, 194
Blue Cap, racehorse, 86
Blucher, racehorse, 234
Bolton, David C., 19
Bond, W., engraver, 161, 175
Bonny Black, racehorse, 12, 78, 111
Book-borrowers and book-hirers, 19
Bosc, C. du, engraver, 63
Bran, racehorse, 185, 193
Breuil, Abbé H., on galloping reindeer in Palæolithic Art, 15
British Yeoman, racehorse, 234
Browne, Hablot K., " Phiz," 1815–1882, 202, 203, 214
Bull-baiting, 17, 18, 209, 213
Bunbury, Henry William, 1750–1811, 141, 167, 182, 203, 211, 213
Burney, 235
Burton, Dr., and Stubbs, 126, 127
Burton, Dick, 186, 201
Buzzard, racehorse, 64, 86
Byerley Turk, racehorse, 6, 105
Byrne, W., engraver, 105
Byron, the poet, and Alken, 210

C

Cademus, racehorse, 79
Cadland, racehorse, 235
Calash, racehorse, 86
Caldecott, Randolph, 1846–1886, 202, 203
Camel, racehorse, 222
Camper, Petrus, and Stubbs, 130, 131
Canot, P. C., A.R.A., 1710–1777, engraver, 77, 104
Cardinal Ruff, racehorse, 85
Careless, racehorse, 84
Carlisle, racehorse, 78
Carriage Match at Newmarket, 79
Carter, S. J., helps to mark a transition period in modern sporting art, 4, 48, 49
Casteels, Peter, 1684–1749, 52, 53
Cerberus, racehorse, 182
Chabot, Comte de, *La Chasse à travers les Ages*, 18
Chalon, H. B., 1770–1849, his picture of the Bibury Welter Stakes in 1801, 16, 196. Charles Turner engraved this picture, receiving from Chalon the sum of eighty guineas, paid in two instalments, March 16 and June 1, 1802. *See also* 170, 171, 175, 181, 194, 195, 196
Chalons in Dutch Art, 196
Chalons in English Art, 196
Champion, racehorse, 64, 174, 230
Chanter, racehorse, 97
Charles the First, and Barlow, 3, 21
Charles the Second, and Barlow, 43, 44
" Chaste " Art, 183, 184
Chifney, Sam, 173, 176
Childe, William, 1756–1824, 208, 209
Chinese Art, its relation to galloping, 16
Christian, Dick, on Hunters, 66, 187, 190, 193
Christian the Seventh of Denmark, 195
Christian the Sixth of Denmark, 195
Clandon Park, Guildford, Lord Onslow's pictures by Barlow, 16, 19, 25, 29, 30, 31, 33, 62
Claude Lorrain, his influence on Wootton, 4, 8, 56, 58, 91, 102
Clermont-Gallerande, Adhémar de, 7
Cleyn, Francis, *c.* 1590–1658, 6, 41, 42
Clifton Tomson, 167, 182, 237
Coaching, it did not belong to sport, 17; coaching and Cooper-Henderson, 234; and Herring, 220, 221, 225, 226, 227
Coats of horses, how to paint them, 184, 194
Cockfighter, racehorse, 174
Collins, Charles, 1680–1744, 53, 96, 235
Collins, J., engraver, 28, 31, 34
Colonel, racehorse, 235
Comrade, racehorse, 87
Coneyskins, racehorse, 58
Conqueror, racehorse, 78
Cook, H. R., engraver, 177

Cook, J. W., engraver, 176
Cook, Sir Theodore A., 12, 19, 44, 142
Cook, W. and C., engravers, 178
Cooper, Abraham, R.A., 1787–1868, 9, 171, 179, 180, 216, 221, 222, 234
Cooper-Henderson, and coaching pictures, 234
Copenhagen, Wellington's charger, 168
Copperbottom, racehorse, 176
Corbet, E., 9, 222
Correspondence between Charles Spencer-Stanhope and Herring, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227
Cotman, John Sell, 1782–1842, 8
Courtois, Jacques, *Le Bourguignon*, 1621–1676, 53
Cousin, John, engraver, 220
Cox, David, 1783–1859, 220
Cradock, Marmaduke, *c.* 1660–1717, 8, 50, 96, 235
Crawford, racehorse, 97
Creeper, racehorse, 64, 230
Creeping Molly, racehorse, 78
Crewe, Marquess of, his pictures by George Stubbs at Nether Woodcote, Epsom, 119, 120, 121
Cromwell and works of art, 57
Cruelty and sport, 18
Cruikshank, Isaac, 1756 or 1757–1810 or 1811, 211
Cubism and Humbug, 235
Cullen's Arabian, racehorse, 78
Cumberland Lodge, near Windsor, pictures by Chalon, 175, 196; Marshall, 174, 175; David Morier, 120; F. Sartorius, 85; Schwanfelder, 175, 236; George Stubbs, 142, 143, 144, 236
Cundall, H. M., his book on Water-Colour Painting, 54
Cur, The, racehorse, 193
Custom and sport, 18
Czarina, racehorse, 193

D

Dalby, David, *c.* 1790– ?, 181–185
Dame Perkins joins the Hunt, by "Phiz," 202
Dangerous, racehorse, 182
Danish Court and the Alkens, 195
Dankers, J., 41
Darley Arabian, 6, 65, 105, 106
Darwin, Charles, 114, 144
Darwin, Erasmus, 114
Davis, William, 1812–1873, 217
Dawe, Philip, engraver, 157
Day, Alfred J., 16
Day, Sam, 185
Day, Tom, 186
Dean, J., engraver, 149, 178
Death as a subject for sporting art, 184, 185, 200, 201, 202
Deception, racehorse, 222
Deer Hunting in Barlow's time, 36
Defiance, racehorse, 181
Delphini, racehorse, 237
De Morgan, William, 19
Diamond, racehorse, 85, 87, 97, 171
Dickens, Charles, and Drink, 202, 213
Dictionary of National Biography, 91, 92, 127, 165, 170
Diepenbeek, Abraham Van, 16
Dixon, Henry, *The Druid*, 66, 189, 193
Dixon, John, engraver, 116
Dr. Syntax, racehorse, 167
Dodd, Thomas, an old authority on prints, 21, 22, 38, 43
Donovan, racehorse, 183
Dormouse, racehorse, 178
Drake, E. T. Tyrwhitt, of Shardeloes, Amersham, his pictures by Barlow, 23, 24, 29
Drink, and Morland, 145, 146, 147; and Dickens, 202, 213; and Alken, 202, 212, 213
Druid, The, Henry Dixon, 66, 189, 193
Dudley, Thomas, engraver, 28, 40
Dumas, Alexander, 114
Dun Arabian, racehorse, 112, 113
Duncan, E., engraver, 193
Dungannon, racehorse, 142
Dunn-Gardner, A. C., Denston Hall, Newmarket, 67, 109
Durdans, The, Epsom, Lord Rosebery's Collection, 218, 230
Dutch edition of Barlow's *Æsop's Fables*, 39

E

Eagles, and Barlow, 31, 32, 38, 39
Earlom, engraver, 187
Eaton, Chester, Duke of Westminster's pictures by Stubbs, 137, 139
Eclipse, famous racehorse, 64, 65, 84, 106, 140, 141, 142, 168, 176, 182, 230
Electra of Sophocles, and Barlow, 22
Elmer, Stephen, A.R.A., died 1796, 235
Emilius, racehorse, 173, 177, 185
Enamel Painting by Stubbs, 135, 136, 137
Engineer, racehorse, 141
England's indebtedness to foreign sporting artists, 5–7
Englehart, engraver, 185
Engravers mentioned in this book :—Baron, 97, 103; Bell, E., 162; Benazeck, P., 55; Blake, William, 7, 149; Bond, W., 161, 175; Bosc, C. du, 63; Bromley, 238; Byrne, W., 105.—Canot, P. C., 77, 104; Collins, J., 28, 31, 34; Cook, H. R., 177; Cook, J. W., 176; Cook, W. and C., 178; Cousin, John, 226.—Dawe, Philip, 157; Dean, J., 149, 178; Dixon, John, 116; Dudley,

Thomas, 28, 40; Duncan, E., 193.—Englehart, 185; Earlom, 187.—Faithorne, William, 21, 27, 39; Fittler, J., 149; Fry, W. T., 175, 180.—Gaugain, 149; Gaywood, Robert, 28, 38, 41, 46; Giller, W., 179; Greig, J., 179; Gribelin, S., 34; Griffier, John, 27, 28; Grozer, J., 161.—Hollar, 21, 26, 27, 28, 32, 37, 41; Houston, R., 59, 78; Hunt, Charles, 186.—Jones, E., 161.—Keating, G., 149, 157; Kirkall, E., 59.—Lerpinière, D., 105; Lewis, 213.—Morris, T., 230; Murphy, John, 117.—Nicholson, T. E., 193.—Parr, R., 192; Place, Francis, 26, 32, 38; Pollard, James, 185.—Ravenet, S., 59; Reeve, 238; Reynolds, S. W., 149, 157, 161, 238; Roberts, H., 77; Roberts, P., 105; Romney, J., 176, 177, 178; Rowlandson, Thomas, 149, 160.—Simpson, Joseph, 63; Smith, J., 28; Smith, J. R., 149, 157; Smith, William, 175; Soly, A., 34; Stoop, R., 28; Stubbs, G. Townley, 129, 134; Sutherland, 213; Suntach, A., 149, 160.—Thompson, J. P., 157; Turner, Charles, 178, 213, 235, 237.—Van der Gucht, G., 56, 60; Vivares, T., 149.—Wainwright, 177; Ward, James, R.A., 149, 157, 167; Ward, William, 149, 156, 157, 160, 161, 175, 230, 232; Watts, W., 181; Webb, J., 176, 177; Wood, J., 56; Woodman, R., 172, 175, 176, 177; Woollett, William, 235; Wolstenholme the younger, 238; Wright, J., 162.—Yeates, N., 33, 34; Young, J., 149, 157.

Epsom, 69
Epsom, racehorse, 87
Erymus, racehorse, 177
Escape, racehorse, 171, 180
Etching, and Barlow. *See under Æsop's Fables*, Barlow's editions.
Etching, and Stubbs, 126
Etty, William, R.A., 1787–1849, 216 *footnote*.
Euclid, racehorse, 173
Evelyn, John, and Francis Barlow, 30, 34, 45, 46, 47
Evolution in British Sporting Art, 3, 4, 239
Exhibition of Sporting Art, a thorough one is necessary, 9, 10, 11

F

Faithorne, William, 21, 27, 39
Ferneley, John, 193
Ferneley, John E., 1781 (or '82)–1860, 9, 179, 180, 181, 185–194, 216, 217, 234
Field, The, and Loraine Smith, 150; and Count Sandor, 193
Fielding, Henry, 114, 211
Fisherman, racehorse, 16
Fittler, J., engraver, 149
Flats and small houses, sporting pictures for, 233
Florizel, racehorse, 106
"Flying Childe, The," 208, 209
Flying Childers, 64, 65, 66, 67, 73, 89, 97, 109
Foix, Gaston de, his *Livre de Chasse*, 5, 11
Fores, Messrs., dealers in sporting pictures and prints, 41, Piccadilly, London, 19, 59, 62, 67, 71, 76, 80, 109, 173, 187, 196, 198, 202, 223, 237
Foxbury, racehorse, 87
Frampton, Tregonwell, Father of the English Turf, 17
French critic, and Barlow, 27
French Impressionism, 3, 4
Frith, W. P., R.A., 228
Fry, W. T., engraver, 175, 180
Furse, Charles, 10
Futurists, 8
Fylde, racehorse, 186
Fyt, Jan, 1611–1661, 11, 27, 48

G

Gainsborough, Thomas, R.A., 1727–1788, 8, 9, 121
Galaba, racehorse, 222
Galloping, 13–16, 206
Galloping, Mycenæan, 16
Galloping, in Prehistoric Art, 15–16
Galopin, racehorse, 183
Gardner, Algernon Dunn, his Collection at Denston Hall, Newmarket, 67, 109
Garrard, George, A.R.A., 1760–1826, 232
Gaugain, T., engraver, 149
Gay's *Fables*, 103, 107
Gaywood, Robert, 28, 38, 41, 46
George the First at Newmarket, 67
Gilbey, the late Sir Walter, 12, 13, 17, 27, 74, 80, 92, 108, 162, 170, 173, 183, 184, 193, 197, 199, 200, 237
Gill, amateur sporting artist, 185
Giller, W., engraver, 179
Gillray, James, 1757–1815, 167, 182, 203, 213, 214
Gilpin, Sawrey, R.A., 1733–1807, 11, 171, 180, 181, 185
Gimcrack, racehorse, 84, 140, 142, 182
Gladiateur, racehorse, 6
Godolphin Arabian, 6, 78, 105, 106, 121, 140, 141, 142, 218
Goliah, racehorse, 77
Gooch, T., sporting artist, 80, 81
Goodwood House, Chichester, Duke of Richmond's Collection, 107, 108, 139

Goulding, Richard W. Goulding, F.S.A., 19, 23, 95, 98, 103, 109–113
Graham, Sir Bellingham, and Ferneley, 190, 191
Graham, Sir Guy, his pictures by Ferneley at Norton Conyers, 191
Granely, racehorse, 14
Grant, Sir Francis, P.R.A., 1803–1878, 9, 192, 216, 234
Greig, J., engraver, 179
Grenadier, racehorse, 78
Grey Diomed, racehorse, 85, 174
Greyhound, racehorse, 97
Greyhounds in seventeenth-century sport, 36
Grey Ormond, racehorse, 63
Grey Trentham, racehorse, 142, 236
Gribelin, S., engraver, 34
Griffier, John, 1654–1718, engraver, 27, 28
Grozer, J., engraver, 161
Guy Mannering, racehorse, 167

H

Hake, Henry M., on Francis Place, 26 *footnote*
Hall, Harry, 222
Halston, racehorse, 186
Hambletonian, racehorse, 85, 106, 142
Hampton Court Arabian, 97
Haphazard, racehorse, 178
Hard Riders of Ferneley's time, 190
Harlequin, racehorse, 84
Hawking, 33, 34, 35, 213
Haymaking, and George Stubbs, 116, 135
Hazard, racehorse, 74
Heinecken, Carl H. von, and Barlow, 5
Henley, W. E., and Morland, 147
Hero, racehorse, 79
Heron Hunting, 230. *See also the Colour-plate after Barlow's picture.*
Herring, Benjamin, 222
Herring, Charles, 222, 223, 229
Herring Family, 6, 222
Herring, J. F., senior, 1795–1865, 3, 4, 19, 171, 180, 183, 184, 185, 194, 197, 215–227, 229, 232, 233, 238
Herring Period in Sporting Art, 4, 215–239
Highflyer, racehorse, 85, 106, 230, 237
Highmore, Joseph, 1692–1780, 96
Hills, Robert, 1769–1844, 166
Hodges, W. P., 233
Hold, Abel, animal painter, and Herring, 227, 228
Hollar, Wenzel, 1607–1677, 21, 26, 27, 28, 32, 37, 41
Hondius, Abraham, 1638–*c.* 1695, 6, 11, 19, 49, 50
Howe, J., his hawking picture, 213
Howitt, Samuel, 1765–1822, 9, 164, 165, 166, 197, 204
Huggins, William, 1820–1886, Liverpool School, 215, 216, 228
Hungarian Sportsmen in England, 193
Hunka-Munka, racehorse, 86
Hunt, Charles, engraver, 186
Hunters, early English, 13, 64, 65, 66, 86, 107, 108, 138, 218, 209
Huxley, T. H., 114
Hylton, Lord, his Collection of pictures by James Seymour, mainly at Ammerdown Park, Bath, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 82

I

Ibbetson, Julius Cæsar, 1759–1817, 87, 158, 159, 160
Imaum, Herring's White Arabian, 218, 219
Impressionism, French, 3, 4
Impressionists, 217

J

Jarvis, Charles, 57, 100
John Bull, racehorse, 230
Johnson, Dr., 114
Jolliffe, Sir William, Seymour and Tillemans, 69, 70
Jones, E., engraver, 161
Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities, 185, 198
Jumping, and hunters, 79, 201, 206–208
and Seymour, 201
and Tillemans, 201
and Wootton, 201
Jupiter, racehorse, 141, 230
Juvenal, and Barlow, 25

K

Keating, engraver, 149, 157
Killigrew, Thomas, 24
King Herod, racehorse, 84, 85, 86, 106, 109, 134, 230
Kirkall, E., engraver, 59
Kitt Carr, racehorse, 63
Knight, Dick, of the Pytchley Hunt, 151, 189
Knoedler, Messrs., 15, Old Bond Street, London, W., 19, 71, 173
Knowsley Hall, sporting pictures at, 53, 59–61, 62, 124

L

Landseer, Sir Edwin, R.A., 1802–1873, 90, 91, 184, 186, 194, 215, 216, 218, 225, 228, 232
Landseer-Herring Period in Sporting Art, 4, 215–239
Lady Catherine, racehorse, 168
Lamplighter, racehorse, 177
Lane, John, 28
Laporte, G. H., 233
Lath, racehorse, 78
Leaping. *See under* Jumping.

Leech, John, 1817–1864, 202, 203, 204, 214
Leedes, racehorse, 111, 112
Leggatt, St. James's Street, London, W., 59
Legros, Alphonse, 48, 188
Leith, Lord, of Fyvie, 218
Leopold, racehorse, 168
Lerpinière, D., engraver, 105
Letters from Herring to Charles Spencer-Stanhope, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227
Lewis, engraver, 213
Lewis, J. F., R.A., 1805–1876, 216
Life and Death of John Mytton, 198
Lister Turk, racehorse, 58
Little David, racehorse, 97
Little Driver, racehorse, 97
Liverpool, racehorse, 106, 215, 216, 217
Liverpool School, 186, 215
Looby, racehorse, 77, 84
Loraine Smith, Charles, 150, 151
Lorrain, Claude, his influence on Wootton, 4
Lottery, racehorse, 106
Lurcher, racehorse, 63

M

Magniac, C. Hollingworth, M.P., 210, 211
Magniac, Oswald, 19, 171, 174, 187, 210, 211
Malcolm Arabian, racehorse, 236
Mambrino, racehorse, 122, 134, 140, 141, 142
Mameluke, racehorse, 175
Mango, racehorse, 185, 222
Manuella, racehorse, 182
March, Amy Countess of, her private catalogue, 107, 108, 139
March, Earl of, 19
Maria, racehorse, 86
Marillier, H. C., his book on the Old Liverpool School, 187, 216
Marshall, Benjamin, 1767–1835, 9, 65, 87, 169–180, 187, 194, 221, 224, 230
Marshall, Lambert, 179, 180
Marske, racehorse, 106, 142
Mason, George, 217
Mason, W., 154, 155
Mat O'Mint, racehorse, 225
Mayer, Joseph, his Memoir of Upcott, 76, 104; his Memoir of Stubbs, 115, 116, 117, 118, 120, 125
"Mazeppa," Herring's, 219, 220; Woodward's, 236
Meissonier, Jean-Louis-Ernest, 1815–1891, 91
Melton Mowbray, 189 193
Melville, Captain Whyte-, 189
Memnon, racehorse, 182
Merlin, racehorse, 142
Messinger, racehorse, 141
Meteor, racehorse, 230
Meulen, Adam Francis van der, 4
Middleton, racehorse, 177
Mistake, racehorse, 174
Modernists, 3, 4, 200, 218, 227, 228, 229, 239
Molly, racehorse, 83, 84
Molly Longlegs, racehorse, 141
Monck, George, first Duke of Albemarle, and Barlow, 42, 43
Moody, Tom, 238
Moorcock, racehorse, 178
Morier, David, 1704–1770, 120
Morland and hunting, 161–163; and racing, 154, 155, 156; and fishing, 157; and shooting, 160, 161
Morland, George, 121, 145–157, 164, 166, 203, 220, 234
Morot, Aimé, his use of instantaneous photography, 15
Morris, T., engraver, 230
Muly Moloch, 178
Munnings, A. J., A.R.A., leader of present-day sporting art, 4, 9, 10, 19, 51, 86, 90, 169, 186, 191
Murphy, J., engraver, 117

N

National Biography, Dictionary of, 17, 88, 91, 92, 127, 165, 170, 197, 199, 237
National Gallery of British Empire Sports, 10, 11
Nelthorpe, Lady, and Stubbs, 128
Nevill, Ralph, 17
Newmarket, 6, 57, 58, 61, 62, 63, 65, 67, 70, 71, 73, 74, 79, 83, 84, 85, 89, 93, 97, 105, 106, 109, 111, 112, 113, 173, 180
Newspapers of to-day, more harmful than bull-baiting and cock-fighting, 17, 18
New Sporting Magazine, 185, 192
Nicholson, T. E., engraver, 193
Nimrod, 206
Notes and Queries, and Henry Alken, 197
Notes and Queries, Lincolnshire, 23

O

Ogilby, John, and Barlow, 42–45
Old Cartouche, 109
Old Cœlebs, 167
Old Crab, racehorse, 77
Old Partner, racehorse, 78
Old Scar, racehorse, 78
Old Sporting Magazine, 9, 69, 80, 167, 170, 173, 175, 179, 182, 185, 193, 213, 222, 233, 234, 235
Old Tartar Mare, 98
Onslow, Denzil, of Pyrford, near Woking, patron of Barlow, 25, 27, 34
Onslow, Earl of, his pictures by Barlow at Clandon Park, Guildford, 25, 29, 30, 31, 33, 62; a primitive hunting piece, perhaps by Seymour, 16, or by Tillemans, 62

Open-Air Life. English, in our Sporting Art, 3, and throughout the book.
Origin of the surname Alken, 195
Orley, Bernard van, his hunting cartoons, 5
Orme, racehorse, 6
Ormonde, racehorse, 6
Orville, racehorse, 175
Othello, racehorse, 77, 78
Otter Hunting, 33, 213
Oxford, Edward, Earl of, his auction, 94, 95

P

Patriot, racehorse, 230
Patrons, early, of Sporting Art, Barlow's, 21, 25, 27, 34, 40, 41, 42, 43, 45; Tillemans', 54, 55, 59; Seymour's, 69, 73, 74, 75; Wootton's, 89, 92, 94, 95, 96, 103, 104, 105, 107, 108, 109–113; Stubbs' patrons, 116, 118, 120, 121, 128, 132, 133, 136, 137, 138, 139, 142, 143
Pawsey & Payne, 1, Bury Street, St. James's, London, W. *See the* List of Illustrations.
Partridge Hawking, 34, 35
Partridge Stalking, 37. *See the Illustrations after Barlow and Wootton.*
Paul, J D., 193
Peters, Rev. Matthew William, R.A., died 1814, 171
Phantom, racehorse, 168
Pheasant Hawking, 33, 34, 35
Phillip, John, R.A., 1817–1867, 187, 216, 218
"Phiz." *See under* Browne, Hablot K.
Phosphorus, racehorse, 176, 222
Photography, and galloping, 14, 15
Pickwick Papers, 202, 206
Pollard, James, his picture of "George the Third hunting in Windsor Forest," 16, 233, 234
Portland, Duke of, his Collection at Welbeck Abbey, Worksop, Notts., 109–113
Pot-8-o, racehorse, 86, 230
Poussin, Gaspar, 4, 8, 56, 58, 91, 100
Poussin, Nicolas, 56, 101
Precipitate, racehorse, 176
Prehistoric Art, in its relation to animals, 11; and galloping reindeer, 15, 16
Priam, racehorse, 178
Prices paid to early artists, 26, 93, 94, 182
Primrose, racehorse, 167
Print Room, British Museum, 18, 23, 28, 31, 32, 37, 38, 43, 44, 55, 56, 59, 60, 63, 76, 77, 81, 106, 107, 116, 118, 160, 212
Prospero, racehorse, 142
Protector, racehorse, 134, 140, 142
Public galleries, and writers on Art, cold-shoulder sporting artists, 6, 7, 8, 9
Publishers, sharkish, of eighteenth century, 76
Pumpkin, racehorse, 134, 140, 144
Pussy, racehorse, 222
Pytchley Hunt, 151, 189

Q

Quakers, 164
Quorn Country, 186, 189, 208, 213

R

Racehorses, British, what they owe to Eastern Sires, 6, 7
Raeburn, Sir Henry, R.A., 1756–1823, 172
Raphael, Walter, 182
Ravenet, S., engraver, 59
Recovery, racehorse, 186
Reeve, engraver, 238
Reinach, Professor Salmon, on the history of galloping, 16
Reinagle, Philip, R.A., 1749–1833, 11, 171, 230, 231
Rembrandt, 56
Reveller, racehorse, 181
Reynolds, S. W., engraver, 149, 157, 160, 238
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, P.R.A., 1723–1792, 69, 79, 81, 93, 116, 132, 171
Ricci, 101
Richardson, Ralph, on Morland, 152, 153, 162, 163
Richmond and Gordon, Duke of, his Collection at Goodwood House, 4, 107, 108, 139
Ridinger, 59
Rimell, James, & Son, 39, Duke Street, St. James, London, S.W.1, 59
Roberts, H., engraver, 77
Roberts, James, 78, 79
Roberts, P., engraver, 105
Rockingham, racehorse, 230
Rocking-Horse Gallop, 13–16
Romney, J., engraver, 176, 177, 178
Rosebery, Earl of, his Collection at The Durdans, Epsom, 111, 142, 176, 218, 230
Rothschild, Mrs. Leopold de, 138
Rous, Henry John, on eighteenth-century racehorses, 13
Rowlandson, Thomas, 1756–1827, 87, 149, 157, 158, 159, 160, 164, 182, 203, 211, 212, 213
Royal Academy, in its relation to sporting art, 9, 81, 82, 84, 85, 86, 87, 136, 137, 165, 166, 171, 172, 189, 192, 218, 231, 232, 234, 237
Rubens, Peter Paul, 11, 26, 27, 48, 60, 166, 177
Rubens, racehorse, 106

S

Sabin, Frank T., 172, New Bond Street, London, W.1, 173
Sailor, racehorse, 173

St. Giles, racehorse, 182
St. Leger, The, 181, 183, 218
St. Patrick, racehorse, 181
St. Simon, racehorse, 183
Sam, racehorse, 173
Sampson, racehorse, 78
Sandor, Count, in Leicestershire, 193
Sartorius Family, 6, 13
Sartorius, Francis, 1734–1804, 81, 84
Sartorius, John, *c.* 1700–*c.* 1780, 81, 83, 84
Sartorius, J. F., 87, 88
Sartorius, J. N., 1755–1828, 63, 64, 81, 85, 86, 87, 88, 229, 233
Sasenach, racehorse, 235
Scar, racehorse, 97
Scharf, Sir George, 61
Schwanfelder, Charles H., 1773–1837, 235, 236
Schwerdt, C. F. G. R., his Collection, 179
Second, racehorse, 78
Selim, racehorse, 175
Severall Wayes of Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing, 1671, Barlow's, 32, 33, 34, 36
Seymour, James, 10, 16, 62, 66, 68, 70, 71, 72, 74, 75, 76, 80, 99, 200, 201, 208
Shakespeare, racehorse, 78
Shakespeare and sport, 49
Shark, racehorse, 140, 141
Shayer, William, 1788–1879, 234
Shepherd. or Sheppard, William and Barlow, 24
Silver Leg, racehorse, 77
Simpson, Joseph, engraver, 63
Sir David, racehorse, 175
Sir Peter Teazle, 178, 230
Skim, racehorse, 78
Smiths, The Assheton, 186, 189, 190, 201
Smith, Charles Loraine, 150, 151
Smith, J., 28
Smith, J. R., engraver, 149, 157
Smith, William, engraver, 175
Smock races at old village fairs, 211, 212
Smolensko, racehorse, 85, 87, 167
Snap, racehorse, 6, 85
Snip, racehorse, 85
Snyders, 5, 11, 26, 27, 48
Soly, A., engraver, 34
Somerset, Duke of, and Seymour, 74, 75, 76
Soothsayer, racehorse, 168
Sorcerer, racehorse, 174
" Southern-mouthed Hounds," of Barlow's time and in Barlow's fine painting, 29, 36
Souvenir, racehorse, 173, 178
" Spanish Pointer, The," 90, 141
Spanking Roger, racehorse, 68, 78
Spencer, Earl, his Collection at Althorp. *See* Althorp.
Spencer, Mary, and Stubbs, 129, 130
Spencer-Stanhope, Charles, and Herring, 219, 223, 225, 226
Spencer, Thomas, 1700–1763, 77, 78, 79
Spencer, W. T., 27, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. *See Illustrations.*
Sporley, racehorse, 77
Sporting Artists, how they have been snubbed by public galleries, 6, 7, 8, 9
Sports Exhibition at Grosvenor Gallery, 1891, 9, 23, 141, 181
Sportsman, racehorse, 78
Sportsmen and their Conservatism, 4, 7, 8
Squirrel, racehorse, 78
Squirt, racehorse, 106, 142
Starling, racehorse, 77
Stirling, Mrs. A. M. W., on Herring, 219, 220
Stoop, R., engraver, 28
Straeten, John van der, 1536–1605, Flemish sporting artist, 5
Streater, Robert, 1624–1680, 41
Strutt, Joseph, his *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, 5
Stubbs, George, 1724–1806, his modernising and English genius, 4, 7, 9, 10, 13, 17, 38, 87, 103, 105, 114–144, 170, 180, 194, 218, 221, 229, 230, 231, 232, 239
and Goodwood House, 139, 140
and Harvesting, 116, 135
and Wootton, 137, 138
Stubbs, George Townley, engraver, 129
Suntach, A., engraver, 149, 160
Surtees, R. S., 202, 206, 213
" Suspended Climax," The, in sporting art, 184, 185
Sweepstakes, racehorse, 97
Symmetry, racehorse, 174
Symonds, Richard, and Barlow, 26

T

Taafe, Theobald, and Andrew Sproule, 79
Tandem, racehorse, 230
Tattersall, 230
Taunton, Theo., 65, 106
Tayler, Fred, P.R.W.S., 1802–1889, 231, 232
Terror, racehorse, 84
Thackeray, and J. M. W. Turner, 3, 221
Thompson, J. P., engraver, 157
Thoresby Hall, the Duke of Kingston, and Tillemans, 59
Tiger, racehorse, 174
Tillemans, Peter, 1684–1734, 6, 11, 13, 16, 52–67, 70, 71, 72, 99, 200, 201, 208, 209
Tillemans, Peter, his auction, 56, 57, 58
Tillemans and Seymour, 66, 70, 71, 72
Tillemans and Wootton, 67
Ting, racehorse, 84
Toms, Peter, R.A., died 1777, 121
Tonge, Robert, of the Old Liverpool School, 216
Touchstone, racehorse, 185
Towne, Charles, of the Old Liverpool School, 186, 187

Tramp, racehorse, 182
Transparency, excessive, in oil-painting of Landseer-Herring Period, 216
True Blue, racehorse, 78
Trumpator, racehorse, 86
Turner, Charles, engraver, 178, 213, 235, 237
Turner, F. C., sporting artist, 222, 237
Turner, J. M. W., R.A., 1775–1851, 3, 9, 52, 54

U

Upcott, William, 104, 115, 122, 127, 128, 133

V

Van der Gucht, engraver, 56, 60
Vandyck, and Charles I., 60
Van Tromp, racehorse, 194
Vedette, racehorse, 183
Velocipede, racehorse, 183
Vertue, George, 1684–1756, 17, 22, 23, 24, 25, 49, 62, 63, 92, 93, 95, 99, 100, 103, 104, 124, 135
"Victorian," 215, 221
Victorious, racehorse, 78
Vivares, T., engraver, 149
Voltaire, racehorse, 183
Voltigeur, racehorse, 183, 218

W

Waagen, Gustav, on Wootton and Stubbs, 137, 138
Wainwright, engraver, 177
Walker, Frederick, A.R.A., 1840–1875, 217
Walpole's *Anecdotes*, 17, 27, 42, 53, 68, 92
Walpole, Sir Robert, 104, 105, 108
Walton, Izaak, 1593–1683, 20
Walton, racehorse, 167, 168
Wanton, racehorse, 86
Ward, James, R.A., 1769–1859, 11, 87, 149, 157, 166, 167, 168, 169, 227
Ward, William, engraver, 149, 156, 157, 160, 161, 175, 230, 232
Water-Colour and Sport, 231, 232, 233
Watt, Richard, and his sporting pictures, 182
Watts, W., engraver, 181
Waxey, racehorse, 88
Webb, J., engraver, 176, 177
Webster, Thomas, R.A., 1800–1886, 216
Welbeck Abbey, Worksop, Notts., Duke of Portland's Collection, 109–113
Wellesley Grey Arabian, 235, 237
Westminster, Duke of, 137, 139
Whalebone, racehorse, 106
Wheatley, Francis, R.A., 1747–1801, 9, 199
Whisker, racehorse, 106
Whistlejacket, racehorse, and Stubbs, 120
Wilkie, Sir David, 1785–1841, 216
Wilkins, Dr., and Barlow, 21, 45
Williamson, Captain, and Howitt, 165
Wilmot, Sir J. Eardley, 186, 190
Wilson, Christopher, a patron of J. N. Sartorius, 14, 86
Wilson's Chestnut Arabian, 78
Winans, the late Walter, and galloping, 14
Winstanley, Hamlet, and Stubbs, 124, 125
Witherington, William Frederick, R.A., 1785–1865, 217
Witt, Sir Robert, and Lady Witt, 19, 37, 181
Wolf, Joseph, 1820–1899, 235
Wolstenholme, Dean, senior, 1757–1837, 81, 82, 83, 84, 197
Wolstenholme, Dean, junior, 1798–1883, 3, 4, 81, 217, 237, 238
Woodman, R., engraver, 172, 175, 176, 177
Woodpecker, racehorse, 106
Woodward, T., 1801–1852, 236
Woodward's "Mazeppa" and Herring's, 236, 219, 220
Woollett, William, engraver, 235
Wootton, John, and his auction, 96–103
Wootton, John, 1678(?)–1765, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17, 89–113, 128, 165, 200, 201, 209, 235, 239; his pictures at Welbeck Abbey, 109–113
Wootton and Seymour, 66, 68, 69
Wootton and Tillemans, 67
Wordsworth, and hunting, 163
Wren, Sir Christopher, and Barlow, 42
Wright, J., engraver, 162
Wright, Thomas, his *Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages*, 5
Wyck, John, 1652–1700, 6, 11, 92, 96

Y

Yeates, N., engraver, 33, 34
Young Cartouche, racehorse, 78
Young, J., engraver, 149, 157
Young Pretender, racehorse, 79

Z

Zeitter, John Christian, son-in-law of Henry Alken, 197
Zingaree, racehorse, 177
Zoffany, Johann, R.A., 1733–1810, 9, 171, 230